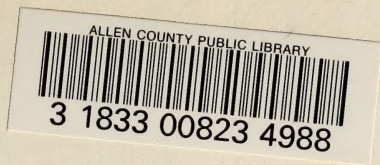



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HISTORY
OF THE
MEN OF CO. F,
WITH DESCRIPTION OF THE
Marches and Battles
OF THE
12th New Jersey Vols.

A sturdy band of farmer boys;
Of patriots, staunch and true;
Their hardships, trials, fate and joys,
I will unfold for you!

DEDICATED TO

“OUR DEAD.”

BY WM. P. HAINES, PRIVATE, CO. F.

MICKLETON, N. J.

1897

HISTORY

OF THE

MEN OF CO. F.

WITH DESCRIPTION OF THE

Marches and Battles

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BY W. H. W. WILSON ESQ. CO. A

ALBANY, N. Y.

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FOOT MARCH 7 1864

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Roll of the Living Members

Roll of the Dead

A. Lincoln

Introductory

Conception and Birth of the Book

Off to the Front

Editor's Note to the Reader

Excerpts from Diary of the Editor

Chancellor's Office

The Editor

Brinsford

Miss R.

"For a person who likes this kind of a Book, this is just the kind of Book that sort of a person will like."—A. Lincoln.

William H. Adams

George W. Adams

Robert Adams

Henry M. Ayer

William Ayer

Joseph J. Ashbrook

John Albright

George W. Allen

William P. Ames

David Barton

Richard Babbitt

Jacob Bender

Thomas Bernin

Allen Baker

Edward H. Barnes

David Biedy

George H. Calkins

James Conwell

John Connor

George H. Cook

William H. Cook

William Cook

Henry Cook

David Cook

George W. Cook

John Cook

William Cook

David Cook

Richard Cook

Jacob Cook

Thomas Cook

Allen Cook

Edward H. Cook

David Cook

George H. Cook

James Cook

John Cook

George H. Cook

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C. S. MAGRATH, PRINTER.
1897.

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PREFACE.

The subject of a history of the Twelfth New Jersey Volunteers has often been brought up in our reunions, but the magnitude and difficulties of the work appear so great that year after year glides by with the same old report of "no progress." One after another our comrades are called for special duty by that stern old Adjutant, Death! We drift and scatter like autumn leaves in the gale, here, there and everywhere, until many of our boys are wholly lost sight of, making a complete historical work more and more difficult every year. Fully realizing these things, and the need of preserving some authentic record of our military service, Company F, the right of the line, the leading company in all our marches and battles—we seem to lead in everything—more men killed, more died, more wounded, and more alive to-day and present at our reunions than of any other company in the regiment. So why not we lead in history; and, happily, other companies seeing our example, may emulate our good works, and thus preserve a partial history of one of little Jersey's finest regiments, of which we are all so justly proud. The scope of this work is not a military history, as that would be a history of the war, just like many others already published, but rather a history of the men, who they were, and how they stood the wear and tear of battle. How many? and where are they living to-day? All these things have required labor and patient research by the whole company, until at last we are able to show this so nearly complete and up-to-date roster of our company. Our claim of being the leading company does not mean the best company, for the Twelfth New Jersey had ten best companies; but rather that it was

our fate, or fortune, to hold this position in the line, where we were handy for skirmish, advance guard, or flankers, and all hurried details where time was precious; or to feel the full force of a flank attack, like that at Chancellorville, where twenty-seven of our men felt rebel bullets. With a keen appreciation of the help of the comrades in this work, we open the road for other companies to improve on our history.

EDITOR.

ROLL OF THE LIVING MEMBERS, CO. F.

RANK.	NAME.	POST OFFICE ADDRESS.	OCCUPATION.
Lieut. Col.	Edward L. Stratton.	Mullica Hill, N. J.	Postmaster.
Captain.	Samuel E. Williams.	West Chester, Pa.	Scribe.
"	Charles D. Lippincott.	Swedesboro, N. J.	Merchant.
"	Azariah Stratton.	Beesleys Point, N. J.	Farmer.
"	William H. Park.	Hazleton, Pa.	Merchant.
1st Lieut.	Elwood Griscom.	Moorstown, N. J.	Farmer.
"	John L. Trimble.	Chicago, Ill.	Scribe.
2d Lieut.	James White.	Mullica Hill, N. J.	Farmer.
Sergeant.	Wm. B. Hutchinson.	1229 Pine street, Philadelphia	Painter.
"	William F. Pierson.	Soldiers' Home, Hampton, Va.	Invalid.
"	George H. Duell.	Mullica Hill, N. J.	Farmer.
"	John Tonkin.	Aura, N. J.	Farmer.
"	David Borton.	Mullica Hill, N. J.	Auctioneer.
"	Henry M. Avis.	Camden, N. J.	Salesman.
"	Joseph L. White.	Mullica Hill, N. J.	Farmer.
Corporal.	Samuel Fredell.	Mullica Hill, N. J.	Carpenter.
"	Jacob K. Shoemaker.	Eatontown, N. J.	Farmer.
"	Joshua C. Grice.	Daretown, N. J.	Farmer.
"	John Grice.	Bellevue, Iowa	Invalid.
"	Isaac K. Horner.	Camden, N. J.	Commission.
"	George W. Jennings.	Wenonah, N. J.	Farmer.
"	William Moncrief.	Bridgeton, N. J.	Glass Packer.
"	William B. Gleason.	Kepaupo, N. J.	Farmer.
"	William P. Haines.	Mickleton, N. J.	Carpenter.
Musician.	Isaac Sickler.	Clayton, N. J.	Carpenter.
Wagoner.	David W. Keen.	Norristown, Pa.	Gardener.
"	Joseph S. Harker.	Gibbstown, N. J.	Farmer.
Private.	William H. Adams.	Burlington, N. J.	Farmer.
"	William Avis.	Washington, D. C.	Watchman.
"	Jacob Bender.	Paulsboro, N. J.	Laborer.
"	George W. Coles.	Mullica Hill, N. J.	Farmer.
"	George W. Dunlap.	Philadelphia, Pa.	Commission.
"	James Eacritt.	Mullica Hill, N. J.	Carpenter.
"	Albert Eastburn.	Philadelphia, Pa.	Fakir.
"	Joseph T. Garwood.	Millville, N. J.	Glass Packer.
"	Joseph B. Hilliard.	Mauricetown, N. J.	Farmer.
"	Enos Haun.	Ewansville, N. J.	Farmer.
"	Isaac P. Kuisell.	Woodbury, N. J.	Auctioneer.
"	Benjamin F. Mattson.	Woodbury, N. J.	Invalid.
"	John F. Meley.	Swedesboro, N. J.	Farmer.
"	George Meley.	Swedesboro, N. J.	Farmer.
"	Joseph W. Moore.	Mullica Hill, N. J.	Constable.
"	Charles McIlvaine.	Paulsboro, N. J.	Laborer.
"	Louis Muta.	Torresdale, Pa.	Laborer.
"	Emanuel Stratton.	Philadelphia, Pa.	Invalid.
"	Warren H. Somers.	Mantua, N. J.	Farmer.
"	Isaac H. Saul.	Glassboro, N. J.	Farmer.
"	Joseph Tompkins.	Camden, N. J.	Laborer.
"	Joseph A. Test.	Lancaster, Pa.	Tobacconist.
"	John B. Wamsley.	Oklahoma Territory	Farmer.

ROLL OF THE DEAD.

RANK.	NAME.	PLACE AND MANNER OF DEATH.	TIME.
1st Lieut.	Joseph Pierson . . .	Killed at Chancellorville	May 3, 1863.
"	James S. Stratton . . .	Killed at Ream's Station	August 25, 1864.
Sergeant	Elisha Stewart . . .	Died of consumption	Feb'y 8, 1867.
Corporal	Wm. H. H. Stratton . . .	Killed at Gettysburg	July 3, 1863.
"	Abel K. Shute . . .	Killed at Gettysburg	July 3, 1863.
"	James L. Plummer . . .	Killed at Chancellorville	May 3, 1863.
"	Allan Baker . . .	Killed at Hatcher's Run	March 25, 1865.
"	George W. French . . .	Died of camp fever after discharge	Oct'r 16, 1864.
"	Alfred Jones . . .	Drowned at Toms River	October, 1889.
"	James Corneal . . .	Died at home after discharge	Feb'y 3, 1864.
Drummer.	Charles T. Norris . . .	Died in Philadelphia	1894.
Private . .	George W. Allen . . .	Died of fever at Ellicott's Mills	Dec'r 9, 1862.
"	Robert Adams . . .	Killed at Chancellorville	May 3, 1863.
"	George W. Adams . . .	Killed at Gettysburg	July 3, 1863.
"	John Albright . . .	Killed at Gettysburg	July 3, 1863.
"	William P. Amey . . .	Died of wounds at Washington	June 30, 1864.
"	Joseph J. Ashbrook . . .	Died in Philadelphia	1893.
"	David Boody . . .	Died in camp at Ellicott's Mills	Nov'r 13, 1862.
"	Richard Borton . . .	Killed at Chancellorville	May 3, 1863.
"	Thomas Beran . . .	Died at Mullica Hill after discharge	Dec'r 18, 1864.
"	Edward Barney . . .	Killed at Spottsylvania	May 12, 1864.
"	John Connor . . .	Killed at Chancellorville	May 3, 1864.
"	William Dermitt . . .	Wounded at Wilderness, died	May 15, 1864.
"	George J. Eldridge . . .	Died at Falmouth	March 5, 1863.
"	Sam'l S. Greenwood . . .	Killed at Chancellorville	May 3, 1863.
"	Samuel G. Headley . . .	Wounded at Spottsylvania, died	May 30, 1864.
"	Theodore F. Hudson . . .	Died of consumption	October, 1895.
"	Erastus W. Howard . . .	Died in New York City	Septem'r, 1880.
"	William H. Johnson . . .	Killed at Gettysburg	July 3, 1863.
"	Joseph Jones . . .	Wounded at Cold Harbor, died	June 16, 1864.
"	John C. Jackson . . .	Died of camp fever at Philadelphia	Feb'y 1, 1864.
"	William Lakes . . .	Died of camp fever at Falmouth	Feb'y 13, 1863.
"	William S. Moore . . .	Killed at Chancellorville	May 3, 1863.
"	Adam Marshall . . .	Wounded at Chancellorville, died	June 13, 1863.
"	Charles Miller . . .	Killed at Bristol Station	Oct'r 14, 1864.
"	James Mosey . . .	Killed by an explosion at Philadelphia	October, 1888.
"	John May . . .	Died in Germantown	Septem'r, 1891.
"	William Press . . .	Died of apoplexy at Glassboro	1877.
"	Alfred J. Somers . . .	Died of fever at Falmouth	March 13, 1863.
"	Leonard Stiles . . .	Killed at Spottsylvania	May 12, 1864.
"	Charles C. Stratton . . .	Killed at Spottsylvania	May 12, 1864.
"	Edward F. Sweeten . . .	Died of fever at Falmouth	March 8, 1863.
"	Charles H. Scott . . .	Died at Camden	1894.
"	Miles S. Turner . . .	Froze to death in a blizzard	March 12, 1888.
"	Albert J. Weatherby . . .	Killed at Chancellorville	May 3, 1863.
"	Charles K. Wood . . .	Wounded at Chancellorville, died	May 10, 1863.
"	Charles M. Wilson . . .	Wounded at Wilderness, died	June 5, 1864.
"	Wm. H. Stone . . .	Died at Philadelphia	March 18, 1895.
"	James K. Russell . . .	Reported died at Camden	1870.
"	Louis Kellogg . . .	Went West, 1880, reported died soon after.	

"FIRST RELIEF."

INTRODUCTORY.

In the *Constitution* of July 8, 1862, appeared the following notice:

!!! VOLUNTEERS WANTED !!!

The undersigned have been authorized to raise a new company of volunteers in Gloucester county, under the late call of President Lincoln for 300,000 more men. One month's pay and twenty-five dollars bounty will be given each man in advance! The pay from the government is thirteen dollars per month! Two dollars to single men and six dollars to married men each per month by the State! Clothing and rations furnished by the government, with seventy-five dollars additional bounty when discharged!

For information apply at once to

E. L. STRATTON,
JOSEPH PIERSON,
Recruiting Officers.

Mullica Hill, N. J., July 5, 1862.

And in the *Constitution* of July 15, 1862:

"Four regiments of infantry are ordered to be raised, viz., Twelfth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth, as the quota of New Jersey, by order of Governor Olden. The Twelfth Regiment is assigned to South Jersey, with rendezvous at Woodbury, in charge of Colonel R. C. Johnson. The Gloucester county company is designated Company F."

A blank roll was prepared with proper heading by E. L. Stratton and Joseph Pierson, and war-talk began immediately in every store, church, shop, town and village of the county, but the suckers didn't bite very fast until the evening of July 22d, when the ice was broken by Az. Stratton, C. D. Lippincott, Elwood Griscom and William P. Haines signing the roll at N. T. Stratton's store, in Mullica Hill, after which names were rapidly put down: and on Thursday evening, July 24th, an enthusiastic war meeting was held in the old school house at Mullica Hill, where stirring addresses were made by Hon.

Nathan T. Stratton, Hon. John Hazleton, and Corporal John Lorrance, who had lost both legs at Roanoke Island, in the Ninth New Jersey, a few months previously. And oh! how it thrilled our young hearts as he stood up on those torn and battered stumps and exclaimed: "My voice is still for war!" Excitement ran high; we cheered the old hero over and over again till hoarse, then cheered him again. The roll was called and nineteen answered "here," and twice that number were "almost persuaded," and came in later.

An informal election was held and Edward L. Stratton was unanimously chosen captain, and the men were ordered to be ready to go into camp at Woodbury, at 10 a. m. July 29th.

CONCEPTION AND BIRTH
OF
COMPANY F, TWELFTH NEW JERSEY VOLS.

BY LIEUTENANT COLONEL E. L. STRATTON.

In May, 1861, Company B, First Regiment of the Gloucester county Brigade, of the New Jersey militia, was organized at Mullica Hill, N. J., Captain Thomas G. Batten, First Lieutenant Charles Henry Kain, Second Lieutenant Edward L. Stratton, elected May 31, 1861. E. L. Stratton's commission was dated June 7, and he was sworn in June 19, by Brigadier General Richard F. Stevens. Joseph Pierson was First Sergeant. I recruited a number of men, among them being John Lorraine. There being no chance to enlist as a company, some of the men "scattered." Lorraine enlisted in the Ninth New Jersey. Efforts had been made to secure the acceptance of the company, and on June 12, 1862, I received a letter from General Stockton, Adjutant General of New Jersey, saying, that by offering a sufficient number of men our company would be accepted in the new regiment (Eleventh) then forming. By the time we could get the men together to pass upon the question the place had been filled, and then only detachments would be received.

Joseph Pierson and I made up our minds to go it independently, and that evening, after closing the shutters and before leaving the store room I had a very satisfactory conversation with my father, who said: "If you feel it your duty to go, I say go." This approval was sufficient, and the next morning, July 8th, we were off for Trenton. Upon reaching Camden we saw by the morning papers President Lincoln's call for 300,000 additional troops for three years or during the war. I said to Pierson that we would first call upon General Stockton, and after introduction he at once gave me authority to raise a

company (F) for the Twelfth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers. We immediately returned home and went to recruiting. I issued a patriotic call for volunteers. At first it was rather slow work. It required some effort to arouse the patriotic fire, although in some instances it only needed a little prompting, and then it flashed forth with all the grandeur of '76. As they came in and signed that *First Roll* at our counting-house desk, having left the plow and other implements of husbandry and the mechanical tools, the look and appearance, and the way in which it was done showed evidence of thought and patriotic ardor, and that they meant business, and were proud of the act. I shall never forget the dignified air and commendable pride they displayed as they walked away from that place. It was a great epoch in the life of each one. What better type of manhood and patriotism could be asked by any country of its citizens?

Major Benjamin Acton, Acting Quartermaster and Aide to the Governor, soon commenced gathering tents, supplies, etc., at "Camp Stockton," south of and near Woodbury and on line of the West Jersey Railroad, where the Twelfth Regiment was to rendezvous. Colonel Robert C. Johnson was made Colonel, and was early on the ground looking after matters.

July 9, 1862, I was commissioned as Second Lieutenant of Company F, Twelfth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, and after recruiting twenty or more men, received the following:

"STATE OF NEW JERSEY,
OFFICE OF THE ADJUTANT GENERAL,
TRENTON, N. J., July 24, 1862.

To Edward L. Stratton:

SIR: The offer of your service to raise a Company for the Twelfth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, having been accepted by his Excellency, the Governor of this State, you will report immediately to this office, and be mustered into the service of the United States as Second Lieutenant of Company F of said Regiment, and will receive a commission as Captain when your Company is full to the minimum number. Your Company will be organized as follows:

MINIMUM.

- 1 Captain.
- 1 First Lieutenant.

- 1 Second Lieutenant.
- 1 First Sergeant.
- 4 Sergeants.
- 8 Corporals.
- 2 Musicians.
- 1 Wagoner.
- 64 Privates.
-
- 83 Aggregate.

R. F. STOCKTON, JR.,
Adjutant General."

On the next day, July 25th, proceeded to Trenton and was mustered into the service of the United States as Second Lieutenant, Company F, Twelfth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, by Llewellyn Jones, Major United States Army, Mustering Officer of State of New Jersey, armed with the proper authority.

The First Squad (nineteen), having been duly notified, met at "Camp Stockton," on Tuesday, the 29th day of July, 1862, and were duly examined by the medical officer, who pronounced each "O K," and then they were sworn into the service of the United States. This ceremony was simple, but very binding. Medical certificate states: "I certify, on honor, that I have carefully examined the above-named volunteer, agreeably to the General Regulations of the Army, and that, in my opinion, he is free from all bodily defects and mental infirmity, which would, in any way, disqualify him from performing the duties of a soldier." Each and every recruit to certify to his age, and if under twenty-one, the consent of parent or guardian required.

From this time on, every weekday (excepting the 8th) to the 11th of August, witnessed some enlistment, and on the last-named day thirty were sworn in, making the day, with the first squad enlistment, *red-letter* days. The number having reached the minimum, and upon being the choice for Captain, I started early for Trenton the next morning, August 12th, and received my commission, outranking by two days any other Captain, and thus securing the right of the regiment, something we felt a just pride in.

The Beverly Squad (nine) came on the 9th of August. The last muster was made August 22d. George W. Crumback was transferred to Company D. September 2d, Corporal John J. Trimble, Company G, Ninety-first Pennsylvania Volunteers, was made First Lieutenant, at the request of Dr. Trimble (his father), supported by Governor Olden. Joseph Pierson was commissioned Second Lieutenant.

The issuance of clothing, etc., to the men created many laughable incidents. It seemed rather "rough," as some expressed it, that they should be required to ask for a pass. Passes, however, were freely granted until the issuance of "General Order No. —, August 23d, '62, that Commandants of Companies will see that all men are present for duty and in camp by 4 o'clock this p. m. By order of J. Howard Willetts, Lieutenant Colonel, Commanding." The class of men composing this company, having no superiors in the regiment, and appreciating the changed relation from citizen to that of a soldier, made the task less difficult upon the part of superiors in enforcing obedience and discipline. Company tents, Sibley pattern, were erected and the camp laid out in military style. Officers' quarters, tents and guard house completed the camp. Squad, company and regimental drills, guard mount, dress parade, sick calls, etc., etc., relieved the monotony of camp life.

On Thursday, the 4th day of September, Captain William B. Royall, of the Fifth Regiment, United States Cavalry, mustered the regiment into the United States service. Company F had three officers and ninety-seven men (one loss by transfer, on the 2d), making a total of one hundred. Great throngs of visitors, loved ones, friends and neighbors, gathered each day to see and chat with the soldiers. The word went forth that the regiment was ordered to join the army soon, 7th of September; and on that beautiful Sabbath morn, a vast throng of people from this and the adjoining counties gathered there to say good-bye and wish a safe return. The parting in several instances was very affecting. As we were drawn up in line in our company street, I well remember the many who came to shake my hand, and saying, "My son (or brother) is

under your command ; take good care of him, and if anything happens to him, send us word." This was a severe ordeal for me, and to brace up, I took a quick march down the front and up the rear, so as to be ready for orders. Uncle Emanuel Stratton, that grand patriot and good man, looked at me so earnestly and, while holding my hand, said, "Now, Captain, if one of my boys fall, send me word, and I will come at once and take his place." "Oh, Uncle !" said I, "you have done your full share in thus sending four—all your sons, even your darling boy." I needed not then to be reminded of his patriotism, for I knew full well before ; his whole being seemed to thrill with love for the glorious flag and what it represented. It was a time of trial to many, but the last good-bye must be said ; the drums are beating, and by companies we marched to the train that had been run down to camp, and we were soon on board ; and amid the music of the band, waving of caps, handkerchiefs and hands, the train, with its precious freight, slowly moved away.

OFF TO THE FRONT.

Sunday morning, September 7th. The rumors of a forward movement, which have been flying thick and fast around our camp, are at last about to be realized ; marching orders came last evening, and but little sleep after that. Our thoughts are busy with the great question of what is before us ; who can tell ? Yet away down in the hearts of all is felt that strong determination to do our duty ; uphold the fair name of our county, state and nation, and prove ourselves soldiers brave and true ! And we do hope they won't get the rebels whipped before we get down there, as we are anxious to participate in at least one battle, just to see how it feels. This wish was expressed by all at that time, and fully gratified later on.

The packing of our knapsacks was one of the many serious questions ; how to get all our clothing, blankets, keep-sakes, etc.—those nice home-made stockings, knit by mother, to put on when we get our feet wet ; those towels, handkerchiefs, that fancy night shirt to sleep in, made by sister ; those beautifully embroidered slippers to wear in the evenings, made by sweetheart ; the comb and brush, clothes brush, pins, needles, thread, buttons, gloves, stationery, Bible, pack of—good books to read on Sundays, soap, salve, court plaster, three bottles of medicine in case of sickness, two daguerrotypes—mother and somebody's sister, two jars of canned fruit and a roll of butter, etc., etc., all into that little receptacle. Why are they not made bigger, so as to hold our Sunday boots, collars, frying pan, wash basin, umbrella, etc. ! And, when at last the kit is packed, what fun to try it on. See how it fits, and how heavy ! What ! only forty-six pounds ? Why, I can walk off with that easy ! yes ?

We get an early breakfast, and soon a vast throng of friends, relatives and sweethearts, come pouring into camp to see us

depart, and at 8 o'clock, according to previous orders, the tent stakes having all been loosened, the bugle sounds "strike tents," and in an instant that vast city of Sibleys falls fluttering to the ground; is rolled up, tied with the tent ropes, and we proceed to put on our loads. First, the accoutrements, with one wide, awkward strap, diagonal across the shoulders, another around the waist, holding in place the scabbard, cap and cartridge boxes; other bias straps, with haversack and canteen on either side; then that dear little knapsack with its bewildering confusion of belt and cross straps, and, as a sort of a balancing pole to steady ourselves, shoulder that long rifle, with pendant boots. Fall in! Attention! Count by twos! Right face! Forward, march! to the waiting train. And O! What a company! What a march! Was the like ever seen before, or after? So proud! So military! So—damp! Around every man from one to five friends—mother, sister, sweet-hearts—with last words, kisses, prayers, tears, the parting hand-shake and blessing, to so many the last on earth. We tear ourselves away, climb on the cars, and at 10 o'clock, amid waving hands, handkerchiefs and good-byes, we are off to the front. Tears flowing so fast that we did not notice it, but were told afterwards, that two stops were made between Woodbury and Camden for the brakeman to mop up the floor!

We cross the river from Federal to Washington street, where we stack arms, unsling knapsacks, and enjoy one of those famous dinners at the Cooper Shop, where fair ladies and pretty girls wait on us with long to be remembered kindness. Then sling knapsacks, take arms, and that sultry march to Broad and Prime, through a continuous throng of shouting men, waving flags, pretty girls with fluttering handkerchiefs, many of which, snatched from fair and willing hands, were long kept as talismanic charms, worn over our hearts!

At 3.30 p. m. we again take the cars, adjust our cumbrous baggage, and southward take our flight, cheered on by patriot hands, flags and handkerchiefs, waving from every town, village and farm house. Soon after leaving Philadelphia our officers pass through the cars, giving each man a mysterious-looking flat paper package about three inches square (inside of

which we find ten cartridges), with orders to load ! What does this mean ? Are we running into danger ? Do they expect us to shoot somebody ? Then we remember reading of the fate of that Massachusetts regiment a few months previously, shot down like dogs in the streets of Baltimore ! Baltimore ? Why, that's where we are going now ! And the spiteful manner in which we rammed those cartridges, spoke that they had better not fool with us.

We reach Baltimore at midnight, marched quickly through those silent streets to the Washington depot, where we stack arms, release our bodies from those chafing straps, take a good wash, and partake of welcome supper, which we find ready and awaiting us, (guess Baltimore ain't so bad, after all), then spend the night in the open street, right on the cobble stones, with knapsacks for pillows, and slept the sweet sleep of the weary.

Monday morning, September 8th, we rise early, with many a dent and scar on hip and other parts in contact with the cobbles ; get another good meal at 8 o'clock, then wander around town until noon, when we take the Baltimore and Ohio train for Ellicott's Mills, twelve miles away, where we unload at 3.20, march up a high hill, or young mountain, steep as a house roof, form camp, and pitch tents on the level, grassy summit ; and here we spend two happy months, amid surroundings beautiful and romantic. The little town, nestling in the valley below us, the beautiful Patapsco river, like a shining thread of silver, winding here and yon.

By rugged hills and busy mills, over dams and rocks a splashing ;
From wooded plains, the rumbling trains, come 'round the mountains
dashing ;

We spend our days in pleasant ways, guard river, road and thicket ;
Have drill, review, and dancing, too, or stand our turn on picket.
The hills are high, the meadows green, the landscape seldom rougher ;
John Dorsey's chickens, pigs and sheep ; O, how they have to suffer !
From Antietam's field, not far away, we hear the cannons rattle ;
We catch the skulkers, prisoners, the aftermath of battle.
With youthful might, our duties light, our lives a joyous dream,
Our days we fill with march and drill, in earthly heaven we seem.

September 10th, we march down to the quartermaster's and

draw our fancy dress-coats—those stiff, uncomfortable, close-fitting abominations, with their brass buttons, high shoulders and stiff standing collar, that inflamed and endangered both throat and ears. September 15th, a detail from the company escorted twenty-one prisoners (captured by our pickets) down to Baltimore, returning same evening. September 16th, three companies went to Frederick City, to escort rebel prisoners (from the South Mountain battle) to Baltimore.

During the month a company of cavalry camped alongside of us, scouting and doing outside picket duties. One morning, quite early, news came in from our outposts, that the rebels were advancing down the Frederick turnpike! help needed quick! Three companies—F being one, and I think I and B—quickly formed in light marching order, went down the hill on a run, swept through the frightened village, up the turnpike for two miles, passed through the alarmed picket line, and found a squad of about forty skulkers and stragglers from Antietam's battle. When, with the help of that slow cavalry (who just came up), we surrounded, disarmed, and triumphantly marched them back to our camp; railing our cavalry brothers about being so slow, and letting the infantry outrun them.

November 2nd, Company B, while on picket, captured four men with a four-horse team laden with guns and ammunition, which they proudly escorted to our camp. November 6th, the weather growing colder, we bought boards, put down floors and stockaded our tents, making them much more roomy and comfortable for us to spend the winter, as we seemed anchored here; but prospects changed later on.

During our two months' stay in this camp, six men died in the regiment, as follows: John W. Dubois, Company I, September 22d; Thomas J. McKeighan, Company H, October 16th; James Carter, Company B, November 6th; David Boody, Company F, November 13th; Joseph Mead, Company C, December 1st; George W. Allen, Company F, December 9th. We had military funerals, and escorted the bodies to the train for shipment home, over all but George W. Allen, who was buried just as we were leaving for the front.

ELLICOTT'S MILLS TO FALMOUTH.

BY SERGEANT DAVID BORTON.

The following notes from his war diary, are kindly furnished by Comrade David Borton, of Company F :

December 10, 1862, in obedience to orders from the War Department, the time has come for the regiment to leave the pleasant hills and associations of Ellicott's Mills, but not to forget the beautiful (girls) and healthful location, with that memorable spring gushing forth from the rocks, supplying the whole regiment with its clear, pure waters. We struck tents at sunrise, and after the usual delays, started at 2.45 p. m. for Washington by way of Baltimore and Ohio railroad, reaching there at 3 a. m.; quartered at "Soldiers' Rest," where we got breakfast. In the afternoon we formed line, marched to the arsenal to get our Austrian rifles exchanged for something less dangerous to the man behind and more to the enemy in front, but were too late in the day ; so returned through mud of the worst description. Our five-mile march was credited to exercise ! 12th, inspection of arms, with another march to the arsenal, where we changed our guns for the celebrated Springfield muskets, the cartridge for which contained a round ball and three buckshot, making them second to grape and canister in destruction. 13th, formed in line at 11 o'clock, left our pleasant quarters at "Soldiers' Rest," marched through Washington and at noon crossed into Maryland ; halted at 12.30. rested thirteen minutes, then moved on with our heavy loads till 1.30, when we again halted while the Sixth New York Battery, with their brass pieces, fine horses and showy uniforms passed by. At 1.50 we resumed our march, after a wise reduction of freight, but in just one hour we were ready for a thirty minutes' rest, and a further discharge of useless baggage, when we again moved towards the enemy, which our forces were engaging at Fredericksburg ; and at 5 o'clock

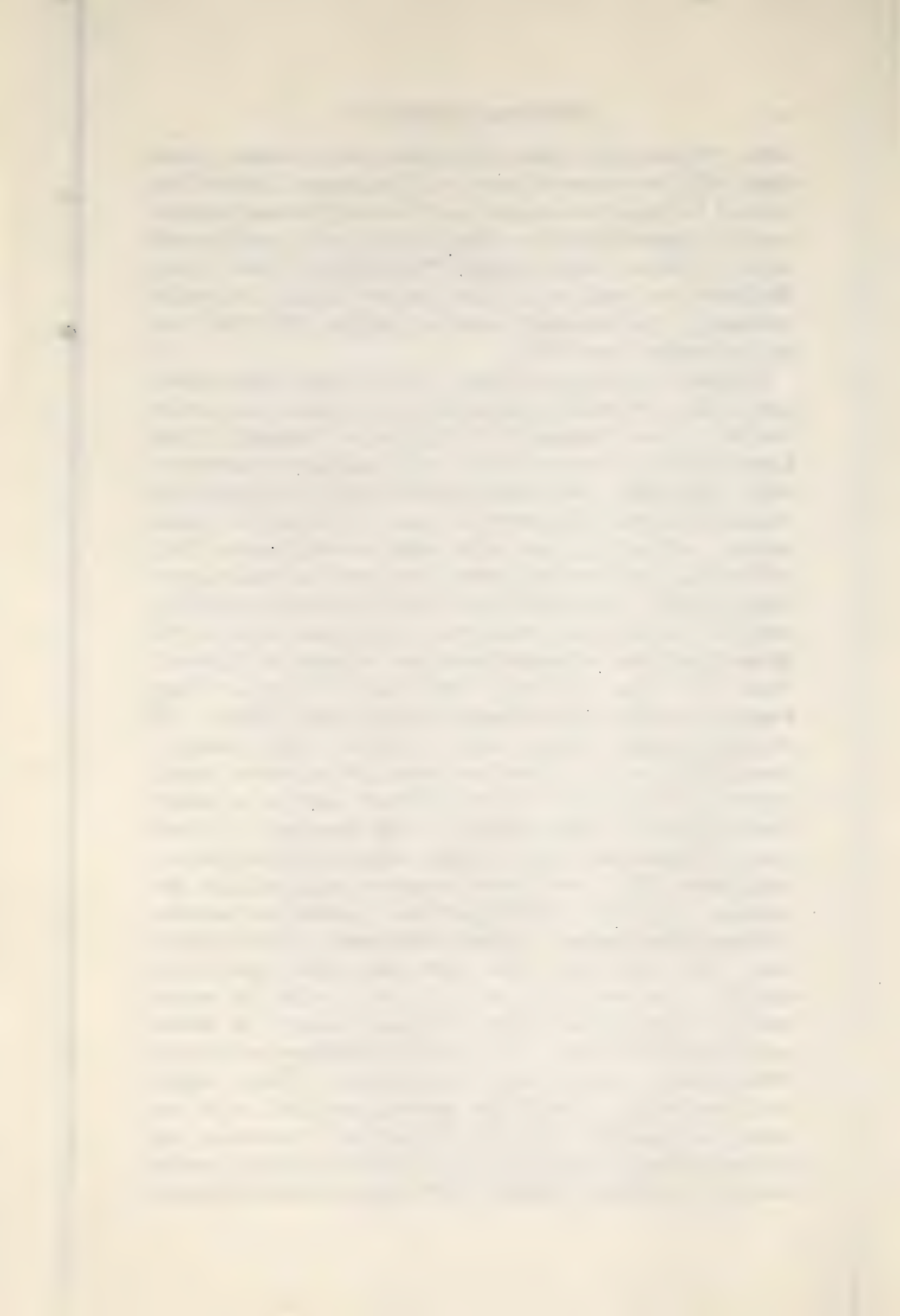
halted for the night, having marched thirteen miles in five hours, through and over mud and roads of a character never seen in Jersey ! Richard Borton, James S. Stratton and William Moncrief were left at Washington on the sick list. Many of the boys fell out during this first march, and all were taught the useful lesson of not to carry useless freight, as we soon found we could get along with very little outside of hardtack, pork, coffee and sugar, with our canteens filled from streams and pools by the wayside. 14th, most of our stragglers rejoined during the night, and seemed bright and refreshed at 7.30, when we resumed the march and traveled all day through mud, mud, nothing but mud, passing through the village of Pisquataway about noon, and halted for the night at 3.30 p. m. Weather, clear and warm ; hear cannonading all day ; rested during the day only eighty minutes, all told. 15th, resumed our march at 9.20 a. m., halting for the night in a meadow at 4.20 p. m. Weather warm, sky clear ; booming of cannons still heard in front ; rested during the day two and a half hours. During the evening some of the boys strayed off and returned loaded with chickens, ducks and geese ; George H. Duell carrying a nice pig, which he had *found* ; and it might be well to ask Griscom and Haines where that turkey and goose were purchased, and the price paid ! The cooking of these extra rations occupied most of the night. 16th, aroused by the rain falling in our faces ; (been sleeping out with no tents since leaving Ellicott's Mills) ; marched at 9.15 and reached the Potomac at 4.20 and Liverpool Point at 5.30 p. m., after a hard march through mud and clay, that clung to our shoes like soft putty. We rested but little during the day, and to make life more miserable, if possible, the baggage wagon with our knapsacks got stuck in the mud, and we had to do without our blankets. The weather turned very cold, freezing the ground, and the sharp, cutting wind made us pass the night sitting or standing as close as possible to the fire. 17th, blustery and snowing ; baggage came up this morning, and just as we got the Sibleys staked down, came orders to move, and at 1.55 we went on board one of those familiar old Red Bank ferry-boats (Star or Eagle), and at 3.30 p. m. disem-

barked at Acquia Creek, Virginia, where we spent a rough night, minus fire or tents. 18th, we were awakened by the rattle of our chattering teeth, to find our bodies numb with cold, and our bed-clothes frozen fast to the ground. This was our initiation into the State of our adoption, our destined home during service with our present kind guardians, not appreciated by all, and many thoughts went back to comforts of home in old Jersey. 19th, 9.15 a. m., off for our first march in Old Dominion; a long and hard one, close beside the railroad, past Brook's Station, and soon Fredericksburg comes in sight. We meet and greet many of our New Jersey regiments, their faces and clothing black with the smoke and powder of battle; camped near our Twenty-fourth and Twenty-eighth Regiments, one mile above the town, greeting many old friends and schoolmates. 20th, clear and cold; a detail sent back to the railroad to forward tents, etc.; the rest view the surroundings, and get a look at the enemy we are to contend with and settle whether the United States shall be one and inseparable, or a divided nation. 21st, finished work at station, took a view of Fredericksburg and then went back to camp, anticipating a first night in the tents since leaving Ellicott's Mills, but cruel fate sent us on picket, relieving the Twenty-eighth New Jersey Regiment. 22nd, but little sleep last night, and no rations; got a supply from camp at noon; relieved at night by the Fourth Ohio Regiment. 23rd, review and inspection: J. S. Stratton and R. Borton reached camp. 24th, stormy; brigade inspection by General Sumner in the morning; dress parade in the afternoon. 26th, all sick ordered to Washington. 27th, signed pay roll. 28th, spring-like; no mails since arrival; James S. Stratton, Adam Marshall, with other sick from regiment, sent to Washington. 29th, pleasant; company drill and target practice for first time here. 30th, a sensation at 1 a. m., by being called in line and given sixty rounds of cartridges, and cooks ordered to speedily prepare three days' rations, expecting to move all day, but evening finds us still here; also, the welcome mail with welcome messages for nearly all. 31st, cold, with light snow; no movement yet, but all ready.

January 1st, received our shelter tents : clear and cold. 2nd, had company drill ; expecting marching orders at any time, but are still here. 3rd, 4th and 5th, very pleasant weather ; camp rumors quieting down, marching orders very doubtful. 6th, rainy. 7th, colder ; Emanuel Stratton, James Plummer and Barclay Lippincott, of Swedesboro, visited our company and regiment ; we were glad to see them. 8th and 9th, continued clear, cold weather. 10th, very rainy, indefinitely postponing inspection by General Burnside ; some of the boys erected their shelter tents. 11th and 12th, all quiet ; pleasant overhead, but the sacred soil clings to our boots ; there has been a balloon ascension several times to-day, and things seem to indicate a move. 13th and 14th, warm and spring-like ; everything quiet as yet. 15th, warm in weather and company ; Elwood Griscom, Warren H. Somers, Richard Borton and David Borton, were arrested and put in the guard-house by order of Captain E. L. Stratton, for playing euchre. 16th, the prisoners were taken out and released from arrest, and neither the captain or lieutenant will father the order ; both say, "*he* did it ;" orders to march in the morning ! 17th, clear and cold ; we did move, but only to corps headquarters, where General Burnside gave us review ; eight brigades in line, and they made a grand display. 18th and 19th, all quiet along the Rappahannock. 20th, division drill in the morning, dress parade in the evening ; order read from General Burnside to prepare for light marching ; cold and rainy ; we hear many troops passing in the night. 21st, continued heavy rain all day, with no prospect of clearing ; we remain in camp, while other troops go splashing by in the rain and mud. 22nd, still raining, but less movement of troops ; the pontoons are stuck, and cannot reach destination ; the artillery is strewn along the roads in mud up to the guns, and we fear it will defeat the plans ; no indications of our breaking camp. 23rd, the troops are returning to camp, on account of storms making roads impassable. 24th, clear and warm ; troops continue to march back ; all forward movements have been abandoned for the present. 25th, raining again ; Isaac Kaisell, Joseph J. Ashbrook and William Lakes were sent to the general hospital.

26th, 27th and 28th, cloudy, with rain, snow or storms. 29th, clear, with ten inches of snow on the ground; rumor that General Burnside has resigned and General Sumner been removed: Emanuel Stratton, of Swedesboro, paid us another visit to-day. 30th, we hear that the Twenty-eighth New Jersey Regiment was paid to-day, and we are hoping for similar treatment. 31st, snow still remains, stopping all drills; sutler just reached here to-day.

February 1st, clear and quiet. 2nd, warmer, snow nearly gone; fell in for monthly inspection at 10 o'clock, remained in line till 3 p. m.; Captain E. L. Stratton, of Company F, and Captain Cliff, of Company B, left in the ambulance this morning on sick leave. 3rd, snowing and blowing until noon, then cleared and turned cold, giving us much the coldest day of the winter. 4th and 5th, cold, with snow turning to rain. 6th, still raining, but camp and guard duty must be done, regardless of weather; Major Acton and Daniel Bradshaw arrived in camp this evening; the latter took supper in our tent; E. W. Howard and Joe Ashbrook have been returned to Windmill Point. 7th, clear and mild; detail under Lieutenant Fogg went on picket in rear line near Stafford Court House. 8th and 9th, pleasant; Haines and I attended to our washing; ironed the same day; three lieutenants, ten sergeants, twenty corporals and two hundred privates were sent to do picket duty in front of Fredericksburg. 10th, nice day; had dress parade; troops are moving; rumor says to Fortress Monroe. 11th, storm all day; two hundred men went on picket again this morning. 13th, fair; had brigade drill; buried our comrade, William Lakes, to-day. 15th and 16th, clear; nothing important. 17th, 18th and 19th, snow, then rain removing it quickly; very unpleasant on guard and picket last night. 20th, J. S. Stratton and Adam Marshall returned; R. Borton quite sick for a few days. 21st, cloudy; Griscom and Haines, with pioneers, sent to corps headquarters to build bridge. 22nd, ten inches of snow this morning, and still at it; the camp guard has been taken off; Haines and Borton sent out to chop and carry wood for our tent; Richard Borton continues ill. 23rd, three hundred of us sent on picket in front of



Fredericksburg; snow boot-top deep; eight of us were detailed to row the boat over to the rebels, with officer and flag of truce. 24th, slept on a snowbank with John and Josh Grice; our bed-clothes being two rubber and one woolen blanket below, two woolen and one rubber above; boots for a pillow; slept comfortably from 12 o'clock till morning. 25th, clear and pleasant; no camp guard yet, too much snow; Brother Richard no better; reported that the rebels shot one of our pickets this morning; E. W. Howard got his discharge. 26th, rain all day; two of the Stratton brothers went home on furlough; Joe Ashbrock received his discharge. 27th and 28th, warmer; Colonel Johnson resigned; mustered for two months' pay.

March 1st, rainy; Colonel Johnson left camp this morning. 2d, our first company drill since the snow started in; camp inspected by General Hays; Lieutenant-Colonel Willetts returned to-day. 3d and 4th, clear and cold; again on picket, in front line. 5th, detail relieved at 10 a. m.; then placed on guard of New York quarters, while the corps was reviewed by General Hooker, now commanding the army; George I. Eldridge died this morning. 6th and 7th, battalion drill; first in a long time. 8th, rainy; E. T. Sweeten died; nothing new from secesh. 9th, damp; company drill in morning; E. T. Sweeten's body sent home. 10th, snowing; man died in Company A. 11th, regimental inspection; orders read to have our equipments ready to fall in at a moment's notice. 12th, formed line of battle at 5.30; stood till sunrise, then to camp and prepared for inspection at 2 p. m.; but at 11.30 a. m. the "assembly" beat, and in light marching order we joined the brigade; stacked arms, waited two hours, then back to camp; orders to hold ourselves ready; in ten minutes again in line for knapsack inspection; waited two hours, no inspector; broke ranks, but kept ready; and what next hard to conjecture; rumor that the rebels are crossing and moving on our right; fall in again, light; then get our knapsacks, join brigade and have the inspection; then back to quarters; enough for one day; hard work. 13th, Alfred J. Somers died; buried on the 14th. 15th and 16th, rain, hail and sleet; very disagreeable. 17th, can-

nonading on left ; rumor that the enemy are crossing ; long roll heard in some camps ; we remain quiet. 18th, rumor that our cavalry have defeated the rebels at Stafford Court House, taking many prisoners ; heavy firing continues ; greatly pleased to see in our camp Thomas Borton, John Dunlap and Jacob Somers, the latter after the body of his son, Alfred. 19th and 20th, thirty men from each company sent on picket ; our Jersey friends start home with body of Alfred J. Somers. 21st, Willetts received his commission as Colonel, and Davis as Lieutenant-Colonel ; rumor that the rebels tried to burn the railroad bridge at Potomac Creek, and all taken prisoners. 22d, 23d and 24th, company and skirmish drills ; ten of each company sent on picket ; no signs of paymaster ; four men of the regiment buried on the 24th—from Companies D, E, I and K. 25th and 26th, twelve of each company on picket ; rainy. 27th, excitement high last night ; two alarms in the camp of the Pennsylvania Reserves ; we did not turn out ; only our camp guard was formed and held ready ; had inspection this morning, with heavy marching orders. 28th, rainy ; another inspection ; no paymaster. 29th, clear ; regular Sunday morning inspection ; the pontoon trains are massed on our parade grounds. 30th, orders to prepare for review ; fell in at 1.30 p. m. ; marched to camp of the Twenty-fourth New Jersey, where the whole division was reviewed by General French ; then division drill for two hours and a half, and returned to camp ; more pontoons came up.

April 1st, formed in line at 2.30 a. m. ; stood till sunrise, then back to camp ; sixteen of each company sent on picket. 2d and 3d, usual morning line of battle ; fine weather ; no paymaster ; orders to put up shelter tents ; Sibleys to come down at 7.30 next morning. 4th, windy ; light snow ; the Sibleys are down ; fifteen of each company on picket : E. L. Stratton returned. 5th and 6th, snow and rain ; Trimble returned ; dress parade, with all company officers present—first time in many months. 7th and 8th, our pickets relieved by the Seventh Virginia ; grand review of the whole army by President Lincoln ; back to camp, late and tired ; 9th and 10th, Captain Cliff returned to his company ; Company F boys all on

duty except three; weather and roads good. 11th, eighteen men of the company out on picket; we await news from Charleston. 12th and 13th, fine weather; all quiet, except tongues; it looks like a move soon; the pontoniers are repairing roads and boats. 14th, fifteen men from each company sent on picket; the rebels are enjoying themselves by fishing in the river. 15th, rumors of moving are thick and plenty; sent away our dress-coats; drew eight days' rations; moved the hospital; rain pouring down. 16th, cleared off; wall and A tents down; looks like a move soon. 17th, still here, but how much longer we know not; ready for what comes, any time; pontoons gone. 18th, nice weather; no move yet; draw three days' more rations—they seem bound to feed us; troops and trains moving to our right. 19th, fine day; all quiet; rumor that our cavalry have crossed. 20th, rain; a squad of rebel prisoners went by; detail for picket. 21st, pontoons moving to our right; rumor that our cavalry are in the rebels' rear. 22d, a new Major comes, with his commission, for our regiment—late Captain Hill, of the Eleventh New Jersey; order for battalion drill, morning; brigade drill, afternoon, until further notice. 23d and 24th, rain; on picket; a telegraph wire was found under water connecting Fredericksburg and Falmouth. 25th, 26th and 27th, brigade and battalion drills daily; our new Major on duty; review by Colonel Parker; company inspection; *sure* to move to-night. 28th, did move, sure enough; pickets came in at midnight, and we packed up, fell in, place rest, attention, etc., until 6 a. m., when we left our camp, marched three or four miles, and joined the rest of the corps; artillery and pontoons pass by; a heavy detail, with entrenching tools, sent forward to corduroy roads; we remained here all night, in a drizzling rain. 29th, light rain; building roads till noon; marched at 2.45; orders to keep quiet; halted at dark in an old corn field; pontoons and artillery move ahead of us; some very heavy guns pass in the night; the long-looked-for paymaster has come at last, but no chance to pay us now. 30th, started early; about noon we reached the Rappahannock River, at the United States Ford, where we saw the pontoniers lay the bridge, which was soon

completed ; our cavalry forded the stream and were on the other bank ; no opposition ; band playing "Dixie ;" our regiment, first of the Second Corps to cross, Company F on the lead, reached the other shore at 6 p. m., halted, formed line, then marched till 10 p. m., when we halted for the night, six miles from the river ; one hundred rebel prisoners passed to the rear ; the army has crossed at four different places, and we have them hemmed in ; they must either fight or surrender ; we expect to do our duty. Such was the opinion formed at that time, and what followed, proved that they chose to *fight*.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1900

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CHICAGO, ILL.
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EXTRACTS FROM DIARY OF CAPT. E. L. STRATTON.

Ellicott's Mills, Maryland, September 19th, 1862.—Company F was ordered out at 5 p. m. to guard a vast army of paroled prisoners, who had been so ingloriously surrendered by the treachery of an officer at Maryland Heights, and who are now camped on the Frederick turnpike, just outside the village. September 20th, still on guard with the prisoners, over 10,000 of them ; weary, foot-sore, sick, disheartened, they say they were surrendered whilst holding a strong position, almost without firing a shot. They feel the disgrace keenly. At 3 p. m. they marched for Annapolis, Maryland, escorted for several miles by a detail from our regiment. Sunday, September 21st, Company F attended church, Catholic in the morning, Episcopal in the evening. September 22d, our camp witnessed its first military funeral procession, John W. Dubois, from Woodstown, a fine young soldier of Company I, eighteen years of age, taken sick whilst on picket last Tuesday (16th), died last night ; Sergeant J. Morgan Barnes took the body home to Jersey.

December 10th, broke camp for a move to the front ; the regiment all ready by 11 a. m., but no cars in readiness till 4 p. m., when a train of thirty-three cars, drawn by two engines, came up, on which men and camp equipage were soon loaded ; and, amidst a vast throng of citizens, gathered to say "good-bye," we departed for the front, over that crooked, winding road, where our long train made a continued S as we slowly wended our way to Washington over that single track, spending most of our time on the sidings, awaiting other trains. We reached Washington at 3 a. m. December 11th ; marched to the "Soldiers' Rest," and were glad of a chance to lie down ; were furnished breakfast at 7 a. m., as per bill of fare, table d'hôte, American plan : a long table, with large wooden

buckets of hot coffee every ten feet, a four-inch cube of cold boiled corned beef, and a two-inch slab of bread, on a tin plate, and a tin cup for each man ; no cutlery or silverware, no butter, no napkins, no tooth-picks, just wade in, help yourself, don't overload your stomach ; in the afternoon had inspection of arms, with condemnation ; marched to the arsenal for an exchange, but were too late. December 12th, still boarding at Uncle Sam's hotel ; no change in bill of fare ; another inspection and condemnation of guns ; another trip to the arsenal, where we exchanged our Austrian rifles for Harper's Ferry muskets, with buck and ball cartridges ; James S. Stratton, Richard Borton and William Moncrief, along with other sick of the regiment, were taken to the Patent Office Hospital. Men remained another night at the "Rest," the officers sought other hotels. December 13th, hurry and bustle in the regiment ; leave our "Rest ;" cartridges (cal. 69), ball screws, wormers and wrenches issued to the men ; Captain Mattison and myself visit the hospital, find our sick much better ; marched at 11 a. m. via Navy Yard, where we crossed the eastern branch of the Potomac. The boys marched well for a few miles, when the heat and big knapsacks began to tell, some few falling out, myself being one of them. But, refreshed and rested by a few miles in the ambulance, we again took the road, through the shallow creeks and deep mud, with much laughter and amusement ; some straggling and foraging, at which Howard seemed to excel. Just before night we filed into an open field and stacked arms by divisions ; fires were soon lighted, and possibly some of the fences furnished the material. After supper, the men gathered leaves for bedding ; gum blankets made good sheets, and after our fifteen-mile march with those big knapsacks, these beds were soft and restful, and we pleasantly passed our first night in the big bedroom.

Sunday, December 14th. This is a beautiful morning, almost like summer ; the teams come up and rations are being issued to the men, who seem full of life ; marched at 11 a. m., but only eight miles ; camped at 4 p. m. N. T. Stratton and Samuel White came on to Washington, but not finding us,

they hired a team and caught up to us at this camp. They, with James and Joseph White and myself, took supper and lodging at a nearby farmhouse, where we spent a pleasant night together. December 15th, marched at 9.30 a. m., our visitors returning to Washington, after seeing us off; the roads are worse than before; no bridges over the streams; the roads are deep with sticky mud; no side fences, but gates across at every farm; camped at 4 p. m. in a green meadow; I was very nearly sick. December 16th, we were awakened at 5 by a heavy rain falling in our faces, which soon brought the men to their feet; I was sleeping with Harker in his wagon. Marched at 9 a. m., a heavy, weary day, through creeks and mud, from eight to eighteen inches deep; the rains did not improve the roads; reached Liverpool Point at sunset, and many a tired boy was glad to rest; passed a bad night on the banks of the Potomac; a cutting wind and our wet clothing gave but little sleep; forty-five miles from Washington, so say the natives. December 17th, wagons came up at 10 a. m. and delivered four tents to each company, and they were soon staked down, when orders came to cross the river immediately: down come the tents, we march to the wharf through a severe snow squall and take passage on the "Star," formerly plying between Red Bank and Philadelphia, and leave the Maryland shore at 2.30 p. m.; the wagons and baggage, in charge of Lieutenant Trimble, on the "Eagle," formerly, as now, the consort of the "Star;" reached Acquia Creek landing at four, marched a mile and a half and camped for the night; the Twenty-second, Twenty-ninth and Thirtieth New Jersey Regiments are camped near by; many of those wounded at the battle of Fredericksburg are passing by our camp on their way to northern hospitals; very cold weather. December 18th, last night was a very cold one—indeed some of the boys came near freezing; many of their blankets were frozen so fast in the mud that it was difficult to get out from under them this morning: fresh beef was issued to-day—quite welcome; Sergeant Samuel Williams promoted Second Lieutenant of Company H. December 19th, marched at 9 a. m. twenty-one miles to Fal-mouth, passing through the vast Army of the Potomac; saw

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Dr. Halsey and many other old friends ; we were many times asked, "What brigade is that?" ; our full ranks seemed as large as their brigades ; camped at sunset ; glad to rest, as my feet and ankles were chafed by contact with new boots ; I was officer of the day and kept busy bringing up the rear ; many callers from our Jersey regiments.

January 1, 1863, very cold this morning, pleasant at noon ; shelter tents issued to-day. January 7th, N. T. Stratton and James Plummer arrived this morning ; quite a surprise. January 8th, our first battalion drill since reaching this place.

April 8th, drew five hundred rounds of buck and ball cartridges. April 16th, drew two hundred rounds ; turned in our extra clothing to brigade quartermaster for transportation to Washington, viz.: sixty-nine dress coats, two gum overcoats, one blouse, one pair of pants, three shirts. Emanuel Stratton and George H. Coles went home on furlough January 4th. April 28th, broke camp at 6 a. m., and joined the other regiments of the Second Corps in a grand move to the right and front.

Sunday, May 3d, my first and last battle ; found—a rebel bullet ; lost—a Union leg.

CHANCELLORSVILLE.

May 2d and 3d, 1863, was the first battle for the company and regiment, and gave the officers and men a new experience, with a chance to test their courage and patriotism. The three days' march from our winter camp at Falmouth, and the crossing of the Rappahannock River on a bridge of boats, had been accomplished without undue hardships or fatigue, and we took our position (at 9 a. m. May 1st) near the country tavern and shop, which composed the town of Chancellorsville, without hearing a shot or seeing a rebel. But soon we were on the march, passed the Chancellorsville House, and out on the road towards Todd's Tavern, about two miles, where we formed line of battle, with Company F deployed as skirmishers. We advanced a short distance in the open field and halted, where we could see the little white puffs of smoke and hear the shots of the Fifth Corps skirmishers on our left. We were in a good position, on rising ground, and fully expected to have our Woodbury wish for a battle quickly gratified; much impressed by a cautionary remark of Captain E. L. Stratton, "remember, boys, you are now making history." But not yet, as Hooker issued that unaccountable order (which lost the battle) to leave this fine, open, strategic position (which was occupied by rebel batteries a few minutes later), and we returned to the lower ground and woods of Chancellorsville, closely followed by the rebel skirmishers, who at 2 p. m. made a spirited charge on the Third Corps, but were repulsed.

We passed the afternoon quietly in the field near a small house used as General French's headquarters. Just before night we moved to the right towards Rapidan, and formed a line of battle in an almost impenetrable thicket of briars and small poplars, so dense that the pioneers cut a path ten feet wide and the length of the regiment, in which we formed our

line, and quietly passed the night, with our pickets out on front and right. Next morning, at 10 o'clock, we returned to the open field, and remained quiet until 2 p. m., when the whole brigade was massed in the woods, near the big house, as a support to a threatened point in the Third Corps' lines, but not being needed we returned to the open field, where our band began to discourse sweet music, and some of our boys climbed the tall trees and got a view of a lively skirmish on the Third Corps' lines; but soon some of the shells, attracted no doubt by the sweet music, came whistling through our tree-tops, when like unto old Zaccheus, of Bible fame, we *came down*, and the band, which was playing "Yankee Doodle," stopped right in the middle of the tune, played "Yankee" but missed the "Doodle." This was at 5 p. m., just when that unfortunate break in the Eleventh Corps took place, and soon all was in confusion; their teams, batteries, ambulances and men came rushing back in the wildest confusion, and for a few minutes our line was in greater danger of being carried back by their wild rush than from rebel assault, but our lines stood firm, and they passed through us, leaving a vast hole in the battle line, which we were quickly ordered to fill. We piled up our knapsacks and left them in care of a guard (but never saw them afterwards) and struck a double-quick down the plank road, towards the advancing rebels, elated with their easy victories over General Howard (not his men). We were soon halted, and lay down in the road, with a rebel battery in plain sight in front, and one of our own batteries on the rising ground behind us, exchanging their dangerous compliments of shot and shell in most uncomfortable proximity to our heads. Many of them almost scraping our backs, whilst their hot breath fanned our ears, but the only casualties was caused by a bursting shell, which wounded two men in Company H; whilst owing to another line in front we could not fire a shot, but were trying to see who could get the closest to the ground, and were fighting that first terrible battle of courage against cowardice, to keep from running away. Oh, how our hearts did beat! How we trembled! How we shrank and hugged the ground, as those frightful shells went whistling and scream-

ing just over our backs ! Were we scared ? No ; that word don't express it ! But we held our ground, and after thirty minutes of this trying ordeal the firing ceased and we moved to the right into the woods, and took position beside a little stream, so bright and tranquil now, but in a few short hours ran red and crimson with our Northern blood. We lay down in line of battle with restored confidence, we were now soldiers, we had been under fire ! And we slept soundly with our guns in hand, with a lullaby of picket firing in front and some heavy cannon firing in rear.

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The next morning was Sunday (May 3d), and the services began while it was yet dark, with a few spattering shots in front, then the long, steady roll of our skirmishers as they fell back, the bullets began to whistle over our heads, clipping the limbs and bark from the trees ; sharp flashes of fire through the darkness in front, and almost before we knew it, we were engaged in our first battle. The smoke of our first volley hung low and thick over our heads, and much of our first firing was at random, or the flashes of their guns in the smoke and darkness ahead of us, which soon lifted, and we caught sight of the grey-clad rebels about sixty yards in front, and were able to pick our man with a fair degree of certainty, somewhat marred by the fact that they would shoot back, and our joy or sorrow often depended on who got the first shot. We were in open sight, without earthworks or protection of any kind, save a few trees. We were new, green, untried troops, yet we checked that fierce onslaught of Stonewall Jackson's veterans, flushed from their easy victory of yesterday ; we held them at bay, and were fast driving them back, when an unfortunate break to the rear of the regiment on our right left a vast hole in our line, through which the rebels, unseen by us, got in our flank and rear, and rolled our line up endways, just like a piece of ribbon, and Company F, being the right of the regiment, was the worst sufferer by this mishap, being brushed back with the quickness and force of a cyclone, leaving our dead and badly wounded right where they fell, whilst we moved back to the open field, near the house, where our batteries were massed, re-formed our shattered lines, supported

the guns, and were much gratified to see those exultant rebels swept back by the grape and cannister of Arnold, Brown and Cushing, in a manner that repaid them for our rough usage a few minutes before ; and on Monday night, in the darkness, rain and mud we fell back and re-crossed the river. To us the battle of Chancellorsville had passed into history. Our losses were :

Killed or mortally wounded—Robert Adams, Richard Borton, John Connor, Samuel S. Greenwood, William S. Moore, Adam Marshall, Joseph Pierson, James L. Plummer, Albert J. Weatherby and Charles K. Wood.

Wounded—George H. Coles, James Eacritt, William B. Gleason, Joshua C. Grice, William Dermitt, William P. Haines, William B. Hutchinson, Samuel Iredell, Charles D. Lippincott, George Meley, B. Frank Mattson, William F. Pierson, Edward L. Stratton, Emanuel Stratton, Isaac H. Saul, Miles S. Turner and William Moncrief.

THE GETTYSBURG CAMPAIGN.

BY CAPTAIN AZ. STRATTON.

After the battle of Chancellorsville, the regiment moved from their old camp to near General French's headquarters ; there we spent the latter part of May and the fore part of June, doing picket and camp duty, until the 14th, when the Gettysburg campaign commenced. We broke camp and started north by way of Stafford Court House, which we found burning when we arrived there ; we halted, got dinner, and several of us went down to Acquia Creek and took a bath. From here our route led up through Dumfries, on and across the Occoquan, at Mussell shoals, on to Fairfax and then Centerville ; from there down to Bull Run, across the stone bridge, through the old battlefields, to a place called Gum Springs. Here we made a halt of two or three days. While here we captured a citizen who could not give a satisfactory account of himself, so we took him in. From here we turn east and cross the Potomac at Edward's Ferry, then north again up through the village of Urbana on to Monocacy Junction ; here, Saturday the 27th, we draw rations. Sunday we crossed the Monocacy River into Frederick City ; here the regiment was detailed to guard the wagon train, Company F at the head of it. We went east, re-crossed the river above the city, and out in the country that had not been overrun by any other troops before us. What a picnic we had ; cherries everywhere ; the trees were soon blue with the boys ; the wagon train was forgotten ; the boys scattered all over the fields, in groups and in squads ; some to the houses, and they especially fared well ; but when each one got all he could, he would plod on. About noon we passed through the village of Liberty ; the people stood on the sidewalks and handed us bread and butter ; we shall never forget their kindness. On we go ; the afternoon is wearing away and we see no signs of a halt ; night comes, we are footsore ;

at last we cannot go any further, and lay down by the roadside and sleep the sleep of the weary. But, hark ! we hear a horseman coming ; it is Major Hill ; he is arousing the boys, telling them it is but a short distance to camp, and we try it again. After traveling about four miles, we join what was called the regiment ; but the regiment was not there until the next morning. This place was called Union Bridge. We spend the 29th and 30th here. July 1st finds us on the march, but soon halt again, at Uniontown ; about noon the news comes to us that there is a battle being fought at the front somewhere, and we are started at a quick march for Taneytown, five miles away ; there we turn to the right and are on the road to Gettysburg. Couriers bring the news that our forces are being whipped, and soon we hear the boom of artillery in our front ; we quicken our pace, but night is near ; then we meet some of the wounded of the First Corps, who tell us of the fight and of the disaster, but we are too late to take any part in it. When we arrive on the field it is night ; we are turned off the road to the right, in the rear of the Round Tops, and bivouac for the night. The morning of the 2d we moved to the front and were placed in position in the rear of the cemetery, facing the town ; near noon we were changed to the position we held during the remainder of the battle ; that is, the right of Company F resting on the Bryan House.

The enemy's skirmishers and sharpshooters grew very troublesome. They occupied a set of farm buildings, known as the Bliss buildings, right in our front, from which they kept up an annoying fire, and at 5 p. m. General Hays got tired of their deadly work, and asked our brigade commander, General Smythe : " Have you a regiment that will drive them out ? " " Yes, sir ; the Twelfth New Jersey will do it ; " and turning to the regiment, he called for volunteers, the whole regiment responding. " But I don't want all of you ; Major Hill, send four companies. " And the detail fell on B, H, E and G, under command of Captain Jobes, of Company G, the ranking officer. They moved to the front, right faced, passed the little barn on our right, formed column of companies, gave three cheers for General Smythe, three more for little Jersey,

and in plain view of our whole army, and a target for the concentrated fire of the rebels. they swept across that field like a cyclone, surrounded the barn and house, capturing seven officers and ninety-two men, and brought them back to our lines ; not, however, without serious loss, as Captain Jobes was wounded, Captain Horsefall killed, and forty out of the two hundred men were stricken down. This gallant charge, in open sight and a clear field, gave the regiment a reputation, which it never lost.

Our company was not actively engaged during the day, but had a splendid opportunity to see another open field fight (without much danger of getting hurt) between Humphreys Division, posted along the Emmittsburg road, from the Codora House on up to the Peach Orchard, and the rebel troops opposing them. Our troops, falling back across the fields, and the rebels pressing on to the Emmittsburg road ; but here night closed the contest, and as darkness settled down, it was a beautiful sight to witness the picket firing. We could look down both lines as they converged towards us.

As the history of Company F, at Gettysburg, was made on the third day of the fight, also the third of July, I will relate the part we took on that day : The morning was clear and warm, everything in our front was quiet, except an occasional picket shot. This continued until about nine o'clock, when there was an artillery duel between batteries posted in Ziegler's Grove, on our right, and some rebel guns in front. It was about this time that Major Hill received an order for some troops to drive the rebels out of the Bliss barn. Captain Thompson was detailed to command the detachment, comprising Companies F, A, C and K : they were formed in the order named, in column by companies, just beyond the Emmittsburg road. Where we formed the column we were protected by a slight rise in the surface of the ground, but as we moved forward over this rise, Company F, being the leading company, was exposed to the concentrated fire of the whole rebel picket line. Here Lieutenant Trimble was slightly wounded, and W. H. H. Stratton, G. W. Adams and W. H. Johnson were mortally wounded ; all were hit so near the same

time that I am unable to tell which was wounded first. Henry, when hit, sprang to the front and ran to the right, out of the way of the advancing column, and lay down; George ran by the rear of the company, the same way, and lay down also; Will ran out to the left, quite a distance, and lay down along the fence. We were at a double-quick, and did not stop to see how badly they were hurt, but continued on to the barn. The barn was built with an overshoot, projecting toward us, which we ran under and then climbed up through the stables to the main floor; the door was open to the rear, and here was where A. K. Shute was wounded, through this door by some one concealed in the orchard in the rear of the barn. How long we remained there I am unable to tell, but think it was about one-half hour, when, taking our wounded, we started back for the main line; not, however, just on the same line we came, but near to the fence. After we got a short distance from the barn the rebels opened on us with their artillery, the shot and shells fell thick and fast for a while, but I do not think anyone was hurt. When we got near where we left our wounded, I ran out to them; George was already dead, Henry was able to stand with my assistance, but could not walk; I called to the boys, and three or four ran to my assistance, and we carried him back with us; others carried Will Johnson, but George was left on the field. Henry died on the way to the hospital, and Will died the same day. Did we go to the barn to burn it, or did we go to drive out the sharpshooters, as a part of our regiment did the day before? I am positive that none of our company knew of any orders to burn it, or it would have been done, but as soon as we got back the question was asked, "Why didn't you burn the barn?"

10 o'clock a. m.—Company F has been in battle, suffering a loss of four killed or mortally wounded, and two others wounded; it was enough for one day, but no, we are called upon to make another sacrifice. One, two, more hours pass by; twelve o'clock comes, the time for dinner, and we make preparations for it; but before we are through, the rebels object, by landing a shell in our midst; it fell on the rock we were sitting on, and burst, scattering the little balls it was

filled with all around us, but they seemed to have but little force; one of them struck Sergeant White's canteen and dented it; others rolled down towards the stone wall. That was the initial shot that opened the final struggle at Gettysburg.

In less than a minute the shot and shell were flying in all directions; the air was full of them. I want to say right here, that we were not long in clearing the table. I don't think we washed the dishes, but just packed them up until we had more leisure, and then made ourselves just as little as possible. We lay flat on the ground, but could not lay long in any one position, so we turn over on our backs, look up and trace the course of the shells; we could see a dark line flit across overhead and others cross this towards every point of the compass. They had their batteries placed along their lines from the Peach Orchard, all the way around to and across Rock Creek, which was in the rear of us. I almost tremble yet when I think what an awful din it made, the shrieking shells bursting everywhere and the solid shot tearing through the house and barn on our right, cutting the limbs off the trees in our rear, and some striking the stone wall that covered some of our company. How we hugged the ground behind the hog pen, thinking it might stop a shot or shell. I believe, in times like this, each individual thinks that every shot he hears coming near him is going to hit him. I wondered that no more of us were hurt. While this artillery battle was being fought, one of our caissons blew up, near the left of our regiment, a great column of smoke rising up several hundred feet. Almost immediately after, the same thing occurred in one of their batteries in our front. This battle lasted about an hour and a half; it stopped as suddenly as it started. What a relief to be able to get on our feet and stretch ourselves; some of us may have thought the battle of Gettysburg ended; but, "Look! do you see them coming?" was the cry on every side. General Hays (I can see him yet) rode along in front of our line shouting, "They are coming, boys; we must whip them, and you men with buck and ball, don't fire until they get to that fence;" pointing to the fence along the Emmittsburg road. That act of General Hays' caused every man to determine to do his part, and I think

every man thought we would whip them. Their lines had been formed and advanced quite a distance to the front before the cannonading ceased. We had no time to care for our wounded: W. H. Park was lying under our feet groaning with pain; he had been hit with a stone out of the wall he lay behind; no one wanted to carry him to the rear, for the rear had become a dangerous place; in fact, there was no rear, it was all front, and our attention just then was centered on the advancing foe. As we looked, I think the grandest sight I ever witnessed unfolded itself to our view, as the different lines came marching toward us, their bayonets glistening in the sun, from right to left, as far as the eye could reach; but on they come, their officers mounted, riding up and down their lines, apparently keeping them in proper formation. The lines looked to be as straight as a line could be, and at an equal distance apart. Everything was quiet until they had advanced about half the distance, when pandemonium seemed to be let loose among our artillery; the ground fairly shook under us. From the Round Tops to Cemetery Hill, the cannon hurled forth death and destruction in the advancing lines; we could see our shells burst in their lines, and it looked as though they had all been cut down in that place, but they would close up the gap and come on again. At last they are within range of the infantry, or those that are armed with the rifle, and they take a hand in it, but we still hold our fire; they soon reach the fence, their ranks thinned but their formation unbroken, and then the real tug of war commenced. Like a sheet of fire the Twelfth New Jersey hurled the buck and ball at them; they climb the fences, with their lines all broken; they come on in companies and squads quite up to our lines (as many fell within twenty paces of us).

At last the firing ceases, the battle is over, and we have a chance to look around. As the smoke lifted, what a horrible sight; dead and dying everywhere, the ground almost covered with them; their wounded and prisoners coming into our lines by the hundreds; some crawling on their hands and knees, others using two muskets as crutches; they are no longer our foes—the last drop of water or the last hard tack was freely

given to them. What had become of those rebel lines that had advanced so bravely across the fields? The first line had been annihilated; the second was retreating, all broken and shattered, one-half left behind; the third, falling back in good order. Now we have time to look to our own company and sum up our casualties. Albright is dead, shot in the head; W. H. Park still lay on the ground, but now he is sent to the hospital; all the other wounded were able to care for themselves. The great battle of Gettysburg is ended, but the army of the Potomac is so crippled that it is unable to reap the full benefit of the victory. Company F has done its whole duty, and has helped to make a good record for the regiment; its loss in this battle is not exceeded by any other company.

Saturday, the 4th. The rebels still occupy the same line; picket firing is kept up on both sides, but the day passes without any other demonstration of a hostile nature. In the evening we bury our dead (except George Adams, he is buried the next day). Sunday morning we find that the rebel army has retreated during the night. Now we have a chance to go over the field in our front; the ground was literally covered with arms of all descriptions; during the morning the rebel dead were collected together and buried. On Monday our Corps was withdrawn from the front, back across Rock Creek, on the Baltimore pike, and went into camp; then we scoured the country for something to eat, but could find very little, as all the provisions had been cleaned up. We stay here one day and then we are on the road after Lee again, by way of Taneytown, direct to Frederick City; then we turn to the north, towards South Mountain. After leaving the city a short distance, we saw a man hanging to the limb of a tree who had been hung by Stoneman's cavalry for being engaged as a rebel spy. Our route now was by way of South Mountain, through Crampton's Pass on across Antietam Creek and the old battlefield, until we came up with the rebels, intrenched near Williamsport; two days were spent here skirmishing with the enemy, and then we wake up the morning of the 14th and find them gone. We are soon on the march up and through their breastworks (which are very strong), following them around to the Poto-

mac, and then take to the towpath along the canal on our way to Harper's Ferry, where we arrive in two days, and go into camp in a pleasant valley on Maryland Heights. Here we get rations, of which we are in great need. We are soon on the march again; cross the Potomac, turn to the left and cross the Shenandoah at its mouth, on around Loudon Heights, up the valley of the same name, and night finds us camping in what we called the Blackberry Patch. We had berries for supper and berries for breakfast; and on up the valley we went to Manassas Gap, where we stopped for the night in a woods which was enclosed by a high fence. Here we found some cattle; we made a pen, drove them in and slaughtered some of them. What a feast we had; no dividing into rations; every man had all he wanted. We sat around the fire half the night toasting and eating beef without salt. I don't think there was a cracker in the company, but, like the berries, it filled the bill for the time; but in less than twenty-four hours some members of Company F were using bad words, on account of the laxity of the Government—and our stomachs—in having rations at the right time and in the right place. The next morning we leave the valley—and most of the beef—and strike across the country towards Warrenton. This was one of the longest day's marches we made during the service; it was all day and all night, and some of us did not join the company until the next morning.

In the evening it commenced raining, and soon came down in torrents, flooding the roads, and making the walking so bad that the boys became exhausted; they could not go any farther, so they fell out in squads and lay down in the fields until the morning, when they rejoined the company, at Warrenton. Here we got plenty to eat and we were happy. Here the Gettysburg campaign ended. Lee had escaped up the valley, and placed his army on the line of the Rappahannock again.

August 1st to 31st, was spent very quietly in summer camp at Elk Run, doing light picket duty. August 28th, we were formed in "hollow square," and witnessed the military execution of two deserters. August 31st to September 2d, on that gun-boat raid, we marched down the river nearly to Falmouth, in support of the cavalry, who captured the boat; we only

CHAPTER II

The first of the two main branches of the subject is the study of the history of the human mind. This branch is concerned with the development of the mind from its earliest stages to the present day. It is a study of the growth of the mind, of the changes that have taken place in the way of thinking, and of the influence of these changes on the progress of civilization. The second branch is the study of the nature of the human mind. This branch is concerned with the question of what the mind is, and what its powers are. It is a study of the faculties of the mind, of the way in which they are exercised, and of the limits of their power. The study of the history of the human mind is a study of the progress of the human race. It is a study of the way in which the human mind has developed, and of the way in which it has been influenced by the environment. The study of the nature of the human mind is a study of the human mind as it is, and of the way in which it is affected by the environment. The study of the history of the human mind is a study of the past, and the study of the nature of the human mind is a study of the present. The study of the history of the human mind is a study of the progress of the human race, and the study of the nature of the human mind is a study of the human mind as it is.

saw the smoke of its burning. Then we went back to our old camp, and remained until September 12th, when we crossed the river, marched out past Brandy Station and Culpeper, to do picket duty on the Rapidan and Robison rivers, beyond Cedar Mountain.

BRISTOE STATION.

The 14th of October, 1863, was one of our *busy days*; indeed, I doubt if any other day in our whole military life was more fully and completely filled with marching, battle, skirmish and satisfactory excitement than this! For two weeks, previously, we had been doing picket duty on the Rapidan River, several miles beyond Culpeper, when it was discovered that Lee, with nearly his whole army, had given us the slip, by passing around our right flank, and was rapidly moving up the sheltering valleys of the Blue Mountains, for what? To capture Washington? To cut us off at Bull Run? Or to win a more favorable position for a battle? Thus retrieving the defeat at Gettysburg! This was our duty to find out. Leaving Cedar Mountain at 3 o'clock a. m., October 11th, we marched through Culpeper, Brandy Station, crossed the Rapahannock, and on to Bealton; but a sharp cavalry skirmish at Brandy Station led to the belief that the rebels were yet in that neighborhood, and after a very few hours' rest, we turned back and re-crossed the river on the morning of the 12th; marched several miles, then formed the whole army in column of divisions, and in this order advanced to Brandy Station, reaching there at dark, only to find the rebels absent. Where were they? We threw ourselves on the ground, and were soon fast asleep; but, at 10 p. m., word came of their crossing the Rapahannock at Sulphur Springs, ten miles above us: then another weary, all-night march back again; re-crossed the river, on through Bealton to Fayetteville, halted a short time to make coffee at noon (no stop for breakfast), then back to Bealton and up to Auburn (no stop for supper), reaching there at 11 p. m.; and while the Third Corps, ahead of us, were fording that difficult stream, we dropped down by the roadside, and were so fast asleep that the order to move forward was un-

heeded until about 2 a. m. next morning (14th), when we were roused up, made our hasty breakfast, and at 3.30 were again on the march, somewhat hurried by the impatient rebels, who were on three sides of us. We had unknowingly spent the night in their midst, and they very foolishly thought to rattle the old Second Corps, or catch us asleep; but Carroll's fighting brigade fell in as rear guard, and in their accustomed gentle manner cautioned the rebels not to push them too hard.

The Red Clubs (First Division) took the lead, crossed the stream, moved a short distance to the left, towards Greenwich, halted and lit fires to make their coffee. Our brigade, Smythe's, came next; we found the crossing difficult, the stream swift and rocky, the banks high and slippery; but we were soon across, and turned to the right, towards Catlett's, when suddenly, out of the thick fog in our front, a rebel battery opened its fiery jaws, the shells passing over us and bursting amongst those First Division coffee makers, causing sad havoc in their ranks. This unexpected fire caused some little confusion in the head of our column, but General Alexander Hays galloped to the front, deployed the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth New York Regiment as skirmishers, and the Twelfth New Jersey Regiment as supports; we dashed forward, met the rebel cavalry, shoved them rudely out of the way, and the road was clear for that long swinging march to Catlett's, then up the railroad towards Manassas. The rebels took a shorter route on our left by a parallel road, and often for miles both armies were in plain sight, toiling along over hill and stream, in that grand race for the oft-fought fields of Bull Run. Our Corps, (Second) acting as rear guard, delayed by the skirmish at Auburn, and by guarding the rear, was unable to keep up with the others, the First, Third, Fifth and Sixth Corps, who had a clear road and no enemy to contend with; so that we were soon left behind with the whole of Lee's army, a part of which cut across the country and took up a good position at Bristoe Station, where they awaited our approach, while we slowly tramped along in the hot sun and dust, weary from the need of sleep and cooked food, never thinking of danger, until near 3

o'clock, when the quick boom of cannon in front, and sharp rattle on the line of our flankers, spoke of urgent business ahead; and as we came out in the open field, we found the rebels in battle array beside the railroad, waiting to welcome us.

And, oh! what a sight. Rebels everywhere, line after line, batteries in position; all ready. How can they help but cut our thin blue line, marching by twos, strung out on the road? But look! Here comes Warren, our gallant commander, galloping wildly to the head of the column; his eagle eye takes in the situation, and as the brigades swing by they "close up!" "by the left flank!" "double-quick!" And the unexpected audacity of the movement so surprised the rebels, that we swept them back like chaff; took our places in the slight cut of the railroad, repelled their grand charge, and sent them flying over the hill; greatly assisted by the splendid batteries of Arnold and Ricketts, who came in position on our left, and gave us the finest display of cannon practice we ever witnessed. We saw one shell dismount a gun, explode the caisson, and kill every horse in the team. Their shells flew so fast, and burst so true, that the rebels seemed panic stricken, and with wild cheers we dashed forward and gathered up the trophies—over six hundred prisoners, five cannon and two battle flags! Smythe advanced our brigade so far beyond the others, that General Hays had to send an aide to bring us back in line. Fight? Why, the men seemed full of it! "Let us at them! Haven't we whipped them twice already to-day? Going to surprise us? Strike us in the flank, and cut us in two, are you? Guess not! Not the Second Corps!" And I never saw the men fight better, no skulkers, or stragglers! no cowards! Every man a hero, and fighting like a soldier! Indeed, we had to, or go to Libby! Only two divisions, Red and Blue, (the White was guarding the trains), less than ten thousand men, against Lee's whole army, and we stood them off until after dark; then quietly slipped away without their knowing it; and next morning, at sunrise, we were crossing Bull Run, where the rest of our army was waiting for us. We threw our weary bodies on the green sward, where a long sweet sleep

brought us around all right, after four days' and nights' continuous march and excitement. Proud? Well, I rather guess so! We didn't do a thing but whip them before breakfast, all day, and after supper, then slipped off and left them to "catch snipe!"

October 19th, we again advance and follow the retreating rebels back to Bristoe, where we bury some Union dead; see many rebel graves, dead horses and other evidences of that fierce conflict. Then on through Greenwich, where a shot was fired from an upper window of a fine house, just missing one of our general officers, who halted his troops, surrounded the house and set it on fire; three scared women came rushing out, but house and contents were completely burned. This day's march was notable for the number of creeks and streams we had to cross. The rebels had destroyed all bridges, so we had to ford all the streams, many of them from two to four rods wide, and from one to four feet deep; we go splashing through the chilly waters, then out in the fresh October air for a few miles, repeating this seven times during the day, and at night we camped on a fine plantation, where game was very plentiful; the boys called it venison, but it tasted like mutton. Next day we moved to Turkey Run, where we camped until November 7th; then crossed the Rappahannock to Brandy Station, and on the 26th went on that fruitless Mine Run campaign, returning here December 2d and put up stockades. December 8th, moved two miles nearer the Rapidan and again built winter quarters, only to leave them December 12th, when we moved over to Stevensburg, and in a few days we had another very fine set of stockades, and felt sure we would occupy them all winter; but we only slept in them two nights when, on December 27th, just after morning roll-call, we were very much chagrined to hear our brigade bugler sounding that unwelcome order of "Tear down, tear down; double up, double up, double up." And we marched out to Stony Mountain and, in a very few days, we built our fourth set of winter quarters, and picketed the Rapidan River until February 6th, when we crossed the river at Morton's Ford, by wading in that swift and icy water up to our armpits. We made a sharp re-

connoissance of the rebel lines and crossed back again in the night on a temporary bridge built by the pioneers, and returned to our pleasant camp and duties of picket, drill and reviews, until April 30th, when an order was given to tear down our stockades and live in our little tents, so as to toughen us for the approaching campaign. But very fortunately, we were spared all this trouble by a sharp little cyclone that passed over our camp that same evening, blowing down our chimneys and unroofing nearly every shanty in the brigade, and left us all ready to sleep and live outdoors until the grand movements of the 3d of May.



MINE RUN.

AS TOLD IN A WAR-TIME LETTER BY JAMES S. STRATTON.

CAMP, NEAR BRANDY STATION,

Evening, December 4, 1863.

My Dear Father:—It is with sincere pleasure that I seat myself to write you a few lines. I should have written you sooner, but the two days that have elapsed since we returned to our old camp, have been spent in the erection of comfortable stockades, all hoping that it is to be our privilege to enjoy them during the present winter.

Perhaps a word or two respecting our march and manœuvres—our advance and retreat—will not be uninteresting to you.

On Thursday morning, the 26th ult., the Army of the Potomac was in motion, and at noon the Second Corps had reached Germania Ford, and at once made preparations for crossing. To our great delight, the enemy had abandoned his long line of rifle pits and his very formidable defensive works. But little delay occurred after gaining the south bank of the Rapidan, and having followed our advancing cavalry a distance of four miles, we were halted and permitted to spend the night in line of battle. Daylight came peeping forth to find the Second Corps again in motion, and as the pickets of the enemy fell back unresistingly before our cavalry, we continued still to go forward. At noon we were double-quickened into line of battle at Robertson's Tavern, or Locust Grove, where the enemy made a strong effort at resistance throughout the remainder of the day.

Although not during that day engaged with the foe, yet the hostile bullets and shells whistled over and around us, and the expectation of every one was that the Twelfth would soon be called upon to strike as she did at Chancellorsville, at Gettysburg and Bristoe.

One brigade of our division skirmished the entire afternoon

and part of the night with the enemy, and, on Saturday morning, spread out in line of battle, we advanced upon the slowly receding line of rebels—through dense pine thickets and over ravines, small and great, we pursued—but soon found that they had selected a choice and most favorable position. And there, only one mile in our front, in plain view, they stood ranged in two lines, daring us to come on! In that position the entire day was passed, both sides shelling; and the First Delaware of our brigade skirmishing until nightfall. At daylight, on Sunday morning, we were relieved by the Fifth Corps and ordered to the left, which position we reached about four o'clock in the afternoon, forming line of battle under a heavy shelling from the enemy, and afterwards spending the night in the erection of breastworks.

Before daylight on Monday our corps commenced silently to form in proximity to the position of the enemy, and shortly afterwards we all comprehended that a monster task was before us. First we noticed a grouping together and a whispering among the field and staff of the several brigades, and shortly we were informed of what had been resolved upon, which was nothing less than one grand, simultaneous charge of the entire Union line of thirty thousand upon the frowning and apparently impregnable works of the enemy. The part assigned to the Second Corps was in all probability the most difficult of all, and the report is current that General Sedgwick, to whom it was first assigned, refused the undertaking. The Twelfth was in the first line of battle, and Colonel Smythe's orders were, "I don't want a man in the Twelfth to fire a gun until the works of the enemy are reached."

Two hundred paces of sloping plain—over which the enemy could sweep with grape and canister—was the distance to be passed. 8 a. m. was the appointed hour, and it was at 6 that we were notified.

No brain is mighty enough to imagine the feelings, the thoughts, that came rushing through the minds of all upon whom so weighty a task was imposed. There was hardly a man who thought of escaping without a wound. Many dared not to hope to see the setting of the sun; and, oh, the thoughts

for those at home ! The morning was damp and chilly, and the men kept moving briskly around their stacks to warm their blood and drown desponding thoughts.

Not a man was there who did not comprehend his trying situation ; yet no man flinched. With nerves of iron the Twelfth would have sprang to the task. The hour arrived, and nothing but the signal from the right was awaited. A little later and knapsacks were ordered to be unslung, and a man from each company left to guard them.

At this time General Warren left his staff and, riding as far to the front as he dare, dismounted and, glass in hand, proceeded still nearer to and commenced to inspect the fortifications of the enemy. In plain view were the earthworks for artillery and infantry, and in front of this were felled trees with pointed boughs. For some time our commander viewed the situation, walking alone and in deep thought. It was evident to all that he too was not unanxious. Even General Hays, who seemed to love battle more than any man I ever before beheld, was then unusually quiet and thoughtful. Hour after hour rolled away, and still the bugle did not sound the charge. At 12 m. we were told that Warren had telegraphed to Meade that he could take the enemy's position, but another corps would have to hold it, as there would be no Second Corps. What glorious news it was to us all, the countermanding of the order for the charge ! Our noble country would have known of a greater slaughter than that at Fredericksburg, and men and officers felt thankful that we resumed our position behind the breastworks.

MORTON'S FORD.

AS TOLD BY LIEUTENANT JAMES WHITE, IN A WAR-TIME LETTER TO A WOUNDED COMRADE IN SATTERLEE HOSPITAL, PHILADELPHIA.

CAMP OF TWELFTH NEW JERSEY VOLUNTEERS,
STONY MOUNTAIN, VA., February 9, 1864.

Dear Comrade :—I greatly desire to hear from you, and have long intended to write you a letter ; but more from absence of anything particularly interesting to write about, than any other cause, I have, until now, failed to do so ; and, although a poor hand at letter writing, perhaps I may find something that will interest you, especially as it comes from your old Company F.

We have just returned from another trip across the Rapidan and have passed through another battle with the "greybacks," but I am happy to say that this time none of Company F were seriously wounded, although several of them were struck by spent balls. This affair was gotten up rather unexpectedly to us ; the first that we knew of it was at 4 o'clock on Saturday morning, February 6th inst, when we received orders to be ready to move at 7 o'clock, and at 8 a. m. we did move, marching down to the ford, which is about one mile from our camp. Here we lay for some time. At 11 o'clock, or near that time, the Third Brigade (Owens') crossed the river, wading it, capturing the rebel pickets at the ford. They then advanced about three-quarters of a mile, meeting with but little opposition, for the rebels were taken completely by surprise ; but they soon got their artillery in position and began to shell them, without doing much damage, however, as all, except the skirmishers, were sheltered by a ravine, in which the main body of the troops lay.

At 12 o'clock the First Brigade (Webb's) crossed, followed by the Second (Smythe's), that also wading the stream, with its swift and icy waters up to our armpits. As our regiment was crossing a knoll on the other side, the rebels began to shell

us ; one shell struck in front of Company D, and another burst in the left of the regiment, wounding two of Company C. Several passed over our heads, doing no damage, as we soon got in behind a hill out of their sight. Here we lay until near sunset (in reserve), when they again began to shell us, at the same time advancing in line of battle, and drove in our skirmishers ; but they in turn were driven back. By this time it was quite dark, and the firing ceased, after which the wounded were taken off and carried across the river. I heard General Hays tell the ambulance officer to have all the men he wanted detailed, for, says he, "I don't want a single man left behind!" and I don't think that any were left. The Fourteenth Connecticut did well in this fight ; it's a fine regiment now, since it has been filled up. They lost a great many men—I don't know the number ; their color-sergeant was killed, but his body was brought off and buried on this side of the river. Their Major (Coit) was wounded ; also, many of their line officers. Lieutenant-Colonel Pierce, of the One Hundred and Eighth New York, was badly wounded in the temple, destroying the sight of one eye. Lieutenant-Colonel Sawyer, of the Eighth Ohio, was badly wounded ; also, Colonel Lockwood, of the Seventh West Virginia. The First Brigade lost heavily, being in the advance. Our regiment did not get to discharge their pieces, although we were at one time within range. Jesse Osburn, of Company A, was wounded in the head and died yesterday ; he is, I believe, the only one killed in the regiment. I hear that Corporal Buzby, of Company C, has lost his eyesight by the bursting of a shell. Danny Harris, of the band, was wounded in the leg by a piece of shell. Enos Hann, of Company H, was wounded again.

We fell back across the river about 11 o'clock at night, and returned to camp, expecting to have a good night's rest ; but before we got to bed, we were ordered out again and marched down to the picket line. We stayed there all night, and the next day (Sunday) until sunset, when we returned to camp, tired and muddy. The boys of Company F are all well. Hoping this may find you the same, I remain

Your affectionate cousin.

To Capt. E. L. Stratton.

JAMES WHITE.

The first of these is the fact that the United States is a young nation, and its history is therefore a history of growth and development. The second is the fact that the United States is a large nation, and its history is therefore a history of expansion and conquest. The third is the fact that the United States is a diverse nation, and its history is therefore a history of conflict and compromise.

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WILDERNESS.

The great Wilderness campaign, under the leadership of General U. S. Grant, began by leaving our winter camp at Stony Mountain, 10 p. m., May 3, 1864. After a tiresome, all-night march, we were crossing the Rapidan at Ely's Ford, twelve miles below, at seven o'clock next morning; and then marched through continuous woods to Chancellorsville, eight miles, where we camped for the night, near our old battle-field of one year before; where the bones and skeletons of many of our former comrades lay yet unburied, bringing up sad memories of that terrible battle, and the fate of those loved ones whose bones lay bleaching in the storms and sun of that tangled wild-wood. May 5th, we broke camp before daylight and marched by the Furnace, on a narrow, crooked woods road, to Todd's Tavern, ten miles; then down the Catharpin road two miles, where we halted at 9 a. m. and were busily engaged throwing up breastworks, when an aide of General Meade's arrived with news of a battle being fought at Wilderness Tavern, and orders for us to hasten back and help the Sixth Corps, now sorely pressed. At 10.30 we counter-marched to Todd's, then down the Brock road with swinging strides, Company F acting as the right flankers, through a thick continuous woods, six miles, without a halt, to the crossing of Orange plank road; where at 2 p. m. we formed our line of battle and advanced about fifty yards in that tangled thicket, north and west of the plank road to a position so close to the rebels that our effort to throw out skirmishers was met by a rattling volley from the bushes in front, (killing Lieutenant Fogg, of Company H, and many others wounded), so that three trials were necessary before they got in position, and then not over twenty yards in front of the line. Here we threw up a slight earthwork, and spent the afternoon, firing an

occasional volley, when our pickets were often driven in ; and listening to that long swelling roll of musketry, which would die down to a few spattering shots, then break out again with all the terrible power and grandeur of a mighty church organ, played by twice ten thousand brave soldiers, and the keys they were striking were men. This was kept up until near midnight, when a solemn calm crept over the field, and both armies adjusted their lines for that mighty struggle which we knew would come on the morrow. And we had not long to wait, as our orders were to charge at 5 a. m., but Lee began at 4.50, and we met that first fierce onslaught, checked them, and soon had them on the run through the briars and tangles of that almost impenetrable thicket ; where the flashing fires of thousands of rifles gleamed in the smoke and darkness with all the awful realism of Inferno, down the whole length of our advancing lines; now forward, then backward, and forward once more, until much of the ground was fought over three times ; and the Union and rebel dead were mingled as thick as sheaves of wheat in a harvest field. But we kept them going for at least a mile, until we came to their artillery, in an open field, supported by Longstreet's fresh troops, who checked our broken lines, and in their turn drove us back with resistless force to the same place from whence we started seven hours before. Here we held our ground, and with occasional skirmish and picket firing, spent the rest of the day and night listening to the fierce musketry of charge and countercharge on other parts of the line ; but our battle of the Wilderness was over, and the nightly roll-call showed the following losses in the company : William Dermitt and Charles M. Wilson, mortally wounded, both died at the hospital soon after ; Isaac K. Horner and Joseph A. Test, seriously wounded ; C. D. Lippincott, John Grice and William P. Haines, slightly wounded, but still in the ranks ; and we congratulate ourselves on the good fortune of so slight a loss. May 7th, passed very quietly with some picket firing in front, and late in the evening we took up our line of march to Todd's Tavern, which place we reached at 8 a. m. Twelve hours marching seven miles ! Obstructions in the road, cavalry, artillery, and headquarter's

escort seemed to have the right of way. Our regiment was sent down the Catharpin road to support the cavalry, but we only follow them up for two miles, with some light skirmishing ; then return to Todd's and take up the march towards Spottsylvania. We found the road full of obstructions ; large trees had been felled across the road every few rods ; these we had to cut out in order to pass the artillery through. And I can speak from experience, that chopping off large white oaks in the night, with careless rebels shooting at a mark, and I the mark, always made me tired. The woods was very thick, the road narrow and crooked, the night dark and the rebels touchy and quarrelsome ; so that we were all night marching five miles, and just at sunrise we emerged from the woods into the open fields at Alsop's, one mile from Spottsylvania.



SPOTTSYLVANIA.

The battle of Spottsylvania was a series of engagements on different parts of the battle-field, lasting ten days; and our part in the obsequies began on May 8, 1864, when we were trying hard all day to find a weak spot in their lines. Several times we advanced right close up and got some real good shots at them, but they were so strong in men and position, that we could make no impression on them, and the wind being in their favor, they set the woods on fire and tried to smoke us out. But we were entirely too green to burn; though when the flames reached us it kept us right busy fighting the fire and their skirmishers both at once. Several boys got their clothing burned. Some of the cartridge boxes exploded, and the smoke and black gave us much the appearance of colored troops.

May 9th, we were across the Po River, and on the extreme right of our army, paying our respects to Longstreet. May 10th, back in the centre of our position at Laurel Hill, giving our regrets to Early. On the 11th, just before night, a cold rain set in, and we stood and shivered around our green pine-wood fires, that whirled and smoked our eyes just as they always did. The wind was raw and sharp, our clothing wet, and we were just about as disconsolate and miserable a set of men as ever were seen. But "we've all been there before, many a time, many a time," and about 9 in the evening we got orders to pack up and march immediately; and at this stage of the campaign we had our housekeeping outfit in such a shape that it didn't take long to pack up. Nobody knew where we were going, but a rumor was started that we were going back to the rear to rest and wash our clothes. And this proved partially true, as it rained so hard all night that our clothes were thoroughly washed, but they needed wringing

badly; and I think I can safely say, that of all our many night marches, this one took the cake. A cold, cheerless rain, falling in torrents, mud à la Virginia, and just as dark as Egypt. Every man followed his file-leader; not by sight or touch, but by hearing him growl and swear, as he slipped, splashed, and tried to pull his "pontoons" out of the mud. But this night march came to an end at last, and about 3 o'clock in the morning we halted and formed line of battle, in columns of brigades, Twelfth Regiment on the lead. We waited a little while for signs of daylight, and then the order was given to fix bayonets and forward march.

We knew nothing of what was before us, as this terrible night march had confused our ideas of direction, and we were so tired and bedraggled that we were reckless. We crossed a little meadow and small stream, and silently moved up through an old field partly grown over with pines, the lower branches laden with water, which the man ahead very kindly held until you got just in the right place to receive the bath. All at once we struck their pickets and captured the whole of them, a few shots being fired; but in that damp and heavy atmosphere, the report was no louder than the snapping of caps, but sufficient to tell us that there was work ahead. We began to prick up our ears and wake up, just as our brigade commander, Carroll, shouted, "Double quick!" and we broke into a run, and all line or formation was soon lost, as each man seemed trying to outrun his fellows, and we went up that slope for about two hundred yards just like a tornado. In less time than it takes to tell it, we were in front of their breastworks, tugging and pulling at the abatis, or crawling over and through it (for it was certainly well built) just as the rebel heads began to show above the earthworks, and their leaden compliments to reach us; but we sprang on their earthworks, yelling and firing like a pack of demons, with our guns right in their faces.

As the Second Division (ours) sprang upon the works, I glanced down to our right, and saw the "Red Clubs" (First Division) breaking over their entrenchments, just like a big sea wave; and I have never yet seen any claim or dispute as

to who got there first, for we all had plenty of business in front, as the Johnnies rolled out of their blankets and jumped for their guns; but we were on the earthworks above them, and they were quick to see that we had the drop on them. One big fellow, in particular, came crawling out of a shelter tent, gun in hand, and just bringing it up to his shoulder, as one of our boys covered him, and looking calmly down the barrel, gently asked, "Hadn't you better drop it?" And if his gun had been red hot he wouldn't have dropped it any quicker, showing how "a soft answer turneth away wrath." It took us but a very few minutes to clear out this line, as it was a complete surprise; where most of them threw down their arms and surrendered right away, and our bullets and bayonets made short work of the rest. Their position and earthworks were so very strong, that they were too self-confident, and their strength proved their weakness. As we ran over this first line we passed through between the guns of a heavy battery of, I think, eight black twenty pounders. (Maybe it was two batteries right close together, and the dim light and the excitement, may have made the guns look larger than they really were). We saw no horses with these guns, but the harness was hanging on the wheels of the caissons, and the battery flag was leaning against one of the guns; but we were so anxious to get at their second line, (now wide awake and giving us a perfect hailstorm of bullets) that I passed right by it, and thus missed the only chance I ever had to capture a flag; and when we fell back, an hour later, the flag was gone. Some skulker carried it off, and, I doubt not, is to-day wearing one of those Congressional medals for *bravery*. As we passed on, another battery on our right was giving us their deadly compliments of canister and grape, double shotted, mowing a swath right through our ranks at every discharge, and cutting down small trees and bushes; shells bursting right in our faces with a report quicker and sharper than a lightning stroke, sending those rough, jagged, death-dealing fragments in all directions. The smell of powder and brimstone was almost suffocating, but on, on we rushed, at every step a life was lost—a man went down. Stratton, Barney and Stiles died in quick

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succession ; Lippincott, Griscom, Grice, Headly and Haines, wounded. Our own gallant Lieutenant-Colonel, Thomas H. Davis, his tall form towering in our midst, bare-headed, his long beard flying over his shoulders in the wind, sword in hand, cheering and urging us on, went down in this terrible whirlwind of death, and gave up his sword and life. The very air was thick and hot with flashing, smoking, whirling missiles of death ; the piteous, heart-rending cries and groans of the wounded, cheers and yells of defiance from the living. But still we press forward, and a few brave spirits almost reached their line ; but we were so few in numbers, and nearly out of ammunition, that we saw it was hopeless, and the order was given to fall back to the first line, where we replenished our empty cartridge boxes, and found it was after 8 o'clock. There had been over three hours of the very hardest kind of fighting done before breakfast, and in what seemed to us only a few minutes. The drizzling rain was falling, we were wet clear through, black with smoke and powder, tired and hungry, but we had not noticed it till it was over. Of the fruits of this charge—two generals, six thousand men and twenty cannon—are matters of history. But I remember well what a thrill of joy it gave us, to see our gallant brethren of the Sixth Corps coming to our help ; for, if we were given any choice in the matter, I can truly say that the Second Corps was always glad to be helped by, and felt more confidence in, the Sixth Corps than in any of the others. And though we were very far from being whipped (as some writers say we were), yet the sight of the old " Red Cross " coming to our help was a welcome one indeed. Thus we have tried to give a faint description of this battle, which falls far short of reality, as a battle must be seen to be appreciated, and once seen is never forgotten ; an awful reality, beside which the most vivid descriptions fall in insignificance ; a scene where so much of the brutal, passionate part of man's animal nature is roused up, to shoot down and kill everything that stands before us. But when fallen, O ! what a change ! As we gather them up with almost motherly tenderness, bind up those gaping wounds, give the refreshing draught of water, wipe the death damp from a pale forehead,

soothe, cheer, yes, even pray, with the very ones that a few minutes before we were so anxious to strike down.

We replenished our stock of ammunition and took our places on the outer side of the captured earthworks, and beat back the repeated charges of the rebels, who seemed determined to regain their position; but the Second Corps was there to stay. And, after a whole day of close and deadly fighting, where they were the principal sufferers, the firing died down at midnight, and they fell back about half a mile to a new line of works; and, we quote from "Walker's History of the Second Corps," "so ended this bloody day; and those that slept, after its tremendous labors and its fierce excitements, had in them, for the time, hardly more of life than the corpses that lay around them on every side. The chilling rain still fell upon that ghastly field; fell alike on the living and the dead, on friend and foeman; on those who might wake to battle in the morning, and on those who should never wake again." The 13th passed by with light skirmishing, and some of the wounded and the captured cannon were brought in from between the lines. May 14th, a detail from our company assisted in destroying the captured arms, by breaking the stocks and bending the barrels by a stroke on a tree, till many thousands were thus broken. Soon after noon we were sent off on a special and dangerous mission, to recover some of our wounded, at a hospital two miles to our right and rear, which had been left uncovered by General Grant's continued movements to the left. We reached the hospital and learned from the attendants that Rosser's rebel cavalry had just been there, but left in a hurry when they saw us coming, taking with them all the rations and medical stores. We soon had the wounded men (two hundred and seventy of them) loaded into our wagons and ambulances, and before daylight next morning, we were safely back in our lines. May 16th and 17th, we kept edging off to the left, near the Ny River and Fredericksburg road. On the 18th, back again to the Landron House, where we made a sharp reconnoissance just at daybreak, and found the rebels so strongly intrenched that we were withdrawn. George H. Duell lost his hand, and Louis Kellogg his

finger, at such close range that it was powder-burned. The 19th was passed quietly. On the 20th, moved back to the Ny River, and the great battle of Spottsylvania was over. At 11 p. m., May 20th, we were off by the left flank on that long march through Guinea Station, Bowling Green, Milford and the Mattaponi River, where our cavalry captured the rebel videttes and saved the bridge, on which we crossed about noon. We formed our line of battle on the southern slope, just in the edge of a pine woods, where we built a line of earthworks that were a marvel of strength and completeness. For two days we enjoyed a welcome respite from weary march and whistling bullets, broken only by a short reconnoissance in our front, on the 22d, that disclosed a movement of the rebels far to our right. At 5 a. m., on the 23d, we reluctantly left our fancy earthworks and took up our march for the North Anna, where we arrived about noon and found our cavalry, under Torbert, fighting for the possession of the bridge with the rebels, who were holding some small earthworks on our side of the river, from which they were quickly routed by a gallant charge of two of our leading brigades (Pierce's and Egan's), and the wagon bridge was saved. But the railroad bridge (a high trestle) was partly burned during the night, and at 8 o'clock next morning, the 24th, we crossed, lower down the stream, on a pontoon bridge, and soon ran into the rebels in a well-chosen position, where they resisted the pressure of a strong skirmish line. At 2 o'clock General Smythe ordered our regiment to make a charge, which we did, in our usual gallant manner, forcing them back and taking prisoners in a way that won high praise from all our officers; Joseph L. White and Henry Shelp being severely wounded. On the 25th, threw up earthworks. On the 26th, advanced our picket line just at dark, and by a sharp dash to the front, relieved some of our badly wounded who had fallen outside our lines the day before. During the night, amidst silence and Stygian darkness, the whole army fell back across the river. Three of our company, Moore, Drake and Haines, were left on the picket line until near morning, when they came in on a lively double-quick. At 8 a. m., May 28th, we were crossing the Pamunkey

River at Hanover town, over thirty miles away, where we built another fine set of breastworks. We were much amused by the frantic efforts of an aged colored man and wife to dodge the rebel shells flying thickly over a ploughed field, across which they were coming into our line; they had hold of hands, and as the screeching shells flew by, she would grab his coat-tail, or throw her arms around his neck, and both go rolling in the dirt; then up and repeat the performance, amidst our loud applause. We soon moved on to Haw's Shop, where Sheridan was driving the rebel cavalry in his usual style. We were but slightly engaged. On the 29th, 30th and 31st, skirmishing and manœuvering to cross the Tolopotomy Creek; but we were getting so close to Richmond (sixteen miles) that the rebels gave us no opening. June 1st, another move by left flank to Bethesda Church, and an all night march to Cold Harbor.

COLD HARBOR.

The battle of Cold Harbor, fought June 3, 1864, was one of the dreariest, bloodiest, most unsatisfactory, of our whole list of battles. And the only one where a bayonet charge by the old Second Corps was repulsed ; and the cause of this was, the troops had been marching and fighting right steady, night and day, for just one month. One week in the Wilderness, the next at Spottsylvania, then Po River, Tolopotamy, North Anna, South Anna, and through the swamps of the Chickahominy. Our faces were drawn and pinched from excitement and exposure; our clothing ragged and dirty; our scant rations were neither stimulating nor nourishing ; and our ranks were so terribly thinned out, that the whole regiment only took up the space of a company, and the few who were left were not very hungry for more fighting. After a very hot and dusty all-night march, we halted at a little cross-road house, just at sunrise, June 2d. The smiling slaves soon gathered around us, and, in answer to our questions, told us, "Dis yar is Cold Harbor, boss," though why so called, we never found out, as it is far inland. We were completely tired out with our twenty-four hours' march, and were asleep almost as soon as we struck the ground ; but after resting for an hour or more, we were moved up in line of battle, and the rebel bullets from an unseen foe in the bushes ahead of us, began to sing their familiar music in our ears. We halted at a fence, which we soon tore down, piled up, and covered with dirt, for a slight breastwork ; and lay behind this the rest of the day and night, through a very refreshing shower, which settled the dust, cooled the air, and greatly revived our drooping spirits.

In the advance of the skirmishers, next morning at daylight. as we were working our way through the thick bushes, we saw a rebel soldier at the foot of a big tree ahead of us, and as he

seemed disinclined to move at the invitation of our rifles, we made a run for him, and found he was cold and stiff, having been killed by our cavalry the day before. In his haversack we found a small loaf of corn bread, one end of which was soaked with his blood, but as Johnny cake was a great luxury to us, we cut off the damp end and breakfasted on the rest, first rolling him out, so we could get back of the tree for a few minutes' rest. Then we advanced to the edge of the open field; the main line came up somewhat broken, and we re-formed for the charge. While doing this, a rebel shell passed right lengthwise of our line, about two feet from the ground, and so close that it seemed to knock down almost every man in the regiment, just by the force of its wind, and Captain McComb, who was commanding the regiment that morning, and standing facing us, one step in front, had his leg completely torn off, and soon bled to death. We started in on this charge fully determined to either drive them back or die; but the Fifth Corps troops, which connected on our right, failed to be ready and did not move, and as we rushed across the field and little orchard our flank was in air, and the rebel batteries began to rake our line endways with grape and canister, and by the time we reached their main line, fully one-half of that charging column of three brigades were stretched out on the ground; and as the rebels very pointedly refused to vacate, we hurriedly fell back, gathering up the wounded as we ran, and sought shelter in the edge of the woods, and back of the same tree from which we had rolled the dead rebel a few minutes before. Here we held our position; the axes and shovels were brought in by the engineers; and we cut and rolled up logs for a slight breastwork, right in plain sight of the rebels, not over two hundred yards in front of us. And whilst at this work Joseph Jones received a bullet in the abdomen, which caused his death a few days later. We held this light line all day, and as soon as it was dark we went to work like beavers, and at daylight next morning we had a fine trench and a bank of earth in front of us, three feet high and ten feet thick, with a head-log on top, raised just high enough to get our muskets under. Here we spent eight days, in com-

parative safety, while at the front; but the open level ground in the rear made the duty of bringing up supplies very dangerous.

Samuel Iredell and Isaac Schlichter were detailed on the morning of June 4th to go to the rear for rations. Sam was hit on the head by a spent ball, which stunned him badly. Isaac was shot through the body and died a few days later, after the shortest service of any man in the company. A new recruit, he spent but one night in our ranks, and received his death-wound in the morning; while Hudson and Haines, by a circuitous route and fast running, succeeded in bringing up the rations. Horner and Moncrief were stunned by a falling limb, cut off by a passing shell, and Bender was badly wounded on the skirmish line. Shelp was killed in the charge, and Shoemaker and Van Houten wounded. The other companies had about the same casualties, so that three officers and ninety-two men were all that were left in the line of that grand old regiment which marched from Woodbury less than two years before with one thousand men. A hole in the earthwork and a shallow ditch made safer communication with our skirmish line; and ditches and trenches in the rear concealed our fires and gave safety in preparing our meals. One comrade, of Company A, dug a cave, wherein he built his fire and made his coffee under ground, a hole serving as a chimney. We held this position for eight days, in hopes that the rebels would get tired of waiting and come over and make us a friendly visit, as we had called on them the first day, and in common courtesy they should return the call; but they were not sociable, only on two of the nights, when they opened on us with their batteries and gave us a lively serenade of shell and balls, during which and whilst lying low behind our earthworks, I felt something heavy strike the ground by my side, and by the flash of the guns I saw what I was confident was a smoking shell, which I grabbed up and threw as far as possible to the rear, fully expecting it to burst in my hands, which it luckily failed to do. Next morning, when we looked for that shell, we found an almost round knot, or wart, that a passing cannon ball had knocked off a large tree in our front, and our imagi-

nation had transformed it into a smoking shell and set our hair a-la-pompadour. We saw our sharpshooters play a neat trick on some of the rebel sharpshooters, who kept up a damaging fire on anyone who showed up near a big tree just in the rear of our line. They had killed one and wounded two more, when two of Berdan's men (one an Indian) came up; but they could not locate the fatal rebel, so they took positions about twenty yards apart and told us to hold up a cap on a ramrod, so that it looked like a head peeping over the earthworks, when the rebel promptly put a bullet through it. By the smoke of his gun our sharpshooters saw where he was—near a small tree on higher ground, quite a distance back from their line of battle—and as soon as our men got their telescope rifles set for the distance, our cap took another look over, got another bullet, and that rebel laid down to rest; another took his place, with the same result; and the third one soon followed the other two—to the hospital or cemetery—and no more shots came from that position.

The dead lay on this field, between our lines, unburied until June 7th (four days), in that hot sun, until the stench became unbearable, when a truce was agreed upon. Both sides sent out parties to bury their dead, and for two hours not a shot was fired, though no one was allowed out in front but the burial parties. We ran about on top of our breastworks, and laughed and talked with the saucy rebels like the best of friends, and James Mosey went over and swapped coffee for tobacco with one of them; but just as the two hours were up, the bugle sounded the recall. They shouted, "Get down, Yanks!" and in less than a minute it was certain death to show a head on either side. A few nights after this we very quietly slipped off and left them listening to the music of one of our brass bands, put there on purpose to amuse them, while we were rapidly moving off by the left flank towards the James River and Petersburg. They never knew we were gone until 9 o'clock the next morning, when we were many miles away, laughing to think how nicely we had given them the slip. And now, after many years, our memories revert to that dreary place, and we feel in our hearts that the title, "Cold Harbor," was

not all that the name implied; as neither that June weather, nor our reception by the rebels, could be called "Cold." And "Harbor"—a place of refuge or safety—well, no; not to any great extent!

We crossed the Chickahominy River and swamp early in the morning of May 13th, and reached the James quite late the same night; and our bivouac was in a nice clover field, where we rested sweetly after that long march of nearly forty miles. And next day crossed the James River, on boats, near that long pontoon bridge, (said to be one and a half miles), where we waited for rations (that never came), and enjoyed the novel spectacle of unloading cattle from the transports in the middle of the river. A few of them were forced overboard, and the others followed in single file, taking the plunge and swimming ashore. 15th, 10 a. m., we leisurely took up our line of march for Petersburg (seventeen miles), and camped for the night about 8 o'clock, but had hardly got settled down when orders came to hurry on to Petersburg, three miles farther, where a battle was going on. And at 11 o'clock we formed our line of battle on the Hog-back.

PETERSBURG SIEGE.

The Siege of Petersburg lasted nearly ten months, (from June 16, 1864, to April 2, 1865,) and our duties during this long and trying period were of a varied and general character. Other Corps, notably the Tenth and Eighteenth, under Butler, and the Ninth and Sixth in the Army of the Potomac, were assigned to certain portions of the line, which they fortified and held without much change ; whilst our Corps (the Second) and the Fifth were in reserve, and never long in one place. We were here, there and everywhere ; just as needed, strengthening a line, filling a gap, making assaults, off on raids or building forts and earthworks ; all of which was very exhaustive ; and that fearfully hot Southern weather, with bad water, or no water at all, tried our Northern temperaments nearly to the limit of endurance. Yet our losses were not very great, as we had but few to lose, and our style of fighting was not like that at Chancellorsville, where we thought it cowardly to dodge or get behind a tree ; we had passed that stage, and were now Indian fighters or bushwhackers, quick to see topographical possibilities of a battle-field ; take advantage of every fence, gully, stump, stone or tree, and could get down in the ground as quickly as a mole ; dodge shell or bullet, and laugh and talk of our narrow escapes with the easy grace of a veteran. We soon solved the lack of water problem by digging wells, and finding a good supply and quality at a depth of ten or twelve feet. That stiff white clay needed no bricks or curbing ; some of the wells being over twenty feet, and stood for months without caving in.

Our first day at Petersburg (June 16th) was spent on the "Hog-back," a sharp, narrow ridge near the Friend House, where we had a good view of the rebels in our front ; as they were driven back by our skirmish line, re-formed in the field

beyond, where they tried to throw up earthworks, somewhat bothered by our artillerymen, who kept dropping shells among them. And in the intervals we saw those same artillerymen get out their cards and engage in that ever-fascinating game of poker, alternating this with their game of *ball*. No danger of these men getting scared; they were seasoned. Whilst we were enjoying ourselves with an old coffee mill, which we *found* at a nearby house, one of the hang-up variety, which we nailed to a tree (also *nailed* the corn), and kept steadily at work grinding corn and making Johnny cake, after the very latest improved methods. Not baked in a dirty tin pan, as was the home custom, but by mixing the coarse meal with water and a pinch of salt to a sticky dough, which was *stuck* on a piece of board, and set up as close as possible to the fire; and we knew when it was *done* by its falling off into the ashes.

June 17th, our brigade was sent to the left to help the Ninth Corps, where we made a partially unsuccessful charge, without much loss. But the brigade on our left, less fortunate, made a half circle and came dashing into our line, thinking we were the rebels, leaving many of their dead and wounded just outside of our lines. One of our company, James Mosey, went out among them after dark, and returned laden with watches, pocket-books and plunder. And here is where we drew that ration of crazy whiskey!

Next day, the 18th, we moved up to the Hare House, where we lay in the road and witnessed that famous charge of the First Maine Heavy Artillery, as they advanced about one hundred and fifty yards in the open field in front of us, and were hurled back with the greatest regimental loss known during the war. More than six hundred of their men went down on that little plot of about two acres, two hundred of them being instantly killed. And their bodies lay as thick as sheaves of grain in a harvest field, whilst the survivors came limping and crawling back, shot, torn and mangled almost beyond recognition. On the 22d, we extended our lines to the left across the Jerusalem Plank Road. We made another unsuccessful charge, where McKnight's battery lost their guns; and for over a month we kept pushing out to the left, encircling the

town of Petersburg with an elaborate chain of forts, ditches, earthworks, redans and bomb-proofs, almost to the Weldon Railroad.

July 26th, we were off on the raid to Deep Bottom, crossing the James River far to the right of Butler's position, and threatening Richmond. But we found the rebels well prepared for us; and, after a few days spent in skirmishing and capturing that battery of four big black twenty-pound Parrott guns, we got back to Petersburg at daylight, July 30th, after a very tiresome all-night's march, just in time for the Mine explosion, which resulted so disastrously for our Ninth Corps—of which we were witnesses, not participants. Then for two weeks we occupied the rear line works just vacated by the colored troops, where we encountered that new and improved breed of *grey-backs* (African), much larger and with one more row of teeth than those with which we were already so plentifully supplied, keeping us steadily engaged night and day in *skirmishing*, until August 12th, when we marched to City Point. The next day, in the afternoon, we took passage on the transports, presumably for Fortress Monroe; but, after steaming a few miles down the river to deceive the watchful rebels, we turned about in the darkness—and water, and next morning at 3 o'clock, we were again at Deep Bottom, with the rebel shot dropping in the water around us. We were quickly on shore and drove the rebels back from the river, but with no better success than on our previous visit. The weather at this time was the hottest we ever experienced; the roads and fields were deep with dust, and the victims of sun-stroke lay thick by the wayside, as we marched and skirmished here and there, trying to find their weak place—which wasn't there. But there was a field of corn off to our right just in condition for roasting-ears, and whilst we were gathering our share on one side of the field, the rebels were gathering theirs on the other; and two of our boys (Griscom and Haines) had a friendly chat with two of theirs only a few hills farther up the same row. August 20th, after dark, we re-crossed the James River on the pontoon bridge, which was covered with hay, muffling the sound from the rebels' ears. And through a pouring rain, mud and inky

darkness, lit up at intervals with fires by the roadside to guide the route, we marched all night, by way of Point of Rocks, back to our lines at Petersburg, where we arrived soon after daylight, weary, wet and covered with mud. We only had an hour or so to make coffee, when we were hurried off to the left, where our lines were being further extended towards the Yellow House. Here we spent several days in cutting trees and making a slashing in front of our earthworks.

DEEP BOTTOM.

AS TOLD IN A WAR-TIME LETTER BY LIEUTENANT JAMES
S. STRATTON.

NEAR DEEP BOTTOM, Va., August 18, 1864.

My Dear Father:—* * * Since the afternoon of the 12th inst., our moments of rest and inactivity have been few. We have been under fire nearly all the while since touching the north bank of the James, and, indeed, a rebel battery opened upon us while we were on shipboard. At the mouth of Four-Mile Creek, the Johnnies espied our large steam transport, with her crowded decks, railings and wheel-houses, and complimented us with a shell that fell a few feet short, and a solid shot that passed in such close proximity as to make us dodge. The boys say the captain of the steamer was considerably demoralized, as he put on all steam and carried away a portion of a pontoon bridge, which he had to pass. In the fleet of transports was the "Swan," formerly "Cohansey," of Bridgeton, under Captain Prior. On the 14th, we were under artillery fire from the enemy, and one brigade of our division charged a portion of the line held by the enemy, and although they did all that was in their power to do, they were repulsed with heavy loss. I have been compelled to put up my ink and take the pencil, because of a sharp fire which has commenced on our right, and which may not end before we are involved in the engagement.

On every such occasion we pack up everything and gird on our armor for the fray. On the morning of the 16th we were for two or three hours under a fire of canister from the enemy, but fortunately our regiment and brigade were massed behind a hill and suffered, the regiment not any and the brigade, but slight loss. About 1 p. m. of the same day, our regiment was moved out for a charge, and the start was made, but just as the climax was to be capped and either a rebel battery and

position or a disastrous repulse was to be ours, an aide galloped to us and ordered our return. Two minutes later and a recall could not have reached us, and we would to-day have been masters of the position, or the bodies of many of us would have been lying on that field. We were under a pretty sharp fire, but one man in Company B killed was the only casualty.

August 19th, morning.—Whilst writing last evening, the rebels made a desperate assault upon our right (Tenth Corps), but were repulsed, and almost immediately thereafter assailed the cavalry guarding our right flank. This seemed so nearly in our rear that it created confusion and consternation among the coffee coolers (cooks) who inceremoniously limbered for Deep Bottom, in consequence of which my mess went without supper.

At midnight we moved to our left, and are now holding a very strong picket line. Near me are two one hundred-pound shells, which our gun-boats dropped near our line, instead of among the Johnnies. It is frequently the case that our own batteries kill and wound our own men. I saw a captain killed and a man wounded by one of our batteries on a hill in their rear. I must bring this to a close and think of getting some breakfast; roasted and boiled corn appears to be the staple, and I believe I will try some of the former. All well in Company F.

With love, your son,

J. S. S.

REAMS STATION.

BY LIEUTENANT JAMES WHITE.

On the 24th of August, 1864, two divisions of Hancock's Second Army Corps were sent to Reams Station, about ten miles south of Petersburg, Virginia, for the purpose of destroying the Weldon Railroad at that point. Arriving there a little after sunrise, having marched about four miles in that direction the day before, details were sent out to destroy the road by tearing up the track, piling the ties, placing the rails across them, firing the ties, and when red hot bending and twisting them, so as to render them useless until re-rolled. There was very little fighting done that day, but early next morning the First Delaware Regiment was sent out as skirmishers, with the Twelfth New Jersey supporting. We advanced about a mile and a half, but the rebels being reinforced and bringing up two field pieces of artillery, we were compelled to fall back to a more advantageous position. The Seventh Virginia was then sent to the assistance of the First Delaware, and Companies F and K of our regiment joining on their left, when we again drove them back and held our line until near 6 o'clock, when we were ordered back to the breast-works at the station, which we found already erected, in the form of a horseshoe; and which, while we were out holding the enemy in check, were being occupied by the rest of the two divisions, and also with artillery. On coming in we found our brigade (Smythe's) on the left of the line, and we had just gotten into our new position in the works, when the rebels opened upon our right with artillery, following it up with a furious attack, which was repulsed, as was also a second attack on the same point; but, being heavily reinforced, the third attack was more successful, as they broke through at one point in the First Division, owing to bad conduct of a heavy artillery regiment, and got possession of two guns of Mc-

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT TO THE PRESENT TIME
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON
OF THE BOSTON BAR
IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. II
BOSTON: PUBLISHED BY S. JOHNSON, 1790.

The second volume of the history of the city of Boston, from the first settlement to the present time, by Samuel Johnson, of the Boston bar. The first volume was published in 1789, and the second in 1790. The work is a comprehensive history of the city, covering its early settlement, its growth, and its present state. It is a valuable work for the student of history, and for the citizen of Boston.

Knight's Twelfth New York Battery. At this moment General Hancock came riding up, and ordered our brigade (Smythe's) over to re-take the captured works and guns, on the right side of the horseshoe. The space enclosed by the breastwork was covered almost entirely with a fine growth of timber, and the two Generals, Hancock and Smythe, with their full staffs, and the men of the brigade, swept through that timber just like a whirlwind and re-took those works in less time than it takes me to write this description of it. It was in this charge, whilst in the act of leading his men to re-take this captured battery, that the grand young hero, James S. Stratton, lost his life. He was carried back a short distance from the station, where it was the sad privilege of the writer, along with other members of our company, among whom were Charles D. Lippincott, Azariah Stratton, H. M. Avis, William P. Haines, and others whom I do not remember, to prepare a burial place for our beloved comrade; digging his grave with our bayonets and tin cups, for the lack of more suitable tools. This silent burial, on that dark August night, recalls vividly the story of the "Burial of Sir John Moore."

"As slowly and sadly we laid him to rest,
On the field of his fame, fresh and gory."

We retreated during the night, and at sunrise next morning we were back in our lines at Petersburg, wishing for no more Reams Station.

REAMS STATION.

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL H. F. CHEW.

August 23, 1864, the First and Second Divisions of the Second Corps, commanded by Major-Generals Miles and Gibbon, the whole under the command of Major-General W. S. Hancock, consisting of about 10,000 men, left the line of works in front of Petersburg and moved to the left, early in the morning, arriving at Reams Station about 8 o'clock. The object of this move was to destroy the Petersburg and Weldon Railroad, to prevent supplies reaching Lee's army at Petersburg. Soon after reaching the station, the men commenced to destroy the road by prying off the rails, taking up the ties and burning them, and laying the rails to heat, so they could not be used again, the Twelfth Regiment doing its share of the work with energy. After this was accomplished, we lay around discussing the battle which we thought would soon take place, believing the enemy would not peaceably let us destroy one of their lines of communication without resenting it. We were not mistaken.

In the evening of the 24th, orders were issued to us to be ready to march at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 25th. Just previous to that time the orders were countermanded, and we remained. We wondered at its meaning, for we believed if we should remain the enemy would give us trouble. Just about daylight on the morning of the 25th, we heard some firing, which sounded a distance off. We all came to the conclusion that we would soon have some work. Soon our regiment, the Twelfth, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson, was ordered to move towards a strip of woods, about one mile from the station. After marching some distance we were halted, when Brigadier-General T. A. Smythe, commanding our brigade, ordered us to get ready for the skirmish line. The writer, then Major of the regiment, was ordered to take the

right of the regiment, consisting of Companies F, A, I, B and H, and deploy them as skirmishers, and advance on the enemy, who were in the woods in front. We advanced into a cornfield and were soon hotly engaged. The skirmish line is one of the most dangerous places in time of an attack. I ordered the men to lie down, take the best care of themselves they could, and not expose themselves more than they could help. I think this was one of the hottest places that I was ever in. It was a hot, sultry day in August. The sun was not only hot, but the firing hot and terrific. We were close enough to the enemy to hear their guns snap, and hear the officers giving their commands. Captain F. M. Acton and the writer lay low among the corn, as close to the ground as we could lie, the cornstalks near and around us being cut off by the bullets of the enemy, as though knives were cutting them, the balls striking in the sand threw it in our faces. We were under this fire nearly three hours. We soon heard sharp firing back at the station, and knew that our men were engaged there.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon, General Smythe rode out and ordered me to bring my skirmishers in as soon as possible. This I did in good order, being followed slowly by the enemy. Just before arriving at the station, we heard a yell from the rebels, and knew that they were charging the works at the station, but they were gallantly repulsed by our men. We soon arrived at the station, taking our position in rear of the front line. The enemy finding they could not break through, opened their artillery on us, and the shells commenced to fly thickly around, one bursting near our regiment, wounding Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson and some of the men. He was carried to the rear, and the writer assumed command of the regiment.

The enemy made other charges, but were repulsed. The fighting was terrible, every man doing his duty. We knew if we gave way the enemy would capture us all. General Hancock rode up, asking if I commanded that regiment. I replied that I did. He then ordered me to move forward, which we did, but had not gone far before he ordered us to support one of our batteries. I think it was a New Jersey battery, and

it did its duty, as New Jersey soldiers always did. Very soon, the enemy being reinforced, made another charge, breaking the First Division. Some of this division and some from our division seeing the Twelfth in line, rallied around our flags, cheering with a determination not to fall back any further. I soon had some fifteen hundred men in line, full of courage. Captain Bronson, of General Hancock's staff, came with orders from the general ordering me to charge the enemy, and drive them out of the works. Bronson said he would go with me. We both stepped out in front, when I ordered the regiment to charge. They did this in gallant style, driving the enemy out and re-capturing two pieces of artillery, which the enemy had taken previously. Captain Bronson was killed before he reached the works; also, Lieutenant James S. Stratton, brother of Captain E. L. Stratton. Lieutenant James S. Stratton ("Little Jim," as we used to call him) was a brave officer, and loved by us all. On the afternoon of the 24th he told me he did not believe he would live through the next battle. I think he must have had a presentiment of it, as many other soldiers did.

After driving the enemy out of the works, we were still hotly engaged, and the battle raged until long after dark. While in the works, Lieutenant John Rich, of this county, was killed. The enemy captured several pieces of artillery and turned them on us. Two pieces were recaptured by the Twelfth New Jersey. It was said that the enemy attacked us with General A. P. Hill's and part of Longstreet's Corps, numbering some thirty thousand men. There may have been less than that number, but one thing I do know, that they had more than I wanted them to have. At one time during the battle one of our surgeons happened to get right into it, and he came and asked me where was a safe place, and how to get out. I told him the safest place was where he was, and not to bother me any more, as I had my hands full.

Our loss was heavy, the enemy capturing between twenty-five hundred and three thousand prisoners, and some eight or ten pieces of artillery. The Twelfth New Jersey lost two officers killed. Captain F. M. Riley (now Cashier of the Cumberland Bank, of Bridgeton) and some seventeen privates were captured by the enemy, and a number of the men killed and wounded.

Some time late in the evening, being thirsty, not having had a drink of water since early in the morning, I asked one of my color corps, James Stanton, to go get me some. He started off with his canteen, but had not been gone long before he returned with his canteen filled. He said he found a well just on the left of the regiment, and told me the enemy was getting water out of the same well. He knew they were rebels by their conversation, it being so dark they could not distinguish each other. I considered this important news, and felt somewhat apprehensive for the safety of the regiment. I reported the matter to General Gibbon, who told me to report it to General Smythe, our brigade commander; in addition, he told me to withdraw my men as quietly as I could, which was done without losing a man.

The Twelfth New Jersey had been separated from the rest of the brigade early in the day, and when returning to the station we fought as a regiment under the immediate command of General Hancock, and I received most of my orders from him. Let me say here, that the officers and men of the Twelfth New Jersey thought there was no man like Hancock, and would go wherever he wished, believing and knowing he would bring them out right. He was my beau ideal of a soldier. I always found him a gentleman in every particular.

Why we were left to fight our way out from Reams Station without being reinforced, I never could tell, and do not know to this day. This is the battle in which General James A. Beaver, ex-Governor of Pennsylvania, lost his leg. Meeting him not long ago, I asked him if he remembered Reams Station. He gave me a warm grasp of the hand and asked, "Were you there?" I told him I was. Patting his leg, he said, "I left part of it there." Late in the night of the 25th, we left Reams Station quietly, and returned to our camp in front of Petersburg, feeling we had the worst of the bargain. Our wounded were left behind, not having enough ambulances to bring them off the battlefield. Lieutenant Stratton was buried by the men of his company (F) with their tin plates and cups, not having any shovels. I consider that the battle of Reams Station (though not occupying a great place in the history of the war) one of the hottest fights I was ever in, and

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as I sit here writing this, the scenes of that day pass before me as in a panorama.

I cannot close this article without praising my old regiment, the Twelfth (which I had the high honor to command for nearly a year before the war closed), for their bravery under all circumstances, their cheerfulness in doing camp and other duties incident to the life of a soldier. The regiment was recruited from the counties of Cumberland, Salem, Gloucester, Camden and Burlington. They were as fine a body of men as ever left the State, nearly seven hundred of them being native born Jerseymen, out of nine hundred and ninety-two officers and men. We had a number of young Quakers in the regiment, and let me say, though the Quakers are a peaceable sect, when warmed up they can fight as well as any others. I often look back over the old war days, and a feeling of sadness comes over me as I call to mind the brave boys we left on many battlefields. To speak of any one act of bravery of any one individual would not be doing justice, for all were brave, true, loyal boys of the Twelfth.

The war over, the men returned home, well satisfied that they had done their duty to the country, some of them occupying at this time honorable positions. Among the number are: Rev. D. B. Harris, Presiding Elder of the Camden District; Captain N. M. Brooks, Superintendent of Foreign Mails; Captain F. M. Acton, Assistant Cashier Salem National Bank; Captain F. M. Riley, Cashier Cumberland National Bank; A. S. Emell, Cashier of Glassboro National Bank; Captain C. P. Brown, ex-Treasurer city of Trenton; J. S. Kiger, Deputy Adjutant-General of New Jersey; Rev. Mr. Tullis, G. R. Danenhower, wholesale grocer, Camden; Colonel W. E. Potter, Bridgeton; Captain E. L. Stratton, ex-Judge of Gloucester County Court; Colonel J. Howard Willetts, ex-Senator of Cumberland county, and many others.

We naturally feel proud of the old Twelfth New Jersey, Third Brigade, Second Division, Second Army Corps, Army of the Potomac. Long may her survivors live to enjoy the honors they so nobly gained in fighting for our country and the glorious Stars and Stripes, the emblem of the greatest nation on the earth.—*Reprint from N. J. Gazette, August 18, 1894.*

REAMS TO APPOMATTOX.

After this, for a few weeks, we enjoy a welcome respite from tiresome raid or march. At times, in the front line on picket, then in the rear building forts and earthworks, or slashing timber, our lines are all the time pushing, extending to the left, or south; and as they advanced the telegraph and railroad closely followed. A deep ditch or cut was made in the rear of our main line, so deep and wide that the trains ran by the most exposed places with nothing visible but smoke and steam, which served as a target for the rebel forts; and every passing train called forth a shower of shot and shell, but we never knew of the trains being hit. September 6th to 11th, we occupied the front line, relieving some Fifth Corps troops in Fort Hell, a strong enclosed fortress or earthwork, built across the Jerusalem plank road, in one of the most exposed parts of the line; and so close to the rebels, that deep ditches and roadways were built for the protection of men and teams passing in and out. The fort was well armed with heavy cannon and mortars, worked by a crew of trained artillerists; equipped with all known engineering appliances for strength and safety—gabions, sand-bags, bomb-proofs, ditch, abattis, loop and port holes; and a head shown above the works was certain death. Yet our week's stay passed pleasantly, without a fatal accident, and we again took position in the rear line. September 16th, the rebel cavalry, under Fitz Hugh Lee, (our present plucky Consul to Cuba) made a daring and successful raid. By a swift and silent night march, they passed around our left and rear, so far outside of our pickets as to cause no alarm, then swept down to the army pasture-fields at Sycamore Church, on the James River, fifteen miles away, where they routed our cavalry cattle guards, cut out a little drove of three thousand of our choicest steers, and were

well on their road back again, when our brigade was hurried out to cut them off. We made almost cavalry speed for six miles, to Prince George's Court House, where our road intercepted theirs, but were too late; they had passed by several hours before, and were now in their own lines with the whole drove, except a broken-legged steer and two played-out horses, captured by us. We stayed here at the Court House more than a week, building a small fort, resting, and boiling our clothes in salt water, thus reducing our large stock of grey-backs. Our sutler came out with a fresh stock of tip-top (priced) goods, and many of the boys laid the foundation for a growl at the paymaster.

These were pleasant days, indeed. Such a relief to get away from dirty ditch and dangerous fort, from singing bullets and screeching shell, to rest amidst these grassy fields and shady groves. But all too soon is our picnic over, and again we take our week of duty in the front line, where the rebels taunt us by bawling and bellowing like cattle; asking the price of beef, and how soon will we have another drove fat and ready? Every night we had a grand display of fireworks, the mortar batteries on both sides exchanging their huge rocket-like shells; crossing and re-crossing above us like meteors, requiring close mathematical calculations to keep out of their way. Those that burst in air, just in front, being the most dangerous, the broken, jagged pieces often rattling like hail around us. They were not noticed so much in day time, being scarcely visible until they dropped beside you; then it was too late to get scared. October 26th, our corps was withdrawn from the front, and massed in rear for another quick movement and extension southward. Just before night, on the 27th, we moved to the extreme left of our lines, and at 3 a. m. on the 28th, moved out through the woods, pressing back the quarrelsome Johnnies, who resisted stoutly. The wounded began to come limping back; we see some dead ones. The Vaughn Road is soon reached, where we find large trees felled across to block our way, but the pioneers soon open a path for the batteries, and we come in sight of Hatcher's Run at 7 o'clock. Here our regiment is deployed, and by a sharp dash

reach the stream, two or three rods wide. No time to pick a crossing place, we jump in; some places knee deep, often up to the armpits, while some of the lucky ones (writer included), strike a hole and are "out of sight;" but our more fortunate color-bearer, Elwood Griscom, passed dry shod on a fallen tree, and thus outran us poor water-soaked sinners, and was the first man on the rebel earthworks, where he stood proudly waving the flag, shouting defiance at the fleeing rebels, and yelling for us, who had just received the ordinance of baptism, to hurry up! get a move on!

Here we emptied the water from our shoes and pants, reformed the line and passed out through a thick woods for several miles, until we struck the rebels at Fussell's, or Dabney's Mills, where the Boyden Road again crosses Hatcher's Run. Here we had a spirited engagement, lasting all the afternoon, known as the "Bull Pen" (we playing Taurus), the rebels appearing on all sides of us. Our regiment at one time was fighting both ways at once; the skirmishers firing to the front, while the reserves "about faced" and fired to the rear, at the time Captain Slater and others were taken prisoners. We retired during the night and enduring the heavy rain, mud and darkness until daylight found us back where we joined the Baptist Church twenty hours previously, with over six hundred prisoners and three rebel flags. Here our lines were fortified and held ever afterwards. We had extended two miles. During November we were in and out of the front line; sometimes in the trenches, on outposts, building forts or throwing up earthworks. December 8th, we settled down in winter quarters, at Hatcher's Run, near the terminus of the military railroad, where we quietly passed the winter months. Near the last of February we were called out to witness the military execution of a recaptured deserter from a New York regiment (the Thirty-fourth), of our division. The whole corps was formed in hollow square, facing inward; the prisoner, on foot and under a strong guard, followed his coffin clear around the square to his open grave. Here, seated on his coffin, his feet were tied together, hands tied behind him, eyes bandaged, and after a short prayer by the Chaplain, twelve men selected for this duty, their guns being previously loaded by an officer.

unseen by them, eleven of the guns had bullets, the twelfth only powder; so that any compunctions about shooting a man were supposed to be quieted by not knowing who had that harmless gun. They formed in single rank about twenty yards in front of the culprit, over whose heart a two-inch square piece of paper was pinned. The Chaplain held up a hand in benediction. Ready! aim! fire! He fell sideways across the coffin, with his head hanging over the grave. Every one of the eleven bullets had pierced his breast inside of a six-inch circle; but to make sure of the work, a surgeon examined the body, and with a pistol put a shot through his head. The body was placed in the coffin, lid nailed down, put in the grave, and quickly covered up, while the troops marched back to quarters strongly impressed with their own fate if caught deserting.

The weather was unusually severe during this winter encampment. Many cold storms, snow, sleet and freezing weather rendered our picket duties very unpleasant. No moves of importance until February 5th, when we again advanced to the run; but farther down and much nearer the rebel works than on our previous visit. The cavalry and Fifth Corps advanced on our left, but came back in a great hurry, with the Johnnies right on their heels. Smythe's brigade soon gave them the "right about," and they retired to their works in the woods. We fortified and held this new line until some time in March, when a general activity seemed to pervade both armies, preparing for what we all felt must be the final struggle. The picket firing grew worse. No more friendly chats with the Johnnies; they seemed angry and excited, like a nest of hornets. The bombardment and cannonading grew heavier, often lasting nearly all night. The mortar shells, with flaming trail and graceful flight, passed back and forth in beautiful curves, superbly grand at a distance, but infernally dangerous at close quarters.

March 25th, the rebels, under General Gordon, broke through the Union lines at Fort Steadman. As a diversion, our division made a sharp reconnoissance and captured their intrenched picket line, which their best efforts failed to re-take. But in the skirmish we lost one of our best men, Allen Baker, the last man killed in the company—a grand soldier and comrade, who

had passed unscathed through so many terrible battles, only to fall with victory in sight. March 29th, the Twenty-fourth Corps relieved the Second and Fifth in the intrenchments. We moved to the left, near our old "Bull Pen," while Sheridan, with his splendid division of cavalry, supported by the Fifth Corps, made a grand push for the South Side Railroad, which they reached March 31st. The decisive battle of Five Forks was fought April 1st, in the mud and rain, which fell so unceasingly that the bottom dropped out of the roads. The fields and woods were a quagmire. MUD, in capital letters, reigned supreme. The poor disheartened rebels could neither reinforce nor run. While Fighting Phil Sheridan, to whom mud and rain had no terrors, kept his cavalry and artillery on the jump, through mud up to their bellies, and gained such a glorious victory, coupled with an advance of our whole front, that the rebels were forced back, their lines shattered and broken in many places. Our regiment broke through near the Crow House, at 8 a. m., April 2d, and soon the whole rebel lines were in our possession, except a few enclosed forts, near Petersburg, which held out till after noon. General Lee, with his whole army, retreated during the night. Next morning, April 3d, Richmond and Petersburg were occupied by our troops, and that long and weary siege was ended. With hardly a halt, we pushed the fleeing Johnnies up the south bank of the Appomattox River to Farmville, where they crossed over the high bridge, which they partly burned; but the low wagon bridge was saved, and we were again at their heels, with no thought of pity, pushing and shoving them back, capturing their artillery and wagons. Their men, weak and faint from lack of food and rest, fall out by the roadside, unable to hold out any longer. We took them prisoners by twos, tens and hundreds. We found two of their brass pieces in the woods, covered with leaves, their horses too weak to haul them any further. We found their guns everywhere: by road, tree and fence. Men too weak to carry them further. Yet that plucky remnant kept up a bold front, the rear often turning and facing us with all their old-time valor; checking our columns and driving back our skirmishers, until outflanked, they fall back to the next hill, and turn again like some wild beast at bay.

Pity or mercy we had none; we knew we had them on the run. We kept them going until April 8th, when Sheridan, with his cavalry and the Twenty-fourth Corps, by a long detour to the left, got in front of their retreating columns and planted his troops squarely across the path of the fleeing rebels. On Sunday, April 9th, with this impregnable line in front, and the Fifth, Sixth and Second Corps pushing and shoving their rear, they began to realize that they were whipped. The white flag was shown on their lines, though not in our immediate front. Our brigade continued skirmishing until 9 o'clock, when the order was given to halt and cease firing. We soon knew that they were negotiating with Grant for a surrender; but our position, far to the right and in the woods, kept us from seeing what was going on. Our first certain knowledge of a surrender was gained at 11 o'clock from the headquarters' band, who began playing "Home, Sweet Home," and the long agony was over. Immediately all discipline was relaxed. Our lines were broken up, and confusion reigned supreme; with hats, coats and shoes flying through the air, we whooped and yelled like wild men, till, perfectly exhausted, we dropped down; while tears of joy flowed down those sun-burned cheeks, before too tough for tears. This wild demonstration was shared by all, both rebels and Yankees, and kept up for hours. A wild, delirious mob, drunk with joy! Many of the rebels, but rebels no longer—now comrades, came over among us looking for something to eat; and they got it. Everything we had was theirs. No boasting or taunting about being whipped; they were too good soldiers for that. Such plucky, brave fighters had won our respect, and we gladly shared with them our hard-tack and coffee, as we swapped reminiscences of the times when we were foemen—now friends.

"Then came the dove of peace, serene and white,
And hovered o'er us with glad wings of light;
Strong men, with nerves of steel, shed tears that day,
When gentle peace swept want and war away."

In the evening the Johnnies went back to their own lines, and we established our pickets, just as usual; but no spiteful shots or wild alarms disturbed our happy dreams. Sweet peace had come to stay.

APPOMATTOX TO MULICA HILL.

The day after the surrender, we held our position in line of battle, with pickets thrown out in front, so that we saw nothing of the ceremonies incident thereto, which were quietly conducted on the following terms, viz.:

APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE, April 9.

General R. E. Lee, Commanding C. S. A.:—

In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th instant, I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, on the following terms, to wit:

Rolls of the officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer designated by me, the other to be retained by such officers as you may designate.

The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the United States until properly exchanged, and each company or regimental commander to sign a like parole for the men of their commands.

The arms, artillery, and public property, to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage.

This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they observe their parole, and the laws in force where they reside.

Very respectfully,

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant-General.

The parole, signed by each officer, with a list of the men in his command, for whom he was held responsible, was as follows:

We, the undersigned, prisoners of war, belonging to the Army of Northern Virginia, having this day been surrendered by General R. E. Lee, commanding said army, to Lieutenant-General Grant, commanding the Armies of the United States, do hereby give our solemn parole of honor that we will not hereafter serve in the Armies of the Confederate States, or in any military capacity whatever against the United States of

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America, or render aid to the enemies of the latter, until properly exchanged in such manner as shall be mutually approved by the respective authorities.

The number of men paroled was nearly twenty-eight thousand, the number of prisoners captured between March 25th and April 8th was over thirty thousand, the known number of killed and wounded during that period was nine thousand, eight hundred and ten, and the deserters and stragglers who took French leave during the retreat and surrender will never be known, but presumably twelve or fifteen thousand; showing conclusively that General Lee had at least eighty thousand men when we routed him from the intrenchments of Petersburg and Richmond, yet they claim less than fifty thousand!

April 11th, we unloaded our guns and cleaned them up, and at 10 o'clock started back for Richmond by short and easy marches; but on the second day halt at Burkville Junction, awaiting news from Sherman, who had another section of the rebel army confronting him in North Carolina. Here, on April 15th, the news came of the murder of President Lincoln, and our joy was turned to sorrow. We grew distrustful of our rebel friends, thinking this was a part of some vile scheme to undo our good works; but our rebels seemed just as sorry as we were, and denounced the assassin in the strongest terms! On the 18th, the whole army held divine service, in memory of our martyred President, with minute guns firing all day of the funeral. 28th, word came that Joe Johnson's forces had surrendered. On May 2d, we broke camp for the homeward march, by easy stages; no need for hurry now; no skirmishers, no flankers. We reach Manchester, opposite Richmond, on May 5th, where we camp for the night; and, next morning, cross the James River on the pontoon bridge, getting our first view of Belle Isle, Castle Thunder and Libby Prison, those vile hell-holes, where so many Union prisoners were tortured and starved to death! Much of the city had been burned, and the only citizens visible were the colored folks with buckets of ice water, which they kindly offered to us in unlimited quantity. We passed Jeff Davis' house, but he wasn't at home; though we heard later that he was down in Georgia helping

his wife wear out her petticoats. We made no stop to see the city, but moved right on through those once formidable earth-works, out in the country, by many of our old battlefields—Tolopotamy, North Anna, skirting Cold Harbor and Spottsylvania, over those storm-swept heights of Fredericksburg; cross again the familiar Rappahannock, and camp at night by the historic Lacy House; then on past Acquia Creek, and up through Virginia to Munson's Hill, eight miles from Washington, where, on May 15th, we make our last camp. May 24th, we are a part of that grand review, said to have been the greatest military pageant ever seen in this country; no play soldiers, but every man an experienced fighter; yet we saw but very little of it, our business was to be seen. Maybe we didn't hold our heads up, and step proudly; but I think we did! And as we passed the White House, what keen grief and expressions of sorrow, that grand old "Father Abraham" was not there to greet the boys who loved him so well. After the review, while marching back to our camp, we saw two four-mule teams (drawn up by the road-side to let us pass) loaded with fresh bread, going out to some of the camps, and, being hungry, we hailed the teamsters to know who owned the bread. They replied, "Uncle Sam," and as we belonged to him likewise, we assimilated that bread until not a loaf remained.

June 4th, we were formally mustered out of the United States service, and on June 11th, we were furnished transportation for Trenton, N. J., in fine Pull-man cars; that is, the engine did pull-the-man, in a train of shabby old freight cars. Most of us made the passage on the upper deck, reaching Trenton at 10 a. m. on June 12th, hungry, tired and penniless; but nobody seemed to know we were coming; no arrangements for anything to eat. Somebody had blundered, and our first day back in little Jersey, "God's Country," as we had been calling it, came near witnessing a bread riot, being only quieted by the kindness of Colonel Chew and other officers, who had some money, buying the whole stock of cheese and soda crackers from the nearby groceries, thus quieting our hunger and the fears of the Governor and merchants that we

were about to carry off the town. Next day the Governor thought to appease us by giving a State dinner, which we swallowed down, but not the remembrance of his action in *repealing* that bill allowing us to vote while in the service. We were paid off and discharged on June 17th. At 4 p. m. took the train to Camden; then hired a stage and reached Mullica Hill at 2 o'clock in the morning, Sunday, June 18th. No reception committee, no fuss, no brass band, everybody asleep, whilst we quietly shed the name and clothes of soldier, and took on those of citizen.

"SECOND RELIEF."



LIFE SKETCHES, MEN OF CO. F.

WILLIAM H. ADAMS

Was one of that squad of men who were recruited at Beverly, for the purpose of forming a company in the Twelfth Regiment; but they failed to complete their organization until after our ten company letters were all taken. Then about forty of them were brought down to our camp, at Woodbury, and divided up; a part in Company I, part in Company E, part in Company D, and eight of them in our Company—F; and those eight men composed our "Beverly Squad." William H. Adams was the bright and shining star of the lot—the only one always with us. Never sick or off duty, except when wounded; and ready to whoop and yell at Appomattox. He enlisted August 9, 1862, having just completed his seventeenth year. He was a farmer boy—of neat appearance, medium height, light complexion, slender form and rugged health. He seemed to enjoy our camp-life, and labored earnestly to master the mysteries of drill, guard and manual of arms. He quickly made friends in the company and gave cheerful obedience to all orders. He took his full share of danger and duty, and kept that smiling face and happy disposition right with him through all our trials and hardships, our battles, skirmishes, camps and marches, during those three thrilling years. He was slightly wounded at Morton's Ford, February 6, 1864, but did not leave the company. At Cold Harbor he was struck by a heavy limb, cut from a tree in front of us by a passing cannon-ball; and so badly stunned as to be taken to the rear for dead. But a few days in the hospital put him in good shape, and he continued on duty until after Lee surrendered and we had marched back to Munson's Hill, Va. Here he got in a hurry to see his "best girl," and got a twenty-days' furlough. It had not yet expired when we were mustered out of

the United States service, June 4, 1865, which explains why he appears on the rolls as, "Discharged at Trenton, June 19, 1865." He is now a prosperous farmer, near Burlington, N. J. He holds the confidence of his friends and neighbors, and greatly enjoys the friendship of his old comrades at his happy home, where four stalwart sons stand ready to follow in their father's footsteps—in support of our own grand old flag, or that of poor suffering Cuba.

GEORGE W. ADAMS

Was a farmer boy, nineteen years old, who came from Beverly, and was mustered into the company at Woodbury, August 9, 1862. He was a large, spare man—or boy, of a quiet, reserved disposition. He seemed to be old—much beyond his years, and not desirous of making many friends, or of participating in our sports or conversation; but minded his own business and attended strictly to duties, whilst his bravery was unquestioned. He was killed at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863, and his body now lies in the National Cemetery at that place, in Section A, Grave No. 14.

ROBERT ADAMS

Was another one of the "Beverly Squad," though not closely related to the other Adams's from that place. He was a farmer boy, of large body, dark hair and quiet disposition. Was mustered August 9, 1862, and continued in faithful service until that long-to-be-remembered Sunday at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863, where he was instantly killed, and his body was never recovered.

HENRY M. AVIS

Was a bright, smiling boy of seventeen years, working at his father's farm and grist mill, near Stringtown, N. J. He caught the war fever after a very slight exposure, and took part in the preliminary meetings and early formation of the company.

Was present for duty and mustered in with those first green recruits on July 29, 1862. He was immediately appointed corporal, secured a room and table-board in Sibley No. 3, where he soon made himself at home, with his bright, cheery disposition and melodious voice, singing "Betsey Baker" and "Johnny Has Gone Away for a Soldier," drove away all thoughts of home-sickness.

The story is told that during one of our movements to Hatcher's Run, Company F, as skirmishers, came suddenly on a squad of rebels, but a few yards distant. One of them, with a gun at a *ready*, sprang from the bushes so close to Henry, that he forgot he had a gun, but shook his fist defiantly in the rebel's face with, "Don't you dare shoot, d——n you ;" but the bullet cut through Henry's haversack, and he and the rebel both escaped.

He was promoted to sergeant on September 22, 1864, and detailed for care of mails at division headquarters, where he remained until the close of the war ; was discharged with the company at Trenton, on June 12, 1865, and is now a traveling salesman in Camden, N. J.

WILLIAM AVIS,

At the time he enlisted was driving a team, and working in the grist mill of his father, near Stringtown. He enlisted July 29, 1862, and was mustered with the first squad at Woodbury. He was seventeen years old, of light complexion and slender build, with not very rugged health. He did not seem to enjoy our life in camp, nor did he enter into drill and duty with the willing earnestness and zeal that was shown by many others. He was on duty during our stay at Ellicott's Mills, but went to the hospital at Falmouth, and was discharged for disability on March 31, 1863, and is now a watchman at Washington, D. C.

JOSEPH J. ASHBROOK

Was a bright, promising young man, of slender build and not very rugged appearance, just eighteen years old, and son of a

farmer at Mullica Hill, who entered our company on August 12, 1862, and took up the duties of a soldier with all the enthusiasm of a new recruit; was well liked in the company, did his duty cheerfully, and bid fair for making a good, hardy soldier, when an unlucky accident befell him at Ellicott's Mills, where he was badly hurt by a detached stone rolling down from the cliff above, striking and cutting his head, rendering him insensible. He was under the doctor's care for some days. The accident changed the whole course of his life, as he never fully recovered his health and vivacity, but drooped and faded until, at Falmouth, he developed camp fever. After days of careful nursing by his tent-mates he was removed to the regimental hospital, and discharged for disability on February 25, 1863. He came home, and after months of careful nursing he partially recovered, and was for many years a dealer in wall papers in Philadelphia, where he died in 1892.

JOHN ALBRIGHT,

As shown by our records, was a farmer near Mullica Hill. He became so strongly imbued with loyalty and patriotism that he forsook the pleasures of a happy home and loving family, and was mustered into our company August 9, 1862. He was much older than most of the comrades (thirty-four years old), and seemed more like a father or much older brother, so that his life and duties took on a serious, thoughtful nature. Though he seemed to enjoy our sports and fun he never took any part, but gave earnest attention to drill and duties. He stood his turn on guard at Woodbury and at Ellicott's Mills. Kept his place in the ranks on that long, tiresome march through Maryland. Went on picket in the mud and snow at Falmouth. Proved his bravery at Chancellorsville. Experienced the hardships and discomforts of that hot and dusty march to Gettysburg. Passed unscathed through that thrilling charge on the barn, but was instantly killed in the repulse of Pickett's charge at the wall. His body now rests in the solemn grandeur of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, and we recall him as one of our heroes.

GEORGE W. ALLEN

Was working by the month on the farm of William G. Haines, near Clarksboro, N. J., when, caught by the patriotic excitement of the times, he enlisted in our company, August 1, 1862. He was of strong bodily appearance, but not very rugged health. Of slow, phlegmatic temperament and retiring disposition, he did not seem to care to make friends, or take part in conversation or sports. His health interfered with his enjoyment of soldier life, and he seemed to droop and fade, day by day, until he was removed to the hospital at Ellicott's Mills, where he died December 9, 1862, and was buried the same day that we broke camp and started for Washington. His was the second death in the company, and we mourned the loss of a quiet, unostentatious man gone from our ranks.

WILLIAM P. AMEY

Was working on a shoemaker's bench at Beverly, N. J., when his patriotism led him to heed the call of President Lincoln for 300,000 more men. He straightway left his shop and trade, and volunteered to do his part toward avenging the insults to our grand old flag. He came along with the other patriotic sons from Beverly, and was mustered into the company August 9, 1862. He was thirty years old, and entered on his duties with a serious earnestness: and gave faithful service in our ranks until that terrible struggle in the Wilderness, May 6, 1864, where he was badly wounded. After being cared for in the field hospital, he was sent on to Washington, where he died June 30, 1864.

DAVID BORTON

Was the second son of Aaron Borton, a noted philanthropist and Quaker preacher of Mullica Hill, who carefully trained up his large family in plainness of speech, behavior and apparel; regular in attendance of their First-day meetings, punctual to promises, and just in payment of debts; a strong advo-

cate of peace and arbitration, but withal so loyal that he gave two of his beloved sons to help our country in her time of need.

David was twenty-two years old, of strong, healthy body, active temperament, and a happy, sympathetic disposition. He entered our company on August 7, 1862, and faithfully performed his duties through all the joys and trials of Woodbury drills, and Ellicott's Mills, and our winter camp at Fal-mouth. He passed bravely and safely through that terrible experience at Chancellorsville, and escaped the bullets at Gettysburg. He served a short term with the pioneers, from May 12 to August 19, 1863, then again in the company, always ready for duty. October 5th, he was detailed as quartermaster's clerk, where he served until April 16, 1864. Then he was promoted to sergeant, in charge of ordnance at regimental headquarters, and held this position until ordered back to the company on July 18th, where he remained two months; and was again detailed to take charge of intrenching tools, under Captain William P. Seville, at division headquarters, where he served until March 10, 1865, when he was appointed ordnance sergeant of the division under Captain Anson L. White, completing his term of service in this capacity, and was discharged with the company on June 12, 1865.

He was the best nurse in the company, and seemed to delight in caring for the sick and unfortunate. Always ready to help a weary comrade on the march, or encourage and soothe our sufferings with almost the gentle care of a mother, often denying himself pleasure or rest to help his comrades; yet did it all so quietly and so unostentatiously, as showed it came from the heart. He was devoted to the happiness and care of his younger brother, Richard, who fell at Chancellorsville, and this sad event seemed to cast a gloom over the rest of his military life, but did not prevent his giving faithful performance to every duty. Yet the sad ending of that fair young life was always before him, and even yet calls up the silent tear. He is now a public notary, insurance agent and auctioneer at Mullica Hill, N. J., and prominent in the Grange and Grand Army of the Republic.

RICHARD BORTON

Was a young patriot, twenty years old, living at Mullica Hill, N. J., when he left his father's farm, happy home, loving parents and kind friends, to join our company on August 7, 1862. He was of fair complexion, slender build, and upright form, with much force of character. He was a great student, and had become proficient as a scholar in history, physiology and mathematics; he had ranked high in his classes the year before at Fairville School, in Chester county, and remarked to his brother, "I want to see the war close in time to enter school in the autumn."

On the morning of May 3, 1863, after partaking of a hastily prepared breakfast, the order was given to "fall in," and as he started for his position said, "Every man to his place and do his duty." How long he continued to do his will never be known, for he evidently was killed early in the engagement, and the regiment was driven back, leaving our dead and some of the wounded on the field of battle.

He was an ardent lover of free institutions, and from childhood a strong advocate of the anti-slavery cause, and devoted to the principles of a republican form of government; so that when the attempt was made to destroy or dismember the Union, his loyalty and patriotism knew no bounds, and in his death, like that of many others, it was a sad ending of what appeared to be a bright and useful life.

JACOB BENDER

Was twenty-one years of age, and working on a farm near Ewan's Mills, when the call for more soldiers to "fill the vacant ranks of our brothers gone before," aroused his dormant patriotism, and a visit to our camp at Woodbury soon led to his enlistment on August 11, 1862. He drew his new clothes with the usual difficulty about fit and style—trousers too long, blouse too short, coat too tight, shoes too loose, cap about two sizes both ways—but these little things were quickly adjusted, and Jake fell into his place near the left of the company, and engaged board and lodgings in Sibley tent No. 5. He was

now a permanent fixture in our ranks, through rain and snow, mud and dust, through picket, skirmish, march and battle, right on down to Cold Harbor, where he was severely wounded in the face, whilst on the skirmish line on June 10, 1864. But a few weeks in the hospital patched him up, and he continued to do his full duty until mustered out at the close of the war. He is now a laborer at Paulsboro, and draws a small pension.

THOMAS BERAN

Was an Italian boy, born in Rome in 1842, but came to this country when he was eighteen years old, and engaged in the business of an image peddler. His bright, smiling face and slender, child-like form, was often seen in our neighborhood, as he traveled about with a large rack of plaster of paris dogs, lambs, cats and saints neatly balanced on his head, which he importuned you to buy, with his quick, musical, broken language of, "Cheepa doga; velly nicee; ten centa." And he often made sales, through sympathy and the children's curiosity to hear him talk. The house of James Sherwin, near Mullica Hill, was his home and stopping place when in this neighborhood. He enlisted from there July 29, 1862, among the first of the company. Was twenty years old, of dark complexion, happy disposition and a quick temper, which rose up with Italian swiftness and fell just as quickly. He enjoyed our camp life, and his smiling earnestness made him a favorite with the whole company. He was always ready for duty or danger, and his unflinching courage was shown in many of our battles. He took a heavy cold soon after the fight at Bristoe Station, which soon developed into camp-fever and became chronic, so that he was removed to the hospital; but his not very strong constitution failed to rally and he was sent to a hospital in Newark, N. J., from which he was discharged in a very weak condition, December 8, 1864, and his fate is shown by the following extract from the diary of Hon. Nathan T. Stratton, deceased, of Mullica Hill: "Sunday evening, December 18, 1864. To-day we consigned to the grave the remains of 'Italian Tommy;' he was buried from James Sherwin's. I

brought him from Woodbury last week, and found him so weak that I had to get a bed for him to lie upon."

ALLEN BAKER,

At the time of enlistment, was working on a farm near Five Points; but, heeding the patriotic promptings of his heart, he came to our camp at Woodbury, and was mustered in August 4, 1862. He was of medium height, with a strong, compact body, rugged health and earnest, willing disposition. He was just eighteen years old, and entered into his new life and duties with a cheerful promptness which won the love and respect of his comrades and tent-mates. Was always present in camp or on the march, and his bravery and courage were well tested on many hard-fought fields. Was severely wounded at Spottsylvania, May 18, 1864, but was back again in time to participate in the siege of Petersburg. He was promoted corporal on February 25, 1865, was instantly killed in the engagement at Hatcher's Run, March 25, 1865, and we mourned the loss of one of our best soldiers. His body now lies in the National Cemetery at Poplar Grove, Va., in Division C, Section D, Grave No. 134. He was the last man killed in the company.

EDWARD H. BARNEY

Was born in Wilmington, Del., in 1842. At the time of enlistment he was a farm laborer from near Bridgeport, N. J. He joined our company August 7, 1862. A stout, good-natured boy, he took life very easy, and was seldom heard to complain. He was so frank and good natured that he soon had many friends. He retained his position and good health, through all our marches and battles, clear on down to Spottsylvania, where his bright young life was brought to a sudden stop by a bullet, and his body was left on that field.

DAVID BOODY,

The subject of this sketch, was born at Millville, N. J., November 5, 1820. In 1838 he commenced to learn the trade of cabinet-

making, finishing it in New York. He married Miss Elizabeth Loper, of Daretown, November 4, 1847, and started in business as a cabinet-maker in Sharptown, N. J. From there he went to Mullica Hill, about 1852, and while at work for Jacob G. Turner at his trade, he enlisted, August 11, 1862, in Company F, Twelfth Regiment New Jersey Volunteers. He was a stout-built man, five feet five and one-half inches in height, genial and kind in nature, and everybody's friend. Fond of making rhymes, and enjoyed a good joke; could lift more pounds than anyone who ever tried strength with him here—at one time lifting nine hundred pounds. He was a patriot to the core, as will be noticed from extracts taken from a letter written from Camp Johnson, Ellicott's Mills, Md., September 15, 1862, to N. T. Stratton: "I am satisfied with my lot, let it be what it may, so that I may be able to do something towards suppressing the rebellion. * * * I don't think we are in a very dangerous proximity to the enemy. I think we have more to dread from the citizen-rebel in this place than the rebel soldier; but should we be called to face the enemy, here or elsewhere, I believe there would be no flinching, no faltering, in the Twelfth New Jersey Volunteers. We know for what we came, we know what we may expect, and should we ever be in a battle, we intend to make our friends and the whole of New Jersey feel proud of such soldiers; and if I ever return to friends and home, I'll return with honor, for sooner than return disgraced, I would fill a patriot's grave. Perhaps you may think I boast of bravery that's not my due, but I tell you I've laid my path out, and walk in it I will, whatever may be my fate. I trust I shall return. I believe I shall. Should it be otherwise ordered, I shall leave to my family a name that they could honor as a husband and father. But I would like to live to see our country restored, and have the proud satisfaction to know that I helped to achieve a complete restoration." He left for home on a furlough, and rejoined his company on October 14th. Taken sick and sent to hospital down town.

November 2d, he returned to the company. Thursday, November 6th, taken back to the hospital not so well as when he

left it, and gradually grew worse; comrades of the company taking turns in watching and waiting on him. He was very patient and seemed fully resigned, growing weaker each day. Finally he passed quietly from this life to the life beyond, on Thursday, November 13, 1862, aged forty-two years and eight days, leaving a widow with six children (three boys and three girls.)

His company procured a casket and the body was taken to his late home, at Mullica Hill, N. J. The funeral was on Sunday, November 16th, from the Methodist Episcopal Church, at 2 p. m. A large concourse of friends and neighbors gathered to pay tribute of respect to the departed friend and soldier. His death was the first in the company; the first break in our little band; a broken link in our family circle.

GEORGE H. COLES.

On the 11th day of August, 1862, this fine young man left his avocation as agriculturist, on a farm near Harrisonville, and came to our camp at Woodbury, where he was so badly stricken with the patriotic fever, at that time epidemic, that he was mustered into the company, and engaged a nice room with board and lodgings in Sibley tent No. 4, payable in advance. He was twenty-two years old, of strong, healthy body and mind, and fully able to look out for himself, and assist with the supply of butter for the company. He was a jolly, good-hearted fellow, with a sort of sly humor that made him well liked in the company. He did faithful duty in the company until our first baptism of blood at Chancellorsville, Sunday, May 3, 1863, where he was so seriously wounded in the leg as to be unable to walk, and in his frantic efforts to escape from the advancing rebels, one of them gave him a slashing cut on the head with his saber, which compelled him to surrender, and his wounds were dressed at their field hospital. After a stay of about two weeks he was paroled, and sent across the river, but was not exchanged until the following September, when he was sufficiently recovered to be transferred to the

Veteran Reserve Corps, and served until the close of the war, when he was discharged, June 11, 1865.

He is now a farmer at Mullica Hill, and draws a small pension, which is a poor recompense for that terrible wound, the scar of which is a deep furrow across the top of his head, a mute witness of an awful cut and a thick, strong skull. He was the only man in Company F to be wounded by a saber cut. George says the rebels neglected to give him very much to eat, so that he was glad to get back in God's country, and get his fill of Uncle Sam's hard-tack and soup from the hands of those Christian Commission women at the Lacy House.

JAMES CORNEAL

Was a shoemaker, working at his trade in Glassboro, N. J., when his patriotism prompted him to join our company on August 11, 1862. He was nineteen years of age, with a slender body, pale face and not much physical strength, nor did he seem to take kindly to the life and duties of a soldier. He was often sick and off duty for a few days, but continued with the company until after the Mine Run campaign, when he was removed to the Second Corps hospital at Stevensburg, Va., and was discharged for disability on January 18, 1864. His fate is shown by a funeral notice, cut from an old newspaper of 1864, viz.:

On the 3rd inst., after a severe illness, contracted in camp, Corporal James Corneal, Company F, Twelfth New Jersey Volunteers. Funeral from the residence of his parents, No. 219 Sargeant street, on Sunday afternoon, at 1 o'clock.

JOHN CONNOR

Was a young farmer boy, eighteen years old, mustered in at Woodbury with the Beverly squad, August 9, 1862. He was a small, compact, well built, jolly Irish boy, and was well liked in the company, where his happy disposition and quick wit soon won him many friends. He was a good soldier, and did his full duty until that fatal Sunday morning at Chancellors-

ville, May 3, 1863, where, during that awful holocaust of fire and bullets, he yielded up his young life, and his body was left, with many others, on that field of battle.

GEORGE H. DUELL

Was a farmer boy from near Harrisonville. He was twenty-two years old, of fine appearance and happy manner, but with a feeling of patriotism so strong that he left a happy home with kind friends and enlisted in the company August 7, 1862. He was immediately appointed corporal, and always worked for the good of the company, and by word and example strove to check and restrain those wild young farmers. He had good health, and took his share of duty or danger in all our varied experiences. He was detailed for recruiting service in the autumn of 1863, and was absent from the company for nearly three months, but was back in time to participate in the Wilderness campaign until May 18, 1864. At Spottsylvania, whilst out on a reconnoissance, a bullet passed through his arm, shattering it so badly as to require amputation. He was discharged at Washington, September 20, 1864, with the rank of sergeant. He is now living on a small farm at Mullica Hill, N. J., in rather poor health, but always glad to meet his old comrades.

GEORGE W. DUNLAP

Lived and worked with his father on a farm near Mullica Hill, and was taken into our company July 30, 1862. He was a large, stout looking boy of seventeen years, but his health was rather delicate, so that he did not reap the keen enjoyment of our camp life as fully as the more rugged ones, although he gave good service in the ranks for many months, until badly crippled with rheumatism in our winter camp at Falmouth; but with the advent of warmer weather he straightened up, and continued with the company until July 28, 1863, when he was detailed on recruiting service and sent home to Trenton, where he served the rest of his time, and was discharged with the company June 12, 1865. He now resides in Philadelphia.

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WILLIAM DERMOTT,

A few years before the war, was a pupil in the Upper Greenwich school, and worked on a farm for John L. Haines, near Mickleton, N. J. He joined our company August 7, 1862. He was nineteen years old, of fine bodily appearance and rugged health. He entered on his new duties as a soldier with earnest zeal and patriotism, and greatly enjoyed our life and fun, never too tired to dance, wrestle, or pitch quoits, and always looked out for his share of the rations. He was frank, open hearted, and much attached to his friends and schoolmates. He was always ready for duty or danger; took his turn on guard or picket with a smiling face, and was an honor and credit to our company. He was grazed by a bullet at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, and seriously wounded at Bristoe Station October 14, 1863, but after a few weeks in the hospital at Washington, he returned to the company at Stony Mountain, and marched with us to the Wilderness, where, in the excitement of the first day's battle (May 5th) he was terribly wounded by the carelessness of a new recruit. He was taken to the hospital at Fredericksburg, where his leg was amputated, and he died May 15, 1864. He now sleeps in the National Cemetery at that place. The careless recruit who shot him was instantly killed at Cold Harbor a few weeks later.

JAMES EACRITT

Was a basket maker, working at his trade in Mullica Hill, and joined our company August 7, 1862. He was twenty-seven years of age, and so tall (six feet, three inches) that he took the extreme right of the company in the rear rank just behind our tallest man, Emanuel Stratton, and these two long-legged men took the lead and set a pace in our earlier marches that was difficult for the short fellows to keep up with; but the battle of Chancellorsville knocked them both out, and reduced the length of our marching step. He was slightly wounded at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863, just at the time we were driven back, and he tarried so long in helping another wounded comrade that the rebels gathered him in, and at their prompt

and pointed requests he gave a seemingly cheerful obedience, and was taken back to Guinea Station, where he spent two days and drew his first Confederate rations—one pint of flour—no meat, salt, bread or butter, just plain flour, and no stove ! But as Stoneman's Cavalry was raiding the country between there and Richmond, they were hurried from place to place to keep out of his path. They were marched to Hanover Junction, then back to Spottsylvania Court House, where they spent the night and drew another ration of flour (one pint), which lasted them until their arrival, by a circuitous route, in Richmond, just one week from time of capture, where he spent his last money (fifty cents) for a very small loaf of bread, and next day they were given their most generous ration, this time a small strip of bacon (four ounces) and a slice of bread ; and the whole squad of about four hundred men were placed in the fourth story of Castle Thunder, which they were told was unoccupied ; but they soon found that this was a mistake, as the whole place was fully occupied by millions of very sociable and hungry greybacks, who gave them a hearty welcome, and ever afterwards kept them right up to the *scratch*.

Their guards from the battlefield was a detachment of the Second Georgia Regiment, and they treated these prisoners like men ; no unnecessary hardships or cruelty, but with the careful attention of brave soldiers. But at Castle Thunder they passed into the care of Home Guards, who liked to show authority, and were anxious for some trivial excuse to shoot a Yank, so that it was almost certain death for the prisoners to look out the windows.

He was exchanged September 4, 1863, and sent to Convalescent Camp, at Washington, and transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps January 15th. He was discharged February 8, 1864, and now resides in Mullica Hill, N. J., and draws a small pension.

ALBERT EASTBURN.

At the time of his enlistment he was working in the Oakland nurseries, at Clarksboro, for Thomas D. Brown, and

joined our company on August 14, 1862. He was twenty years old, of medium height, and with a bright, sunny disposition, and rosy cheeks and hair. He took his full share of all the fun, and never shirked his duty, but gave cheerful and willing service through all our varied experiences, until we reached Gettysburg, where he was quite severely hurt during that charge on the barn, and taken to the hospital. I think he did not return to the company again, as he was transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps on January 1, 1864, and discharged on November 21, 1865. For many years since he was a fakir on the streets of Philadelphia, and this day, February 16, 1897, I find him alive, in good health and spirits, plying his trade, selling crystal cement and water filters, on Market street, above Tenth.

GEORGE I. ELDRIDGE

Was a fine young patriot farmer boy, just entering his eighteenth year, when he joined our company on the 9th day of August, 1862. He was a quick, nervous young fellow, who entered into our sports and amusements with the happy abandon of youth. He learned the drill easily, seemed to enjoy our camp life and duties, and bid fair to make a hardy soldier, when that dreaded camp fever claimed him for a victim, and he drooped and faded, day by day, until death came (by epileptic fit), March 5, 1863. Four of our men walked to the railroad station (over three miles), bought a rough box for a coffin, which they carried to our camp, and his body was placed in this and shipped back to Jersey, where it now rests in the church-yard at Swedesboro.

GEORGE W. FRENCH

Was working on a farm, near Mullica Hill, where he had always lived and attended school with his young associates, so many of whom were joining our company, that he quickly concluded that the call for more soldiers was meant for him, and he became one of that first squad at Woodbury mustered

July 29, 1862, and was immediately appointed corporal and initiated into the duties of that very important position, as shown by the double-barred chevrons. He was twenty-one years of age, with jet black hair and eyes, tall and straight, but slim of body, and of quiet, almost melancholy disposition, so that he made few friends, and did not seem to enjoy our manner of life, yet he gave good service in the company until that winter camp at Stony Mountain, where a slow fever and chronic sent him to the hospital, and he was finally discharged at Philadelphia, October 11, 1864. He came home in such a weak condition that death followed October 16, 1864, and he is buried in Friends' graveyard, at Mullica Hill, N. J.

ELWOOD GRISCOM

Was a Southerner by birth, and by education, up to his fourteenth year, when he came North to live with an uncle, near Woodbury, N. J. The contrast between slavery and its effects in Virginia, and freedom with its attending results in Jersey, soon made him a strong Union man, and when "Father Abraham" issued the call for three hundred thousand more soldiers, Elwood was ready to throw the whole weight of his forceful character into that awful struggle; and for three long years he was a prominent factor in our company, and an earnest participant and worker for the success of our arms.

He was a birthright Quaker, and when the war broke out was living with Amos J. Peaslee, on his farm at Clarksboro, who brought up many strong arguments in favor of peace and arbitration, as against war and bloodshed, but Elwood failed to develop the necessary "conscientious scruples," and was one of the first to sign the roll of Company F, and was mustered in July 29, 1862, for three years, or during the war. He was twenty-two years of age, with strong constitution and magnificent physical development, genial, social disposition; a bluff, hearty, plain-spoken man, fully able to take care of himself, and just the same on Saturday or Monday. He was detailed as a pioneer, and served faithfully in that capacity for several months, but his services were needed in the company.

He was called back and promoted to sergeant, and took a prominent part in the great Wilderness campaign, marching, fighting, digging, foraging; always at the front, smiling and cheerful, until in that grand charge at Spottsylvania on May 12, 1864, a bullet struck the visor of his cap, plowing a straight white furrow clear across the top of his head. That sent him to the hospital for many months, and came near ending his life, but he pluckily pulled through, returned to the company, was promoted to color bearer, and in the assault on the rebel works at Hatcher's Run on October 27, 1864, he plunged through the creek, water up to his shoulders, and was the first man on the works, for which he was promoted to Second Lieutenant of Company A on January 17, 1865, and to First Lieutenant of Company E on January 30, 1865. At the fall of Petersburg in April he was one of the first to enter that city, on a visit to his parents, who were living there through all that long, dangerous siege, relieving their anxiety as to his fate—and their own, by bringing them a whole barrel of flour, and other rare luxuries, which Confederate money could not buy. Since the war, Elwood, or "Griss," as the boys call him, is a farmer at Moorestown, N. J., and is a conspicuous figure at soldier meetings and reunions. May his smiling face and bluff, hearty hand-shake and manner meet and greet us for many years to come.

JOSHUA C. GRICE

Spent the early years of his life on a farm not far from Stringtown, and joined our company on August 4, 1862. He was nineteen years of age, and of fine personal appearance, medium height, but strong and compactly built, and in good health. He soon made friends in the company, and with smiling face and gentle manner, gave close attention to duty and kept his clothing and accoutrements clean and bright. He gave good service in all our marches and battles, and his bravery and courage were of the highest order. He was slightly wounded at Chancellorsville, but did not leave his place, and very seriously at Spottsylvania on May 12, 1864, where we mourned

him as dead for many months. He was with the company when we made that fierce charge in the dim light of the early morning, and was one of that little squad who advanced far ahead of the others, and was terribly wounded by a ball from a bursting schrapnel, which crashed through his chin and shoulder, and left him apparently lifeless; and scattered the others so completely, that none of them noticed his condition, but fell back to the line of the regiment. When he regained consciousness he was a prisoner, and carried back to their field hospital, where the surgeons removed part of his chin bone, which was badly shattered, and in a few days he was sent to a hospital in Richmond, Va., where he received fairly good treatment for a few weeks. He was then put in Libby prison, where he experienced all the pains and horrors of hunger, filth and cruelty for which that place was noted, until some time in July, (he kept no diary of dates) when the prisoners were marched out for the plausible purpose of exchange; but, it proved only an exchange of prisons, or of bad for worse, as they were taken to Andersonville, and suffered all the horrors of that earthly hell until far in September, when that old but delusive phantom of exchange was once more flashed before them. Their drooping spirits rose high with hope as they came in sight of Savannah, only to be cruelly blasted by a two-weeks' term in that hot and filthy prison, where the burning sun and that terrible hunger drove them to the very limits of human endurance. Then once more on the move to Milan, in Georgia, which they were glad to find was *no worse* than the other stockades; and here they somehow managed to sustain life until about the middle of November, when that ever cheering, but oft delusive, rumor of exchange at last proved true, and they returned to Savannah, where they were paroled on November 26, 1864, and sent by water to Annapolis, Maryland, where they arrived nearer dead than alive. But after careful nursing and diet, Joshua, who had passed through this terrible ordeal in better condition than most of the others, was given a thirty days' furlough, which he spent at home amongst his joyful family and friends, who had long mourned him as dead. His weakened stomach and strong will were sorely tried

by the generous food and dainties, so lavishly prepared by loving hands, but he happily withstood the temptation and at the expiration of his furlough returned to the hospital at Annapolis, where he remained until after the surrender of Lee at Appomattox, and rejoined our company at Munson's Hill, Va., about the last of May, 1865, after an absence of over a year, and by far the longest prison experience of any man in the company. We welcomed him back in our ranks as the dead returned to life, as our hero. He was mustered out with us on June 4th, and discharged at Trenton on June 12, 1865. He now lives on a farm near Daretown, N. J., and a heavy beard conceals the scar of that terrible wound, the worst received in the company by any survivor.

JOHN GRICE,

Just previous to the war, was a farmer boy, living near Harrisonville; but at the urgent call for more soldiers, he left the farm, happy home, kind friends and loving parents, to join our company, August 6, 1862. He was twenty-one years of age, of medium height, stout, well built, of fine personal appearance and good health; of a genial, social disposition, and always ready for duty. He was badly hurt at Gettysburg, during that fearful prelude of artillery, by a large stone, which was driven from the wall by a solid shot, striking him in the back whilst lying down, bruising him most painfully. He was carried back to the hospital, where he remained many months unable for duty. He finally recovered and resumed his place in the company, but was again slightly wounded at Hatcher's Run, October 27, 1864; recovered in time to participate in the grand and final round-up at Appomattox. Discharged with the regiment and remained at home one year; then emigrated to eastern Iowa, and for many years worked in a saw-mill and lumber yard. Poor health has rendered him unable to do much for the past two years. He is now living in a happy home on the banks of the Mississippi River, at Bellevue, Iowa.

JOSEPH T. GARWOOD

Was a farmer boy, living near Mullica Hill. He was of fine personal appearance, and joined our company at Woodbury, August 11, 1862. Was just twenty years old, with rugged health, and showed his enjoyment of camp life by a cheerful compliance with every order, and uncomplainingly accepted his full share of hardship, duty or danger, until we reached Gettysburg, where he was slightly wounded in the charge on the barn. He was removed to a Philadelphia hospital, where he spent several months; from there to a convalescent camp at Washington, where he contracted a slow fever which became chronic, for which he was discharged December 24, 1863. He removed to Millville soon after the war, and for the past twenty-five years he has been working for Whitall, Tatem & Co. as a glass-packer, and is blessed with good health.

WILLIAM B. GLEASON

Was a prosperous farmer, at Repaupo, N. J., and much older than most of the company, but the war fever struck him just as hard as the rest, and he left his farm, happy home and loving family to join our company, August 11, 1862. He was immediately appointed corporal, and entered into his soldier duties with the serious earnestness of his age, fully expecting trials and hardships. Was well liked in the company, did his duty faithfully, and his bravery was unquestioned. Was badly wounded in the leg at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863, and after suffering many months in the hospital, he was transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps, April 10, 1864, and discharged at the close of the war. He resumed his farm duties at Repaupo, and now makes weekly trips over the country, buying up calves and poultry, and draws a small pension, which is poor compensation for his shattered health.

SAMUEL S. GREENWOOD

Was a boatman, working at his business along the river near Repaupo, N. J., and was mustered into the company, along

with his patriotic comrades, August 9, 1862. He was twenty-five years old, of a genial, happy disposition, and well liked in the company. He gave willing service to his country until that fierce onslaught at Chancellorsville, Sunday morning, May 3, 1863, where he was among the first to give up his life, and his body was not recovered.

ISAAC K. HORNER

Was mustered into the company on August 11, 1862. He was a farmer boy, of fine personal appearance, and was working on a farm near Mullica Hill, N. J., when, prompted by curiosity and strong patriotism, he visited our camp at Woodbury, where the happy, earnest, smiling faces of so many of his friends and associates led him to join our ranks and clothe himself with one of Uncle Sam's new and perfect-fitting suits of blue clothes. He was twenty years old, of medium height, light complexion, rosy cheeks and smiling face, and entered into our duties and sports with all the pleasure and earnestness of a strong, healthy farmer boy. He was slightly wounded at Gettysburg, but did not leave the company; was more seriously wounded in the battle of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864. But after a short period in the hospital, he returned to the company and gave faithful service clear down to Appomattox. Was discharged with the regiment at Trenton, and is now engaged in the commission business at Camden, N. J.

ENOS HANN

Came from the neighborhood of Evans's Mills, where he was brought up on a farm, and at times drove a meat wagon for a butcher. He was mustered into the company on August 11, 1862, being at that time twenty-seven years old, of medium height, and a very quiet, retiring disposition. Took no part in sports or fun, but entered into his new duties with a serious earnestness, and gave faithful service in many hard battles and marches. He was detailed as butcher, and served in that capacity for over a year, or until the close of the war; and he be-

came so expert with the knife, that it was said of him that he could take a fore-quarter of poor, lean beef and divide it up amongst one hundred men so that every man would get a nice tenderloin steak (or at least that was what they expected). He was mustered out with the regiment, returned to his old home and was engaged in the butcher business for many years, but now lives on a small farm at Evansville, N. J.

JOSEPH S. HARKER,

Just before enlistment, was working on a farm near Mullica Hill, and was mustered into the company on August 11, 1862. He was twenty years of age, tall and slender in body, with a smooth, boyish face. He easily made friends in the company, where he continued to take his full share of duty and rations until we reached Washington, when he was detailed as teamster, and soon initiated into the mysteries of driving a team without riding in the wagon and with a single line. After this he was always a familiar figure in our trains; and he so completely learned the correct mule language, that his gentle voice—and whip, was often heard gently pleading with some obstinate mule who objected to the bad places in the roads. But through all the trials of mud, dust and mules, he never failed to bring his team in on time. He was discharged with the company at Trenton, June 12, 1865, and is now a farmer at Gibbstown, N. J.

JOSEPH B. HILLIARD

Was a farmer boy, who came from the neighborhood of Eldridge's Hill to attend the primary meetings of our company in the old schoolhouse at Mullica Hill, and went to Woodbury with that first batch of new and green recruits to get his ticket for a handsome suit of blue clothes, July 29, 1862. He was a young man of fine personal appearance, just twenty years old, of medium height, fair complexion, happy disposition and good health; he loved to dance and pitch quoits, did his full share of growling at the cook, and assisted in keeping up the

supply of butter. Also took part in the raid on the sutler at Woodbury, when we raised his shanty *up* to an equality with the price of his goods. He remained with the company and gave good service in all our marches and battles until after the battle of Spottsylvania, when he secured a position as mounted orderly at brigade headquarters, and when the Tenth New York Regiment's color-bearer was killed at Cold Harbor, he took his position as brigade color-bearer on the staff of General Thomas A. Smythe, and proudly bore aloft that triangular blue flag, with its white trefoil and white border, through all that long siege of Petersburg, until that sharp little fight at Hatcher's Run, October 27, 1864, where he was quite severely wounded. But after a few months in the hospital, he returned to duty and took part in that thrilling race which ended at Appomattox, April 9, 1865, when he came home with the company and was discharged at Trenton, June 12, 1865. He then returned to his old neighborhood, married his *best girl*, and is now living at Mauricetown, Cumberland county, engaged in farming and dairying, and draws no pension.

THEODORE F. HUDSON

Came from near Stringtown, N. J., where he lived and worked on his father's farm; went to school, and was known as a quiet, industrious boy, much attached to home and loving parents, whose strong patriotism induced them to tearfully part with their dear boy, only seventeen years old. He joined our company at Woodbury August 5, 1862, and quickly made himself at home and won the love and respect of his comrades. He was of slender build, with dark hair and complexion and not very rugged health, though he retained his place in the company through nearly all our marches and battles and escaped any very serious wounds. He came back with the company, was discharged at Trenton, June 12, 1865, and returned to his home at Stringtown with his health much broken, and notwithstanding the careful nursing of parents and friends he grew weaker and weaker, until released by death in October, 1865.

SAMUEL G. HEADLY

Was thirty-two years old and working on a shoemaker's bench in Edward Iredell's shop at Mullica Hill when he was stricken with the war fever, and entered our company August 5, 1862. He was an earnest, serious kind of a man, who seemed to enjoy work, and he soon rigged up a bench in his tent and spent his leisure time in cobbling our shoes, and took many orders and measures for new boots, which were made in the shop at Mullica Hill and reached us at Ellicott's Mills just in time to cause many sore feet on that march to Port Tobacco. He was soon promoted to the cook house, and ably he filled that trying position for several weeks.

But the boys would growl when the rice was burned,
And bless the cook when his back was turned,

so he resumed his place in the ranks. He was badly hurt by a kick in the head while watching a wrestling match, but soon recovered and gave such service as his poor health would permit, until the battle of Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864, in that grand charge, where his knee was badly shattered by a bullet, just as we were falling back to the earthworks, and he lay there between the lines, perfectly helpless and with nothing to eat for twenty-four hours. When at last the rebels fell back, he was carried to the hospital very weak from pain and loss of blood, and on Dr. Satterthwait asking how he felt, he replied, "I feel like taking a good drink of whiskey and then I want you to take my leg off." The doctor gave him the whiskey and hurriedly dressed and bandaged his knee, as a quick movement of the hospital, caused by a raid of the rebel cavalry, gave no time for amputation, a circumstance which no doubt cost him his life, for he was put in the ambulance, being obliged to take that long, rough ride to Fredericksburg, where his leg was taken off two days later, when he was too weak to rally, but died and was buried there May 30, 1864.

WILLIAM B. HUTCHINSON,

Just before his enlistment, was engaged at his business of house painting, in Beverly, N. J., and came down with the

other loyal sons of that patriotic town, and joined our company on August 9, 1862. He was just eighteen years of age, of fine personal appearance, erect, broad shouldered, neat in dress and person, well educated, and with generous disposition, gentle manners and smiling face, he was soon a favorite with the whole company, and entered into our duties with all the enthusiasm of his boyish nature. He was an adept in the use of the "gloves," a set of which he introduced into the company, and gave us practical lessons in the use and possibilities of those big, soft deceptions, until many of the boys became very proficient in stopping hard blows with their nose or eyes. He was appointed fourth sergeant, and showed great ability in the performance of his duties, being free and social with his men, whilst fully able to command authority and respect. He was always ready for duty, and his courage and bravery was fully proven at Chancellorsville on that thrilling Sunday, May 3, 1863, where he was terribly wounded by a bullet in his right cheek, but by the kind help of his comrades he was brought off the field and given careful attention at the field hospital, and in a few days he was removed to Acquia Creek, and thence to Carver Hospital, in Washington, where he partially recovered, but with permanent paralysis of one side of his face, so that he was unfit for any further field service. He was given light duty in that hospital, where he remained until discharged on April 6, 1865. He soon resumed his old trade of house painting, and now has a shop and store at 1229 Pine street, Philadelphia, and is a good, respectable business man, and a credit to our company.

ERASTUS W. HOWARD

Came from Burlington county, along with the others of the Beverly squad, and joined our company on August 9, 1862. He was a sharp, bright young man, twenty-two years old, and he very soon found out that soldiering was not what he expected, so he began to *soldier*, and his influence in the company was not for good. He often spoke of the many sharp plans and schemes worked by malingerers to fool the doctors

and obtain discharges, and openly boasted of his ability to work some of them successfully, and he seemed to succeed, as he got his discharge at Falmouth on February 25, 1863, for disability. He died in New York in 1880.

WILLIAM P. HAINES

Was born in December, 1840. He lived and worked on his father's farm, near Mickleton, N. J., quietly and happy, until the breaking out of the Rebellion aroused his dormant patriotism, and he made strenuous efforts to go out with the first of the volunteers, but his father, who was a local Quaker preacher, said "No." And William had lived with him long enough to find out that when he said no, that settled it; no use kicking or coaxing. But for eight months he fretted, chafed, watched and read of the success or failure of our armies, and longed for the freedom of that twenty-first birthday. And at the call for three hundred thousand more, he was one of the first to sign the roll, and was mustered with that first squad at Woodbury on July 29, 1862, for three years, or during the war.

He was of light complexion and slender build, rather inclined to be dyspeptic, but entered into the life and duties of a soldier with all the abandon and keen enjoyment of a boy just free from school. He had been kept so close at home, and seen or knew so little of the world, that what to others seemed military restraint, to him was glorious freedom. The camp life at Woodbury was a glorious picnic; at Ellicott's Mills, an iridescent vision; at Falmouth, a happy dream. The experiences of that first battle were clear beyond the farthest flights of boyish fancy, and that three months' stay in the hospital at Wilmington, Del., caused by a Chancellorsville wound, was one long sweet rest, and to get back in the field with the company once more, was like a release from jail. He was detailed as pioneer for several months, but was back in the ranks all through that great Wilderness campaign. He was slightly wounded on May 6th, and more seriously at Spottsylvania on May 12th, but after a few days in the field hospital, he was back in the ranks, and engaged in every battle and skirmish

clear down to Appomattox, where he whooped and yelled with the crazy ones.

He was never sick a day, never missed a meal if there was anything to eat, and was good at foraging. He was discharged with the company at Trenton on June 12, 1865, and after a few months' stay at home, drifted out to the lumber regions of Wisconsin and Minnesota, where he spent ten happy years, then settled down at Mickleton, N. J., to work at carpentering as his own boss, cook and housekeeper. Captain E. L. Stratton said he was the worst boy in the company. "The good die young."

SAMUEL IREDELL.

Was a very exemplary young man, who had been working for twenty-two years on a farm near Mullica Hill. He was small of stature, with rugged health, and the bright, rosy hue of his cheeks extended into his hair. He was a quick, earnest talker and worker, full of patriotism; indeed he seemed to have the patriotism of the whole family, as out of the five brothers Sam was the only soldier, and he faithfully maintained the honor of the flock. He joined our little band of patriots August 11, 1862, and experienced the usual trouble in the fit of his blue clothes. He was of a quiet, happy disposition, accepting things just as they came, glad they were no worse; he never used his voice to growl about drill or rations, or to swell the "butter fund," but saved it for singing, and on many a night during those three years of service, our hearts were soothed and sorrows lightened by his sweet musical rendering of "The Farmer's Boy" and "Who Will Care for Mother Now." He was the first man in the company to feel a rebel bullet; one of them took off a finger and boxed his ear, causing Sam to ask "Who struck me?" This was right early Sunday morning at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863, compelling his retreat to the field hospital, where his wounds were dressed, then to Washington, and Wilmington, Del., where he spent several months, but returned to the company in time to participate in all that terrible Wilderness cam-

paign. He was struck on top of his head by a spent ball at Cold Harbor, whilst going to the rear for rations, but he soon revived, without leaving the company. He passed safely through that long siege of Petersburg, and was there to help whoop and yell, when Lee surrendered at Appomattox. He was discharged with the company at Trenton, June 12, 1865, and now lives at Mullica Hill, and works as farmer, carpenter and handy man.

GEORGE H. JENNINGS

Was a farmer boy from the neighborhood of Stringtown, N. J., not quite eighteen years of age, when he joined our company at Woodbury, on August 4, 1862. Of medium height, dark hair and complexion, with sharp, black eyes and happy disposition, he took up the new duties of a soldier with cheerful earnestness, enjoyed our sports and pastimes, and did his full share of duty on picket, guard and drill. He faithfully held his place in the company, excepting some few short visits to the hospitals; took part in nearly all our engagements and escaped serious wounds, though his clothing was pierced by bullets. He contracted rheumatism towards the close of the war, and was often lame and suffering from contact with the damp ground; and ever since he has been a great sufferer from this same cause. He was a good forager and a good farmer; he knew how to milk a cow, dig potatoes, or raise poultry. He now lives at Wenonah, N. J., and has a wonderful memory; he can tell day and date of almost any event in our military life, and we often rely on him for a settlement of some disputed points of camp, march or battle.

ALFRED JONES

Was a farmer boy from near Bridgeport, N. J., and entered our company on August 11, 1862. He was twenty-three years of age, of fine personal appearance, with long, flowing whiskers, of which he was justly proud. He was appointed corporal on June 11, 1863; was very slightly wounded at Gettysburg; taken

1871
The first of the year was a very dry one, and the crops were much injured. The weather was very hot, and the crops were much injured. The weather was very hot, and the crops were much injured. The weather was very hot, and the crops were much injured.

The second of the year was a very wet one, and the crops were much injured. The weather was very cold, and the crops were much injured. The weather was very cold, and the crops were much injured. The weather was very cold, and the crops were much injured.

The third of the year was a very dry one, and the crops were much injured. The weather was very hot, and the crops were much injured. The weather was very hot, and the crops were much injured. The weather was very hot, and the crops were much injured.

sick on the return march, and left the company at Warrenton. Returned to duty at Turkey Run, but was soon again in the hospital, and was discharged for disability, January 25, 1864. He was living in Camden for many years, successful as a traveling salesman, when he came to a sudden death by falling overboard from a pleasure yacht in Barnegat Bay, in October, 1889, and now lies buried in the cemetery at Bridgeport, N. J.

JOSEPH JONES

Was a very exemplary young man, working on his father's farm near Mullica Hill; happy, bright, industrious, the pride of his parents and teachers, the welcome visitor and school-mate of his associates and friends, just entering his eighteenth year, with bright prospects before him of a peaceful, happy farmer's life. But the blast of the bugle called men to the strife and his name was soon on the rolls of Company F. Enlisting August 7, 1862, he proudly took his place in the ranks and did his duty promptly and faithfully.

He was severely wounded at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863, but after a few weeks in the hospital he resumed his place in the company. In a short time a severe attack of camp-fever sent him again to the hospital, and rejoined the company just in time to participate in that fateful battle of Cold Harbor, June 4, 1864. After the charge, whilst we were stubbornly holding that exposed position, some of the boys were trying to cut a log from a fallen tree to roll up in front and give a slight protection from the bullets; Comrade Jones, always ready for his share of danger, jumped on the tree, raised the axe for a stroke and fell forward shot through the body by a rebel sharp-shooter.

He was carried to the field hospital, given kindly treatment, then sent back to Washington, where he died June 13, 1864, leaving a sad vacancy in family and company, and a record of a good, faithful soldier, who died for his country.

JOHN C. JACKSON

Was a farmer boy, who lived near Jefferson, and, like many others, he caught the patriotic fever, and joined our little band on August 11, 1862. He was twenty years old, and very quiet and retiring in disposition, so that it was hard to make his acquaintance, and his poor health prevented his enjoyment of soldier life, though he did faithful service for many months. He then was sent to the hospitals in different places, until finally he reached Philadelphia, where he died in the Satterlee Hospital, February 1, 1864.

WILLIAM H. JOHNSON,

At the time of enlistment, was working on a farm in the neighborhood of Barnsboro, and succeeded in getting a place in our company July 31, 1862. He was nineteen years old, and of a quiet disposition; not much inclined to be friendly, nor did he take much part in our amusements or conversation. He was often sick enough to attend at the morning sick-call, but continued in the ranks until a few weeks before the battle of Chancellorsville, when he was sent off to the corps hospital, but returned in time for the battle of Gettysburg. Just at the start of that famous charge on the Bliss Barn he was shot through the body, ran a few steps and fell behind a fence, where he laid until our return, forty minutes later, when he was carried back, but died before night. His body now lies in the New Jersey section of the Gettysburg National Cemetery.

DAVID W. KEEN.

The official records show that he was born near Swedsboro, and was working on a farm in that neighborhood when he joined our company on August 11, 1862, being at the time twenty-six years old, and nearly six feet in height. He was enlisted as a wagoner, but as we had no wagons he served in the ranks until we reached Washington, about December 11, 1862, where he left the company and took possession of a very fine team of young mules, and was always after that a con-

spicuous figure in our trains, and being a mule driver he was released from the payment of any dues in the "butter fund." He was generous and kind hearted, and assisted his weary comrades at every opportunity, but the dangerous character of his duties—and mules—gave him a serious look, that was seldom broken by a smile. He fortunately escaped without fatal injuries, but none of us wanted to trade places with him; we preferred the uncertainty of the bullets as against the certainty of a mule's heels. He was discharged with the company at the close of the war, and is now living at Norristown, Pa.

ISAAC P. KNISELL

Came from Harrisonville, where his father kept an oyster saloon and was a famous auctioneer. Isaac was twenty-one years old when he joined our company August 12, 1862, and did faithful service in the ranks for several months, until one cold, stormy night on picket at Falmouth, he took a heavy cold, which soon developed camp-fever, with great debility and almost total loss of voice, so that he was sent back to Washington, and discharged March 9, 1863, and after many months of suffering and careful nursing he recovered health and voice. He is now living in Woodbury, following the business of his father before him; a good auctioneer, and his oyster shop is noted for the excellence of its stews, and the crisp, dainty pies of his good wife.

LOUIS KELLOGG

Was a green German farm hand working for Job Hendrickson, near Mickleton, N. J., when the thought of bigger wages, mingled with some patriotism and much persuasion, caused him to enlist in our company on August 5, 1862. He was a short, stocky Dutchman, twenty-four years old; had been in this country but a few months, speech broken, movements slow and stolid, so that he had much difficulty in learning the drills and getting fittable clothes. He was a very thrifty, frugal man, who allowed nothing to go to waste, and in our

winter camp at Falmouth he developed a great talent for cooking. From the bones and scraps of meat, gathered up around where the cattle were slaughtered, he would compound some most wonderful stews, which he sold to the other less shifty Germans by the quart: "twenty-five cents mit spec, or twenty cents mitout spec." He carried the largest knapsack in the company, and always seemed to know of the prospects for a march or battle; and whilst others were lightening their loads by throwing away heavy boots and extra clothing, Louie was gathering them up, trudging along with a pack like a Jew peddler. If he happened to get so far behind as to altogether miss the excitement of a battle (which often happened), he was sure to come up next day; and if any of the boys were short of blankets, clothing or beef stews, he would supply them for the ready cash. At one time after a battle, on being told of the death of a comrade, he replied: "I'm real sorry, for he owed me fifty cents for stews, and now I'll lose it." He was suspiciously wounded at Spottsylvania, May 18, 1864; transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps September 30, 1864, and discharged at the close of the war. Lived near Harrisonville, N. J., until 1887, when he removed to the far West, and is now reported dead.

CHARLES D. LIPPINCOTT

Was amongst the first to sign the roll of Company F, and was mustered in with that first squad at Woodbury, July 29, 1862, and was immediately appointed third sergeant. He was twenty-one years old, of magnificent physical development, straight, broad-shouldered, strong in limbs, mind and body, he seemed to realize the seriousness and importance of the work before him and immediately took up the study of drill and tactics, and in a few weeks he could drill a squad or platoon equal to any old regular. He was of genial, social disposition and enjoyed the love and respect of his comrades, and his bravery and courage were of the highest order. He had that rare faculty of controlling his feelings, so as to appear calm and unruffled in the midst of the wildest scenes of danger and

excitement, and this ability to command soon led to his promotion as sergeant major of the regiment, then First Lieutenant of Company F, November 26, 1863, and Captain of Company B, September 13, 1864. He participated in nearly all our battles, and seldom failed to get a wound; indeed, this seemed to be the one great military lesson that he never could learn; he always dodged the wrong way, and thus got more wounds than any other man in the company. He was slightly wounded at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863, again at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863, once more in the Wilderness, May 6, 1864, and much more seriously at Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864, where his cheek-bone collided with one bullet and his arm with another, and this combination sent him on his first visit to the hospital; but he was soon back in his place and got his regular bullet through his coat at Boyden Road. He came back with the last of the regiment at the close of the war and was discharged at Trenton, July 15, 1865. Came home and married his best girl, and is now a successful merchant and storekeeper at Swedesboro, N. J., and draws no pension.

WILLIAM LAKES

Was living on the Mullica Hill road, near our old camp ground at Woodbury, and enlisted with the first squad on July 29, 1862. He was a laboring man, thirty-five years old, of a quiet, retiring disposition, with but little desire for conversation or amusements, but gave strict attention to drill and duty, and faithfully performed his share of guard or picket. His health interfered with his enjoyment of camp life, and he grew pale and thin, until at last camp fever compelled his retirement to the hospital at Falmouth, where he died on February 13, 1863. We took the "dead march" with him, and sadly laid him to rest in our little grave yard over the run, but his body was removed after the war, and now lies in the National Cemetery at Fredericksburg.

WILLIAM MONCRIEF,

Just previous to enlistment, was working on a farm near Har-

risonville, happy and contented, little dreaming that the call for more men was meant for him, until he saw his young friends and associates, one after another, taking their places in our ranks at Woodbury. Then his patriotic duty rose up clearly before him, and he was mustered into the company on August 5, 1862. He was just eighteen years old, of fair complexion, and neat personal appearance, and he seemed to enjoy our camp life. He proved his fitness for a soldier's duties by growling at the orderly sergeant and cook, and by making generous contributions to the "butter fund." One of his lady friends, named Rebecca, made a call on him at our Woodbury camp, and from that time on his name was "Beckey." He was a good soldier; was slightly wounded at Gettysburg on July 3, 1863, and again at Hatcher's Run on March 25, 1865. He came home with the regiment, and for many years worked at Glassboro, but is now a glass packer at Bridgeton, N. J.

JOHN MAY

Enlisted early, and was mustered in with the first squad at Woodbury on July 29, 1862. He was brought up on the Gardner farm, near Mullica Hill, but at this time was working for John F. Meley. He was twenty-three years old, and enjoyed the proud distinction of being the shortest man in the company (five feet, three inches). He never had to quarrel with the comrades for crowding him out of place, he simply waited until the rest fell into their places, then he took what was *left*—left of the company. He was a strong, well-built man, who carried a full-grown knapsack, and never fell out on the march. He was never wounded, and but seldom sick, until that last winter at Petersburg, where he contracted rheumatism, and was detailed for hospital duty. At the close of the war he got married and lived in Swedesboro, N. J., for several years, then moved to Germantown, Pa., where he died in 1891.

JOHN F. MELEY

Enlisted August 11, 1862. He was thirty years old, and living on a farm near Mullica Hill, when, stricken by the war

fever, he promptly decided to leave the farm, a loving wife and three small children, happy home and kind friends, to help maintain our national honor. He was a quiet, conscientious man, of an age to not take much part in the rough, athletic sports of the company, but gave careful obedience to orders and strict attention to duty. Was soon detailed as a musician, and in most of our battles was of great service in ministering to the wants and wounds of the boys in the hospitals; often assisting in carrying them from the field of battle, particularly at Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Wilderness and Cold Harbor, where the wounded of Company F were the subjects of his soothing ministrations and gentle care. The band was broken up at Petersburg, and John returned to the ranks to take his share of skirmish and picket in the trenches. He took part in the battles of Hatcher's Run and Boyden Road, after which he was detailed to assist the commissary in the issue of rations for the regiment, where he remained till the close of the war. He was sick and off duty but three days, never wounded, and faithfully performed every duty in his assigned position; was never in the guard-house, and his influence in the company was good, for he kept his religion with him all the time, and never contributed to the "butter fund." Was discharged with the regiment at Trenton, and now lives at Swedesboro; is prominent in politics, church, the Grand Army of the Republic, and an earnest advocate of Cuban liber.

GEORGE MELEY

Was a fine specimen of patriotic young American manhood, who, for twenty-one years, had tickled the bosom of mother earth with a plow, and the back of a horse with a switch. At the time of enlistment he was working as a wheelwright, at Swedesboro, N. J., and had a happy home, with every needed comfort and luxury; kind friends, best girl, and all that makes life happy, yet he was not satisfied. Like young Norval, "he had heard of battles;" and when father Abraham spoke of wanting "three hundred thousand more," George knew where he could get them—all but two hundred and ninety-

nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine. He enlisted at Woodbury August 11, 1862, but was not entirely satisfied with the fit of his new clothes; nevertheless, he entered on his new duties with patriotic zeal, and earnestly strived to master the intricate mysteries of drill and camp guard. Of a happy disposition, he easily made friends in the company. He performed his duties with ability, accepted his share of the dangers—and rations, and proved his courage at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863, where he was badly wounded while trying to help another wounded comrade (James L. Plummer) off the field. As he could not walk, he was compelled to lie on the ground while the rebel line passed over him, driving our men back to the edge of the woods, where they in turn were repulsed and driven back; so that George was again inside the Union lines, after an experience of nearly two hours as a prisoner of war. He was carried back to the field hospital, where his wound was dressed, and then sent to Washington, where, after suffering many months, he partially recovered, and was transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps, in December, 1864. Did faithful service in the forts and defences of Washington through those exciting times that followed the murder of President Lincoln, and was one of the guards at the navy yard, when Mrs. Surratt and the other conspirators were hung for that fearful crime. He was discharged at the close of the war, and now lives in Swedesboro, N. J. He still retains his love for a fine horse, but seldom uses a plow.

CHARLES M'ILVAINE,

At the time of his enlistment, was working on a farm for his father, near Wolfert's Station, and though but nineteen years old he heeded the patriotic promptings of his heart and left kind parents, happy home and loving friends to join our company August 6, 1862. He was a strong, well-built boy of medium height, and well able to look out for himself and enjoy the freedom and pleasures of our new life.

He was seldom sick and gave good service in all our marches and battles, and escaped without serious wounds, but had his

clothes cut by a bullet at Chancellorsville. He was detailed as a sharp-shooter soon after the battle of Spottsylvania and served in that position until the close of the war. Came home with the company and was discharged June 12, 1865, and is now a farmer at Paulsboro, N. J., and draws no pension, but, like the rest of us, he has hopes.

JOSEPH W. MOORE

Was a farmer boy from Mullica Hill, so fortunate as to secure a place in our company, August 9, 1862. He was twenty-two years old and of fine personal appearance, good health and a bright, sunny disposition that led him to make the best of everything. Instead of growling and fretting at the discomfort and hardships of march or picket, Joe would start his little fire, put up his tent or a brush shelter from the wind and rain; enjoy his hot steaming coffee and pick out two nice soft rails for a bed, smiling and happy through it all, while some of the others were standing around shiftless, wet, hungry, cursing their luck and wondering how it happened that Joe was so fortunate. He escaped without serious wounds, though participating in most of our battles. He was on the skirmish line in the Wilderness, and felt the thrill of that mighty charge at Spottsylvania; he was on picket at North Anna when the army fell back across the river, and was left with a few others in that dangerous position until the crossing was completed. Then was quietly withdrawn, and at a lively double-quick rejoined the regiment, and the pontoon bridge was taken up before the "rebs" knew they were gone. He continued to give faithful service in the ranks at Cold Harbor and Petersburg (though detailed for a short service in the train). He came home with the regiment and resumed his place in business and society at Mullica Hill, where he now sells agricultural machinery, preserves peace and order as constable, and keeps a small store.

JAMES MOSEY

Was working on a farm for Samuel Ashcraft, near Mullica Hill, and joined the company August 11, 1862. He was

twenty-one years old, short and stout of body, with rosy cheeks and hair. He enjoyed our camp-life and took his full share of sports and fun, and in his good-natured way was often heard growling at the cook about rations, or the orderly about his turn on guard, and willingly contributed to the "butter fund." He was severely wounded at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863, but after a few months in the hospital he returned to the company and earnestly strove to advance the cause of temperance by his eloquent willingness to barter his rations for "commissary," thus removing temptation from the path of his weaker comrades, who could not so readily assimilate, without impairing their usefulness as soldiers. He came home with the company at the close of the war, and for many years was working at a sugar refinery in Philadelphia; then as porter at the Lafayette hotel, where he met death by the explosion of a steam pipe in 1889.

B. FRANK MATTSON

Was one of the youngest boys in Company F, having just passed his sixteenth year. He was living with his parents at Swedesboro, and, being large for his age, and his father willing, he succeeded in getting a place in the company. He was mustered in with the first squad at Woodbury on July 29, 1862, and entered into the labors and fun of our new life with all the keen enjoyment of a boy just out of school. He was well suited with our camp life at Woodbury and Ellicott's Mills, and endured that trying march through Maryland. He took his turn on guard or picket at Falmouth, and shrank from those shells on the plank road at Chancellorsville. He was in his pew when the services began in the woods on that fateful Sunday, May 3, 1863, where he received a wound in the hand and another in the side, at almost the same time. He was taken first to the field hospital, then to Washington, and from there to Wilmington, Del., where he spent several months. He was transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps on December 16, 1863, and was discharged on July 29, 1865. He was clerk in the store at Ewansville for many years, but now lives

in Woodbury, with his health much broken by a stroke of paralysis received two years ago.

LOUIS MUTA

Was from the old country, and worked on a farm near Glassboro, N. J. He was mustered into the company at Woodbury on August 11, 1862. He was eighteen years old, short of stature, with happy disposition and smiling face, that soon made him at home in the company. He carried that big knapsack, and never straggled, through all our marches and hardships, until that winter at Stony Mountain, when his usual rugged health began to fail under the influence of a heavy cold, which became chronic. He was sent to the hospital, and from there transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps on March 31, 1864, and discharged at Trenton on June 24, 1865. For several years he was a farm laborer near Glassboro, N. J., but in 1895 he was working as a mason's clerk at Torresdale, Pa.

ADAM MARSHALL

Was working on a farm near Glassboro, when caught by the patriotic excitement of the times. He began his career as a soldier by joining our company on August 9, 1862. He was a large stout young man, just entering his twentieth year, with perfect health and bright prospects in life. He was not very sociable in disposition, and did not care to make friends outside of his own tent. He was a good soldier, prompt and faithful in every duty, and gave willing service in the ranks until caught in that fearful holocaust at Chancellorsville on May 3, 1863, where he was terribly wounded by a bullet, which passed through his chin and neck, so close to the large vein, that suppuration caused him to bleed to death at Carver Hospital, in Washington, on June 10, 1863, and his body now rests in the Military Asylum Cemetery, Washington, D. C.

CHARLES MILLER

Was another one of those patriotic Germans who left his fam-

ily, and all the comforts and endearments of home, to fight for the flag and country of his adoption. He was thirty-three years old, and lived on a small farm near Swedesboro, N. J. Joined our company on August 4, 1862; was a good soldier, easy to control, and attentive to duty. His health not being very good, interfered with his enjoyment, often causing his retirement to the hospital for a few days. Yet he did his duties uncomplainingly and bravely, escaping all serious mishaps until that sharp little skirmish at Bristoe Station, October 14, 1863, when he was instantly killed by a bullet that passed through his body very near the heart. He was hastily buried by two of his comrades right where he fell; the darkness and hasty retreat gave no time to mark the grave, and his final resting place is unknown.

WILLIAM S. MOORE

Was a farmer boy from near Mullica Hill, and joined the company August 22, 1862. He was only eighteen years old, but large and fully developed, so that he appeared much older. He came as the only representative of the loyalty and patriotism of a family of six stalwart sons; and earnestly and faithfully did he strive to maintain the honor and credit of this great responsibility. Was staid and dignified in manner, and positive in his convictions, which often led to friendly disputes, but which did not hinder him from enjoying the love and respect of his comrades. He took his full share of pleasures or hardships until that terrible Sunday morning at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863, where he was instantly killed, after the shortest term of service of any man in the company; as he was the last man to enlist, and almost the first to fall. A soldier, brave and true.

CHARLES T. NORRIS

Was the son of a Methodist minister stationed at Mantua, N. J., and was mustered into our company August 4, 1862, as a musician, or drummer boy; thereby filling a long-felt want, as

how could we be soldiers without the rat-tat-tat of the drum to keep us in step, recall us from drill, tell us when to go for dinner or quinine, and wake us up, oh, so gently, in the morning for roll-call! Our dear little drummer boy, "Charlie," was only twenty-two years old, six feet high, sharp and angular in appearance, with an impediment in his speech that impaired his conversation but did not affect his drum, which he faithfully pounded with almost unceasing regularity, night and day, for three long years, and still led the procession when we were mustered out at Trenton, June 12, 1865. He secured a position on the police force in Philadelphia, which he held for many years; then served as a private watchman, until his death in Philadelphia, in June, 1895.

JOSEPH PIERSON

Was born near Swedesboro, N. J., in 1842, and got his education by working on his father's farm in summer and attending the country schools in winter. He early manifested an interest in military matters, and soon after the war broke out held a commission as Lieutenant of the Gloucester County Home Guards, and about the time of organizing Company F he was working for Ira Gibson at his nurseries near Mullica Hill. He assisted in the preliminary meetings, but did not join in the general scramble for position, but quietly enlisted as a private; then labored faithfully to induce others to join, whilst his uncle, Senator John Pierson, made a flying trip to Trenton, got the ear of Governor Parker, and returned with a commission duly signed for Joseph Pierson, Second Lieutenant of Company F, much to the gratification of the company, who feared this position would go to another. Joseph was a quiet, modest youth, with a gentle, unassuming manner, without fuss or style, and calmly entered on his duties of helping to break in a lot of rough, careless farmer boys, self-willed and used to having their own way, and though full of zeal and patriotism, could not see the use of so much drill and discipline. They came for fight, not parade; but Joseph was very patient, soon broke up talking in the ranks, discouraged swear-

ing, and asked, rather than commanded, politeness and good conduct until he won our love and respect, and faithfully performed his duties, clear up to the battle of Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863, where the rebels struck us with that terrible flanking fire, when almost the first man to fall was Lieutenant Pierson, instantly killed whilst firing his revolver at the advancing rebels, who pushed us back so quickly that his body was left where he fell, and now undoubtedly fills one of those unknown graves in the National Cemetery at Fredericksburg. He was in command of the company for several weeks at Camp Fal-mouth, while both of the senior officers were on sick-leave, and he filled the position with marked ability.

JAMES L. PLUMMER

Was a quick, bright young man, eighteen years old, living at Swedesboro, where his father was a noted hotel keeper, so patriotic as to be willing for his loved son to go with the others from that town, and his name stands near the head on the original roll. He was mustered in with the first squad at Woodbury, July 29, 1862, with the rank of corporal, but he never seemed to enjoy his military life. The food and clothing were rougher and coarser than what he was accustomed to, and the restraint and discipline, more rigid than at his father's house, seemed to chafe him, but did not prevent his doing good service in the quartermaster's department, where he spent several weeks, and as he grew more reconciled to his surroundings he did faithful service in drill or picket, in camp or march, until that awful Sunday at Chancellorsville, where he was severely wounded, and in the excitement of the battle was lost sight of entirely. His record is therefore closed by that trying word, *missing*.

WILLIAM H. PARK,

At the time of enlistment, was working in the grist mill at Mullica Hill. He was twenty years old, and so full of patriotism that he eagerly left that white position and enrolled himself

in our company on August 9, 1862. He was a sharp, bright young man, very ambitious, and much given to reading and the study of drill and tactics. At Ellicott's Mills he was very sick with yellow jaundice for several weeks, but recovered and gave faithful service in the company, until badly hurt at the stone wall at Gettysburg on July 3, 1863. After recovery he returned to duty, and through the influence of his friends secured a commission as First Lieutenant of Company F, One Hundred and Fifteenth Regiment United States Colored Troops, and was discharged from our company on December 1, 1864. He entered into his new field of duty with so much zeal and earnestness, that he was promoted to Captain of Company E, same regiment, and served in the Army of the James until after the fall of Petersburg and Richmond. Then he went with the regiment to Texas, and remained in the border service until discharged on February 11, 1866. He returned home and engaged in farming for a few years, then as clerk and book-keeper in the lumber yard at Mantua, N. J., but is at present living in Hazelton, Pa., where he keeps a millinery and trimming store.

WILLIAM PRESS

Was a workingman from Glassboro, who enlisted in our company on August 7, 1862. He was thirty years old, very quiet and reserved in his manners, gave close attention to duties, but did not seem to enjoy very good health, though on duty most of the time until we reached Falmouth. Here he was sent to the regimental hospital, and then to Alexandria, where he was discharged on July 30, 1863. He came back to Glassboro and worked as a packer for several years, and met death by apoplexy in 1878. He is buried in Glassboro Cemetery.

WILLIAM F. PIERSON,

At the time of enlistment, was working on a farm near Swedesboro, and was a strong and earnest worker in the early formation of Company F, being one of the first batch of green young

volunteers, who were ready for examination and muster on July 29, 1862. He was twenty years of age with a strong, healthy body, and positive temperament; inclined to be aggressive, so that he was not particularly well liked in the company. He was appointed second sergeant, immediately, and when Orderly Williams got his promotion on December 11, 1862, Pierson was advanced to that position, which he held until at Chancellorsville, where he was slightly wounded in the knee with a buckshot, and landed in Carver Hospital, where he freely expressed his chagrin at not getting a commission to take the vacant place of Joseph Pierson. He stoutly affirmed his intention of never returning to the company, and he never did, but was transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps on April 1, 1865, and discharged in June, 1865. His career after this was not very creditable, and he landed in the Soldiers' Home at Newark, N. J., but was dismissed for indiscretions, and soon admitted to the Home at Hampton, Va., where he yet remains.

JAMES K. RUSSELL

Was a farm hand, working about Clarksboro, N. J., and joined the company July 31, 1862. He was thirty-five years old, of large, angular body, quiet disposition, and not very good health, which prevented his enjoyment of our life and duties, though he gave his best efforts, until badly wounded at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863, while assisting his brother-in-law, William H. Johnson (mortally wounded in the charge on Bliss barn) from that dangerous field. After some months in the hospital he returned to duty, and was discharged with the company at the close of the war. Worked around Clarksboro for a year or more; then moved to Gloucester, where he worked at day's work until about 1870, when all trace of him seems to have been lost; and the report that he had died in Philadelphia a few months later seems to have been correct.

EDWARD L. STRATTON

Was a clerk and general manager of his father's store at Mullica Hill, N. J., for several years previous to the war. He

had a fondness for military duty, and some little experience as lieutenant of the Home Guards. His father, Hon. Nathan T. Stratton, was a man of great force of character and ability, who had just completed his term in the House of Congress, and having a strong influence with State authorities he either started the movement, or at least strongly assisted in the formation of our company, under the call for "300,000 more," and at one of the preliminary meetings Edward L. Stratton was unanimously elected captain, and entered into the duties of that trying position with all the vigor and earnestness of his patriotic nature, and he quickly gathered about him those staunch young patriots, most all of them fresh from the field and truck patch, accustomed to think for themselves, to argue, dispute, talk back and stop to rest when tired; and the task of making soldiers out of this raw clay now confronted our captain with all its complications. He was very patient, overlooking our many mistakes and faults until order and discipline displaced confusion. One great source of trouble was the advent of a foreign officer, who gained admission to our company on the good name of his father, and proved to be a worthless upstart, totally incompetent to command even himself, which was soon seen by the boys, and aroused a spirit of contempt and insubordination which was very hard for our captain to eliminate, as he must support this officer, and thus arrayed himself against the men, and being a very religious man, he used every effort to bring the company up to a Sunday-school standard. He imposed a ten-cent fine for swearing, known as the "butter fund," and the proceeds kept the company supplied with butter. He issued an edict against card-playing, which the boys fully and faithfully observed in his presence, but conscientiously broke at all other times.

But even in the face of all this friction he maintained good authority, and brought his company up to a high standard of drill and efficiency, and won the love and respect of his men by his patience and thoughtful care, and proved his courage at Chancellorsville, where he was so badly wounded in the leg as to require amputation at the knee, and after months of terrible suffering and tender nursing he recovered and accepted a

commission in the Veteran Reserve Corps, where he did faithful service until the close of the war, when he returned to his store, and has since held many positions of trust—lay judge, postmaster, accountant, and is a conspicuous figure in reunions and on Memorial Day. He has the warm love and affection of his friends and comrades.

JAMES SHERWIN STRATTON

Was the fourth and youngest child of Nathan T. and Sarah M. Stratton, born at Mullica Hill, N. J., on the 11th day of December, 1843. At intervals, while his father was in Congress, from 1850 to 1854, he was at Washington and allowed the freedom of the floor, almost equal with the pages, and was thus afforded an opportunity of gaining a great deal of information as to public affairs and parliamentary proceedings, which stood him in great favor in the debating societies later on. Books were his delight. He passed through the various branches as taught in our common schools. Was a very prominent member in the Literary and Debating Society of the town, and on September 4, 1861, he entered the West Jersey Academy, at Bridgeton, N. J., as a pupil, where he advanced rapidly in all his studies, and was looking anxiously forward to the time when he would enter Princeton College. His letters and essays while at the academy teemed with patriotism, and the tide kept rising, so that, actuated by a sense of duty and patriotism, he left all the endearments of home, gave up the opportunity of a classical education, to take the position of a soldier; enlisted in Company F, Twelfth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, August 14, 1862, then organizing at Woodbury, N. J., being then eighteen years and eight months of age. He was a young man of great promise, possessing an amiable, gentle and forgiving disposition, with a stern determination to uphold truth and the right. He was appointed fifth sergeant and made commissary of the company. The exposure and trials of camp life told upon many of our youths, among them being James, who contracted a cold at Ellicott's Mills that laid him off duty for several days; and when the

regiment left Washington to join the Army of the Potomac, James, with the other sick, were left in the hospital. The doctors wanted to give him his discharge, but this James opposed, and shortly after joined his company, December 28, 1862.

He was with his company in action at Chancellorsville on May 3rd, 1863, and accompanied his captain (brother) from the Brick House Hospital to Potomac Creek Hospital, and then re-joining his company, was promoted to Second Lieutenant of Company F, on June 3, 1863, *vice* Lieutenant Joseph Pierson, killed at Chancellorsville. He was with his command on the chase after Lee to Pennsylvania, and upon arrival at the Potomac, on June 26th, he took the benefit of a five days' leave, from the War Department, to visit his brother (captain), who was lying critically ill in Washington. The leave was extended ten days, and then he rejoined his command at Falling Waters, on July 14, 1863, and continued with it until January 21, 1864, when he was sent to New Jersey on recruiting service until May 10, 1864—ten days at Newton, Sussex county, and the remaining period at Trenton. He then proceeded to rejoin his regiment by way of Camp Distribution, and was attached to the Sixth Provisional Brigade. After many days of hard marching, some privations and dangers, he rejoined his regiment on June 6, 1864, at Cold Harbor, Va. He was promoted First Lieutenant Company K on February 4, 1864, and mustered as such on June 11, 1864.

He participated with credit to himself and company in all the marches and skirmishes of that long and trying siege of Petersburg, up to the action at Reams Station on August 25, 1864, where he fell as a soldier, in the front rank, bravely leading his men, and was hastily buried on the field by his comrades of Company F. His father and brother obtained permission of the War Department, and visited General Grant at City Point in September, 1864, with the hope of securing his remains, but had to return without them, as the ground was held by the enemy; but in the following summer (1865, and the war over) they again went down in company with Lieutenant James White, (who was present at the hasty burial

one year before) and found the grave and body just as we left it, and with the remains fully identified, by marks and clothing, returned home. The funeral was largely attended by sympathetic friends and comrades, who tenderly bore him to a soldier's grave, beside his loved mother, in the Baptist Church yard at Mullica Hill. Farewell, dutiful son! Farewell, brother; loyal friend, and brave soldier! May you rest in peace, and rise again to receive a Christian's reward in the arms of a Heavenly Father!

"We tell thy doom with many tears,
How rose thy morning sun,
How quickly, too, alas! it set.
Thou noble warrior, work is done."

"There's a battle to-day and perchance I may happen to fall.
If I'm not at the call of the roll, you may say
A good-bye to the boys in my name, for I may
Have said 'aye' to an angel's call!"

The love and estimation he bore in the regiment was shown by the many letters of condolence and sympathy received by his father, one of which, expressing the general feeling, is given here.

PETERSBURG, VA., August 26, 1864.

Hon. N. F. Stratton:

DEAR SIR:—The mournful duty has fallen to me to inform you of the death of your son, Lieutenant James S. Stratton, of my regiment. He fell in action yesterday, 25th inst., while gallantly leading his company against the enemy. Our corps, which had pushed out to Reams Station, on the line of the Weldon Railroad, for the purpose of more effectually destroying the track, was attacked about 3 p. m. by the enemy in force. In the action which followed, and during a successful charge made by the regiment to retake some works in which the enemy had gained a foothold, Lieutenant Stratton was hit in the right side of the head by a ball that passed down into his body. He fell within a few yards of the works. Private Amos S. Burt, of his company, who carried him a little way to the rear, out of the thickest of the fight, tells me that he was insensible from the first and died in a few minutes. He pointed out to me where the body lay, and upon my sending word, Lieutenant C. D. Lip-pincott and other friends buried him on the field. His grave is about one hundred and fifty yards northeast of the church, still standing at Reams Station, on the right of the road leading to the Jerusalem plank road

which runs to Petersburg. The action did not close till after dark, and there was no way of transferring his body during that hasty night march of nine miles to our lines. Lieutenant Stratton was esteemed throughout the regiment as an efficient, conscientious and accomplished officer. His gentle, courteous disposition, with thorough knowledge of his duties, made him a favorite in his company, and his loss will be greatly felt in the whole regiment. The example of loyalty, of bravery, of an intelligent and dignified manhood which he has left will not be forgotten.

Sympathizing with you in this sad bereavement,

I remain very truly your friend,

WILLIAM E. POTTER,

Captain Twelfth Regiment, New Jersey.

EMANUEL STRATTON, JR.,

Who was the eldest of the famous Stratton quartette, enlisted from his home in Swedesboro, August 11, 1862. His three brothers had joined the company two weeks previously, and, not wishing to spoil the patriotic record of the family, he cast his lot in with the others. Being the tallest man in the company he took the right of the line, and gave faithful service under all circumstances, until caught in that whirlwind of death at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863, when a bullet entered his shoulder, passing down near his spine, paralyzing him, and causing intense suffering for many months. He was discharged March 14, 1864, and was a policeman and night watchman in Philadelphia (where he now resides) for many years. He draws a small pension, which is poor compensation for that terrible wound, from which he has never recovered.

WILLIAM H. H. STRATTON

Was the second eldest brother in that famous Stratton quartette, and enlisted with the others in that first squad at Woodbury, July 29, 1862. He was twenty-six years old, of medium height, rugged health, and most intensely patriotic. Had just left a happy home, with a loving wife and two dear little children, and the thoughts of these seemed to fill his mind at all times. Gave a serious earnestness to his conversation and duty, and his Bible and hymn-book were his joy and consol-

tion. Was prompt and faithful in the discharge of his duties, and very careful of the feelings of others. Was always ready for his turn on guard or picket, or his share of danger or duty. He yielded up his life in that famous charge on the Bliss Barn at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863, leaving a sad vacancy in both company and family.

AZARIAH STRATTON

Came from Swedesboro, and was an earnest worker in the preliminary meetings and early formation of our company. He was one of the first to enroll his name in Company F, and one of the last to get a discharge. Was mustered in July 29, 1862, and discharged July 15, 1865, after a longer term of service in the company than any other man. Was never sick, never wounded enough to be off duty, though his clothing was pierced by bullets many times; never away from the company, participated in every battle and skirmish of the company, never missing drill, roll or mess; filled every office in the company, from private to captain, without making an enemy, and came home with the love and respect of every man who ever served with, or under him. He had that peculiarly bright, cheerful disposition that enabled him to make the best of all circumstances; to always see the bright and humorous side of everything, and to impart this genial cheerfulness to all around him. As orderly sergeant, he could call the roll, make a detail for police or picket, and give orders for drill, with all the haughty sternness of an old regular, whilst the slight twitching of his mouth, and the twinkle of his eye, spoke sorrow and sympathy for you, yet you *must* do it. He was never a believer in that favorite military axiom, that "familiarity breeds contempt," but associated with the boys after he got his commission with the same freedom and sociability as when he was a private on the sunny side of a tree skirmishing for greybacks; yet he never lost his authority, or ability to preserve order and command respect.

He shared in our joys and sorrows, and never got lost but once (at Falmouth), when the provost brought him back,

amidst our sympathies, for we knew just how it was ourselves. He caught one of his men asleep on picket, right in the presence of the enemy, and never threatened to report him, or even allowed anyone else to know it, for if he had, the penalty was death, and these lines would never have been written. Was a good nurse, very kind and sympathetic to his men in camp or on march, and fully realized the terrible dangers of battle by a steady, lasting, all-day bravery, without rashness. He came home at the close of the war, married his "best girl," and lived at Swedesboro for several years; then bought a small farm at Beesley's Point, and settled down to raising vegetables, chickens and—boys.

May his happy home long continue to dispense its genial hospitality to the ministers and comrades who proudly seek companionship with our old comrade.

CHARLES C. STRATTON

Was the fourth and youngest of the famous Stratton boys, just sixteen years old, living with his parents on the farm at Swedesboro; and it was a sore trial to that fond mother's heart to part with this, her youngest son. But finally amidst prayers and tears her patriotism triumphed over mother love and Charlie was given the parting kiss and blessing, and with his brothers joined our company July 29, 1862. He was of stout, rugged build, with fully developed body, so that he appeared much older than he really was, and his good health and strength enabled him to enjoy our camp-life and stand his full share of duty and hardships until that fateful day at Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864, where in that grand charge, just after crossing their earthworks, he was instantly killed by a bullet passing through his head, and his body was left on the field. That fond mother's heart was so broken that she vainly watched and waited for his return until the day of her death, many years after. Thou grand old Spartan mother, brave and loyal! Was it any wonder that your boys were good soldiers?

ELISHA STEWART

Was born in 1835, and lived and worked on a farm near Alloway's Creek with his father, John Stewart, who was a fine old Quaker gentleman, and trained up his children in plainness of speech, behavior and apparel ; but the feeling of patriotism and love of country was so strong in his heart that he forsook the ways of peace and love, bid adieu to family and friends and enlisted in the company at Woodbury, August 11, 1862. He was a modest, quiet young man and gave strict attention to drill and duty. He was promoted corporal July 20, 1863 ; sergeant, October 31, 1864, and first sergeant February 6, 1865. He took part in all our battles ; his bravery and courage were of the highest order ; he seemed to bear a charmed life and escaped without any serious wounds ; he was seldom sick. He was discharged with the company at the close of the war and returned to his old home, but was soon stricken down with consumption and died February 8, 1867. He is buried in Friends' cemetery, near Hancock's Bridge. He was never known to swear, growl or complain, and was our model soldier.

JACOB K. SHOEMAKER

Was a farmer boy of Mullica Hill when stricken with the war fever, and, along with the others he joined our company August 11, 1862, having just passed his twentieth year. He was a strong, positive man, well liked in the company, but in times of necessity he was often known to use vigorous language, especially when his new soldier clothes did not fit him, or the cook gave us burned bean soup and scorched rice, or some one stepped on his heels in the drill ; then he spoke his mind plainly ; he often contributed to the "butter fund," and his clear, melodious voice singing "The Old Grapevine Swing" or that parody on "Ben Bolt," often cheered our long winter evenings at Camp Falmouth. He took his full share of danger or duty through all our battles and marches to Cold Harbor, June 4, 1864, and just before the charge, whilst the company was lying behind a slight earthwork with the bullets

whistling over our heads, Jake, in a spirit of fun, held up a finger with the remark: "If I could only get one of them to hit this finger, then I might go to the hospital and escape this battle." But a few minutes later in the grand charge, with Jake right up in the front line, he got the bullet through his wrist, and was seen in the company no more, but after months of sufferings in many hospitals he was discharged at Bristol, December 13, 1864, and is now a successful farmer at Eatontown, Monmouth county, N. J., and still retains his plainness of speech and crippled hand.

ISAAC SICKLER

Came from Sicklertown, where he was working on a farm, and enlisted as private in Company F, August 22, 1862, being the ninety-ninth man on the roll. He had been a member of a local brass band and his experience in that line soon caused him to be detailed into the regimental band, after which we knew but little of him in the company, only as we saw him on dress parade or experienced his gentle ministrations at the hospitals, after some unlucky contact with shell or bullet. He continued with the regiment until after Gettysburg, when a slow fever and chronic sent him to the hospital, and on August 22, 1863, he was transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps, and was discharged therefrom October 8, 1864, but immediately re-enlisted in the independent regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, August 13, 1864, for three years, and was discharged at Albany, N. Y., August 20, 1866. He has been living at Clayton, N. J., for the past twenty years, working at his trade as carpenter. He has fairly good health, although somewhat troubled by deafness, caused by those bursting shells at Gettysburg.

ISAAC H. SAUL

Was a farmer, living near Mullica Hill, and entered our company on August 11, 1862. He was older than most of the boys (35), yet still retained his boyishness and love of fun,

the first of these is the fact that the population of the country has increased very rapidly since the year 1800. This is due to a number of causes, the most important of which are the discovery of gold in California, the discovery of oil in Texas, and the discovery of coal in Pennsylvania. These discoveries have led to a rapid increase in the number of people who are engaged in the mining industry, and this has led to a rapid increase in the population of the country.

THE HISTORY OF THE

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though unable to stand the hardships and exposure quite as well as his youthful comrades. He was often called "ground hog," owing to his stiff, brushy hair and beard, and his ability, in times of provocation, to growl at the orderly sergeant about the weather, rations, and his turn to go on guard; all of which was done in fun, although with great show of seriousness, so that he was well liked in the company. He was badly wounded at Chancellorsville on May 3, 1863, by a bullet through his shoulder, and served time in the hospitals at Washington and Wilmington, Del. He returned in time to participate in all that great Wilderness campaign, getting a slight wound at Cold Harbor on one of his sensitive parts, that lacked but little of seriousness. He was discharged with the company in Trenton at the close of the war, and now lives in Glassboro, N. J., where he is employed as farmer, wood-chopper and workingman.

WILLIAM H. STONE,

At the time of enlistment, was working on a farm in the neighborhood of Repaupo, N. J., and joined our company at Woodbury on August 9, 1862. He was twenty-three years old, of strong bodily appearance, happy disposition, good health, and enjoyed our life in camp, march or picket. He was always ready for rations or duty, and passed safely through all our battles and skirmishes, until we reached Elk Run, where he was detailed in the hospital train as driver of ambulance, and in the skirmish at Auburn Mills a shell killed one of his horses and tore off a front wheel, but he replaced both from a nearby house, and escaped unhurt with two wounded men in the ambulance. He held this place until the close of the war. He was discharged with the company at Trenton on June 12, 1865, and resumed his farm duties at Repaupo, but in a few years removed to Philadelphia, where he drove an express wagon. His fate is shown by this letter:

HEADQUARTERS GREBLE POST, NO. 10, G. A. R.,
PHILADELPHIA, Pa., March 2d, 1897.

William P. Haines, Dear Comrade:—In reply to your letter of in-

quiry, just received, regarding William H. Stone, Company F, Twelfth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, will state he was a comrade in good standing in this Post, but I am sorry to have to tell you that he died March 18, 1895, and we gave him a soldier's burial.

Yours in F., C. and L.,

FRANK W. CARPENTER,

Commander of Post No. 10, G. A. R.

Attest :—ALEXANDER GARDINER,

Adjutant.

WARREN H. SOMERS

Was a bright young farmer boy from near Woodstown, just entering his nineteenth year. He was of fine appearance, kindly disposition and rugged health. He joined our company on August 11, 1862, and entered on his soldier duties with a firm resolve to do his full share of the unknown work before us. He stood guard at Woodbury, went on drill at Ellicott's Mills, and on picket at Falmouth, with patriotic regularity ; but when his brother Alfred was taken sick in February, 1863, and sent to the division hospital, Warren incurred the displeasure of the company officers by following him there, but through the kindly intervention of Dr. Satterthwait he remained and tenderly nursed that dear brother until his death on March 13, 1863. This sorrowful event cast a gloom over Warren, and not being permitted to accompany his brother's body home, worry and grief so affected his health, that he was a patient in the same hospital, with the same disease (typhoid fever), in ten days after the death of his brother. He was removed to the hospital at Acquia Creek, and recovered sufficiently to be of great service to the wounded from Chancellorsville. After which he was sent to Washington hospitals, and thence to Convalescent Camp, where he was discharged July 25, 1863.

He is now a farmer at Mantua, N. J., but the ill treatment and sad death of his dear brother in that dreary hospital at Falmouth, has shadowed his whole life, and will even yet bring up the sympathetic tear.

ALFRED J. SOMERS

Lived with his parents on a farm near Harrisonville, and enlisted in our company at Woodbury on August 11, 1862. He was a tall, slender farmer boy, just entering his twenty-first year; of a gentle, loving disposition, and smiling face, he quickly made friends, and entered heartily into our joys and sports. He did his duties cheerfully and stood his turn on guard or picket without complaint. He was well liked in the company, and kept his clothing and accoutrements bright and clean. He took a heavy cold at Falmouth, which soon turned to typhoid fever, and after several days of careful nursing by comrades in his tent, he was removed to the division hospital early in March, where his devoted brother watched and nursed him tenderly until death released him, March 13, 1863. We buried him on the 14th, but his father, Jacob Somers, came down a few days later, and on the 20th the body was exhumed and taken back to Jersey, where the funeral was attended by a vast crowd of neighbors and loving friends, and the body was laid to rest in the Friends' cemetery at Woodstown, N. J.

CHARLES H. SCOTT

Was a shoemaker at Beverly, N. J., who came down with the other patriotic sons from that town, and was mustered into the company August 9, 1862. He was twenty-five years old, of a quiet, retiring disposition, and did not seem to want to make many friends, outside of his own tent. Taken sick at Falmouth, and sent to the hospital. From there he was removed to Philadelphia, where he was discharged for disability October 13, 1863, and died in Camden, N. J., 1894.

ABEL K. SHUTE

Was another one of our fine young farmer boys living near Mullica Hill, who took a very active part in the preliminary meetings and first organization of our company, and was one of that first batch of green recruits ready for muster July 29, 1862. He was twenty-one years old, of fine personal appear-

ance, and very staid and correct in his habits and manners, with a strong religious feeling, that often led him to chide and check the wild exuberance of some of his comrades. Was immediately appointed corporal, performing his duties with conscientious care, and was very particular to do no wrong. Took his turn on duty at Ellicott's Mills and Falmouth, and escaped the dangers at Chancellorsville. Was with the company in that famous charge at Gettysburg, and mortally wounded while crossing an open doorway in the Bliss Barn. He was carried back by some of his comrades, but his sufferings were so intense that they had to stop and give him a rest right in the midst of bullets and bursting shells. Was tenderly cared for at the field hospital, and then removed to Baltimore, where he died July 31, 1863. Another good soldier gone.

LEONARD L. STILES

Was a farmer boy from near Asbury, N. J., and was mustered into the company July 30, 1862. He was twenty-one years old, of medium height, dark complexion, slender build, and not very rugged health. Was friendly and sociable in disposition, and well liked in the company. Seemed to enjoy our camp life and participated in all our amusements and sports. Was seldom sick, and took part in all our hardships and trials, our battles and skirmishes, until that grand charge at Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864. Just after crossing the earthworks, whilst in the very front of the charging column, he was instantly killed by a bullet through his head, and his body was left on the field.

EDWIN F. SWEETEN

Came from near Bridgeport, where he lived and worked on a farm until that call of the President's for three hundred thousand more, when he quickly left farm, home and loving friends, came to our camp at Woodbury, where the doctors pronounced him fit for the service, and became a member of our company August 11, 1862, and took up his board and

lodging in Sibley No. 4, along with the Beverly squad. He was nineteen years old, slim in body, very quiet and reserved in his habits; took but little part in the conversation or sports, and did not seem to have very good health, nor to enjoy our military life. He was often on the sick list, and continued to grow pale and weak, until removed to the hospital at Falmouth, where his (citizen) brother nursed him tenderly until relieved by death, March 8, 1863. His body was then taken back to Jersey, where it lies in the cemetery at Bridgeport.

JOSEPH A. TEST,

At the time of enlistment, was working for Edward Clark on a farm near Mickleton, N. J., and was known as an industrious and well-behaved boy, very trusty and careful with his words and work. He joined our company at Woodbury on the 11th of August, 1862, and his gentle manners and hearty laugh soon made him a favorite with the whole company. He entered into our sports and fun with the boyish earnestness of his twenty years, and gave prompt attention to drill and duty; he stood guard at Woodbury and Ellicott's Mills, and kept in his place on that first long march through Maryland; he went on picket at Falmouth, braved the dangers of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, and through joy and sorrow, sun and rain, he kept that hearty laugh right with him, until May 6, 1864, in the Wilderness, where he was seriously wounded by a bullet in his knee, and was sent from one hospital to another until discharged at Philadelphia, June 10, 1865, and he is now a groceryman at Lancaster, Pa., and draws a small pension.

JOSEPH TOMPKINS

Worked on a farm near Woodbury and was taken into our company August 2, 1862. He was older than most of the boys (thirty years) and entered into his new duties with quiet, thoughtful earnestness, and for many months gave faithful service in the ranks, but his health was not very strong and the severe duties and exposure of our life at Falmouth soon

carried him to our hospital, where he drooped and faded until his life was almost despaired of, but after a time he began to improve, and about the middle of April he was sent to corps hospital, where he remained during the battle at Chancellorsville, but returned to duty at our new camp, and kept his place through that long and dusty march to Gettysburg; passed safely through the great charge on the barn, and was shot in the leg at the wall, just at the repulse of Pickett's charge. He was taken to the hospital at Baltimore, Md., thence to Newark, N. J., and transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps, December 15, 1863, and did service in the defences of Washington until his discharge, June 29, 1865, and now he lives at 350 Sycamore street, Camden, N. J., and gets a small pension.

JOHN TONKIN

Spent his boyhood years on a farm near Mickleton, N. J., where his services were so much appreciated that his father was loathe to part with him, but at last patriotism triumphed and John joined our company at Woodbury, August 11, 1862. He was nineteen years old, of fine personal appearance, rugged health and a genial, sunny disposition that soon made him a favorite with the whole company, where he entered into our sports with school-boy eagerness and gave strict attention to drill and duty. He was promoted to corporal December 13, 1862, and sergeant, February 6, 1865. His bravery and good conduct caused him to be detailed in the color-guard, May 7, 1864, and at Spottsylvania, May 10th, he was severely wounded in the right hand, which caused his retirement to the hospital for a few weeks, but on July 1st he resumed his place in the company, and gave faithful service until that trying day at Reams Station, August 25, 1864, where he was again badly wounded in the right leg and retired to the hospital at Washington, D. C., and Newark, N. J., where he received an eight-day furlough to his home, where he cast his first vote for Lincoln and Johnson. He returned to the company December 1, 1864, and gave faithful service through that long siege of Petersburg, that hot chase after Lee and his

fleet-footed army, and was there to throw up his hat and whoop and yell at Appomattox.

He retained his health and good spirits through all the trying vicissitudes of mud and dust, of rain and sun, of hunger, snow and greybacks, without ever being off duty or missing a meal on account of sickness.

He was discharged with the regiment in Trenton, N. J., at the close of the war and immediately set out to complete his education. He spent two years in school at Concordville and Kennett Square, Pa., after which he taught school for eighteen years in the public schools of Gloucester county. He is now living with his wife and three children on a farm at Aura, N. J., a good citizen and loving father, prominent in church and the Grand Army of the Republic.

MILES S. TURNER

Came from Glassboro, where he was working as an apprentice at tin-smithing, and entered our company on August 5, 1862. He was eighteen years old, with slender body, pale face, and not very good health. He did not take kindly to our camp life, nor display much interest in drill or duties, though he kept with the company until after the battle of Chancellorsville, when he appeared at the hospital (May 4, 1863) with his thumb shot off. He was transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps on September 30, 1863, and discharged on June 29, 1865. He lived at Glassboro a few years, then drifted to the West, where he was frozen to death in the great blizzard of March 12, 1888.

JOHN J. TRIMBLE

Was a sergeant in the Ninety-first Pennsylvania, but through the influence of his father he was discharged to accept a commission as First Lieutenant of Company F. He was wounded in the boot-leg at Gettysburg, and permitted to resign for the good of the service on October 31, 1863. He was a clerk in Chicago in 1892.

JAMES WHITE

Was a quiet, unassuming young man, of fine personal appearance, and good health. His early life was spent upon his father's farm near Mullica Hill, where—

'Midst waving grain and corn-blades' rattle,
He little thought of march or battle;

but in his eighteenth year accepted a position in the store of Stratton Brothers, at Swedesboro, N. J., where he was employed at the time of the organization of our company. He was among the first to sign the roll, and was ready for muster with that first squad at Woodbury on July 29, 1862, with the rank of corporal.

He was of a genial, smiling disposition, and very anxious to do right under all circumstances. He entered on his new duties with a careful earnestness and determination that spoke well of his early training, and boded well for the future. He took but little part in the rough athletic sports of the company, but enjoyed reading, and writing letters for himself and comrades, and took great interest in his diary, which he faithfully kept through his whole term of service. He was a good nurse, and took delight in ministering to the wants of his sick comrades. He was quick to learn the drill, obeyed orders promptly, was always in his place in the company, kept in good health, clean clothing, bright gun, and took his rations of tough beef without contributing to the "butter fund."

He participated in all our battles and skirmishes, and escaped serious wounds. One bullet cut through his trousers at Gettysburg, and another struck his canteen. He proved his bravery by carrying Abel K. Shute away from that dangerous open door-way in the Bliss Barn, where he had just received a death wound, and with the help of other comrades, brought him back to our lines, amid a shower of bullets. He was promoted to sergeant on May 11, 1863, and second lieutenant of our company on February 6, 1863, and still retains the sword then presented to him by his comrades. He came home with the company at the close of the war, and lived at Pennsgrove for several years; then bought a farm near Mullica Hill, where

he now resides. He is prominent in the church, the grange and the Grand Army of the Republic, and still retains that happy, smiling face.

JOSEPH L. WHITE

Was another one of those fine young specimens of staunch loyalty and patriotic American manhood. Young, brave, bright and earnest, he left a happy home, kind friends and loving parents; though, from all accounts, he had hard work to leave his parents, as that gentle mother clung to him with all the love and devotion of her heart, and the father was determined to go with him. Only by reason of his age, and much persuasion, was he left at home to manage the farm at Mullica Hill, and watch and wait for news of his two soldier boys, the other son, James, having already enlisted.

Joseph was mustered into the company August 11, 1862, and was soon inside of a very fine suit of blue clothes; the pants were only about six inches too long, and the sleeves of his blouse about the same for shortness. His dear little cap was perched on his head with a jaunty air; his shirt was full of cotton splinters and patriotism, and his shoes were not tooth-picks. He was eighteen years old, with dark hair, and of strong physical development. He entered on his new duties with school-boy eagerness, and soon won the love and respect of his comrades and tent-mates. Was foremost in our sports and fun, enjoyed dancing, wrestling and pitching quoits, and promptly paid his dues in the "butter fund." Gave strict attention to drill and duty, and was appointed corporal March 1, 1864, and sergeant February 18, 1865. He enjoyed good health and kept his place in march or battle, where his bravery was unquestioned. Was slightly wounded at Gettysburg during that heavy cannonading of July 3, 1863, but did not leave the company. Was much more seriously wounded in the charge at North Anna, May 24, 1864; but after a few months in the hospital, he returned and took a faithful part in the siege and battles of Petersburg, and took his full share of enjoyment at Appomattox. Was mustered out with the regi-

ment at Trenton, June 12, 1865, and is now a prosperous farmer at Mullica Hill, N. J. Is prominent in church, grange and the Grand Army of the Republic. He was the boss checker player of the company.

SAMUEL E. WILLIAMS

Was born on the 21st day of October, 1836, at Sugartown, Chester county, Pa. He lived with his parents on the farm until he was sixteen years old, when, at his earnest request, he went to learn the trade of cabinet-making and undertaking; he served four years' apprenticeship, and remained one year thereafter with his master. He then went to Chicago, Ill., where he remained one year, when he was compelled to return on account of the chills and fever. On his return home he went to Woodstown, N. J., to visit his only brother, Dr. Alban Williams, who was practicing at that place. While there the war broke out and he enlisted in Company I, Fourth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, for three months. He afterwards enlisted in Company F, Twelfth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers; was made first sergeant, where he remained about three months, when he was made Second Lieutenant of Company H, and placed in command of the company, both the captain and first lieutenant being sick. He commanded Company H thirteen months, when he was made Captain of Company B, which he commanded until May 12, 1864, when he was wounded through the left lung, and was discharged by a General Order from the War Department September 4, 1864, on account of disability for further service. He was unanimously elected Captain of Company F by the members thereof, in the same month, and solicited by Major H. F. Chew, "then in command of the regiment," to accept the offer if possible. This offer he was compelled to decline on account of not being able to take command in person. His wound did not heal until April, 1865. He was compelled to get some occupation which did not require any manual labor, and succeeded in getting an engagement as traveling salesman, which he held for nine years; at present he is clerking. He now lives in West

Chester, the county seat of Chester county, Pa., within six miles of the place of his birth. Has never held any public office; never served as a juryman (except on coroner's and sheriff's jury), enjoys good health, but is not strong, on account of his wound, which always troubles him.

His services in Company F were highly appreciated. His term in the three months' service, combined with his genial disposition and great natural ability to command, soon made him a general favorite in the company. His strict, but gentle manners, made us always eager to have him in command on drill or picket, and his services in the company during our cadet days were invaluable. Though glad to see him promoted, we were very sorry to lose him from our company, where one of our higher offices was filled by so nearly a vacancy. He asked, rather than commanded, obedience, and his promotion to higher rank never kept him from being a comrade. With what genuine heart-felt sorrow we carried him back for dead from that bloody field of Spottsylvania, with a ghastly bullet wound right through the body, penetrating the left lung, close to the heart! We carried him to the hospital, where the doctors examined him, shook their heads, and said he could live but a few hours. We left him on a stretcher in the shade of a tree to die; but his strong constitution and will said no, and he came back from the very edge of the grave.

JOHN B. WAMSLEY

Was mustered into the company on August 4, 1862, after eighteen years of his life had been spent in the neighborhood of Mullica Hill, working for his father, who was a noted carpenter and millwright. He took his place near the left of the company, among the "shorts;" gave good attention to drill, and kept his clothing and accoutrements neat and clean. He had a positive way of expressing himself, that often led to disputes with his tent-mates and comrades, also to an enlargement of the "butter fund." He gave good service in many of our battles, and escaped the wounds. He was detailed in the division provost guard, and served in that capacity until the

close of the war. He then drifted out West, and is now a farmer-carpenter in Oklahoma.

ALBERT J. WEATHERBY

Was a farmer boy, from near Barnesboro, who enlisted in the company on August 4, 1862. He was eighteen years old, and of fine personal appearance—not very tall, but a firm, well-knit body, and cheerful disposition. He was just the kind of a boy to make a good soldier, but fate was against him, and his time in the company was short, being killed in our first battle at Chancellorsville on May 3, 1863. His body, undoubtedly, fills one of those unknown graves in the National Cemetery at Fredericksburg, Va.

CHARLES M. WILSON

Was a well-known carpenter and builder, working at his trade in the neighborhood of Swedesboro, but realizing the urgent need of more men, he forsook the pleasant ways of saw and hammer, came along with the other patriotic sons of that Jersey village, and was initiated into our order on August 5, 1862. He was much older than most of his comrades, being in his thirty-fifth year, and seemed to realize the sober earnestness of the duties before him. His health was not very strong, and he often attended sick-call or spent a few days in the hospital; took his place in the ranks again, and did the best he could, until that mighty struggle in the Wilderness, May 6, 1864, where he received a fatal wound, but clung to life through that long, rough ambulance ride to Fredericksburg and Belle Plains, then by boat to Washington. He was so weak and exhausted when he reached there that he died at the Harwood Hospital on June 6, 1864, and was buried there.

CHARLES K. WOOD

Was a harness maker at Mullica Hill, whose patriotism would not allow him to stay at home, while friends and patrons were

enlisting all around him, so he left the shop and became a member of our company on August 11, 1862. He was thirty years old, small in body and height, very quick of motion and speech, with pale, white skin from indoor work. He was of a pleasant, jovial disposition, and entered into his new duties with careful attention, and did well his part, until that fearful struggle at Chancellorsville on May 3, 1863, where a bullet entered his head near the centre of his forehead. He was taken back to the hospital at Kelley's Ford, where his wound was dressed, and in a few days he came back to Camp Falmouth, and looked into our tents with a smile of recognition, but could not speak. That terrible wound had taken his power of speech, but yet he was able to walk those many miles to see his friends, and died there on May 10, 1863. His body now lies in the National Cemetery at Fredericksburg.

OCCUPATION, ETC.

In looking over the enlistment papers of the men composing this company, we find their occupation had been as follows, viz. :

	No.		No.
Farmers	77	Tinsmith	1
Shoemakers	4	Boatman	1
Clerks	4	Painter	1
Millers	3	Basketmaker	1
Carpenters	3	Bartender	1
Wheelwrights	2	Undertaker	1
Harnessmaker	1		

And twelve pair of brothers, as follows :

Edward L. and James S. Stratton	Azariah and W. H. Stratton
John F. and George Meley	Emanuel and Charles Stratton
Emanuel and Azariah Stratton	Warren H. and Alfred J. Somers
James and Joseph L. White	Charles and Azariah Stratton
W. H. and Charles Stratton	John and Joshua C. Grice
David and Richard Borton	W. H. and Emanuel Stratton

COMPANY COMMANDERS.

By reference to records we find that ten different officers were in command of Company F during some period of our nearly thirty-five months of service, viz. : Captain E. L. Stratton, who had seen some service in the home guards of Mullica Hill, recruited the company, was commissioned as captain August 13, 1862, and continued in command until taken sick at Falmouth about February 1, 1863, relinquishing it to First Lieutenant J. J. Trimble for two weeks, when he was granted leave of absence, and the command fell on Second Lieutenant Joseph Pierson. He looked after our welfare until March 4th, when Captain E. L. Stratton returned to duty and ably led us until he was badly wounded at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863. The honor again fell on Lieutenant Trimble, who held the position until terribly wounded in the boot-leg at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863, when First Sergeant C. D. Lippincott came next in rank and ably commanded us until July 18th, when Sergeant James S. Stratton, who had been commissioned second lieutenant, (*vice* Joseph Pierson, killed at Chancellorsville) returned from leave of absence and held the reins of government until November 26, 1863. Then C. D. Lippincott received his well-earned promotion as first lieutenant (*vice* Trimble, resigned) and continued at the head of the company until January 25th, when he was placed in command of Company B. First Sergeant A. Stratton was given charge of the company (Second Lieutenant J. S. Stratton being off on recruiting service) and kept us straight until March 1, 1864, when Frank M. Acton, who had been made Captain of Company F, but placed in charge of the First Delaware recruits while their old men were on veteran furlough, returned to his company and bravely led us through all that terrible Wilderness campaign, until failing health compelled him to take a twenty days' *sick leave*,

THE HISTORY OF THE

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July 1st to 21st (Lieutenant C. D. Lippincott commanding during the interval), when he returned and commanded until poor health caused his retirement September 22, 1864. Then First Sergeant A. Stratton received his well-deserved promotion as first lieutenant, *vice* Lippincott, promoted Captain of Company B, and he faithfully led the company until January 18, 1865, when he received a fifteen days' furlough, and Second Lieutenant John Lezenby, of Company K, kept us straight in winter camp during his absence until February 6th. Then Lieutenant A. Stratton until February 22d, when Frank M. Riley, who had been Sergeant-Major and First Lieutenant of Company G, was promoted Captain of Company F (*vice* Acton, resigned) and remained with us and won the love and respect of the whole company by his fearless courage and gentle, thoughtful care of our comfort and welfare through that last grand assault, the thrilling chase after those fleeting rebels, that wild day at Appomattox, and the peaceful return to Burksville Junction, where, on April 12th, he was detached on staff duty and assigned to the position of Assistant Adjutant General on our Brigade Staff, taking the place of that grand comrade and brave soldier, Theron Parsons, of the One Hundred and Eighth New York, who had been called to a position on the Second Corps Staff. First Lieutenant A. Stratton had been sent to command another company (A, I think) and the command of F fell on Second Lieutenant James White, who had advanced steadily upwards from a corporal until he received his well-earned commission January 17, 1865. He proudly led us through desolate Richmond and the return march to Munson's Hill, near Washington, where May 28th First Lieutenant A. Stratton, for the fourth time, again took command, receiving his well-deserved promotion as captain, July 5th (*vice* Riley, discharged), and was mustered out with the last of the company and regiment, July 15, 1865.

OUR RECRUITS.

There were twenty-seven recruits, who joined our company at different times, two of whom were killed and several of the others wounded. Among the three years' men, those best remembered, were Joseph M. Carter, who came from Mickleton, and was wounded in the face at Spottsylvania; he is now a farmer at Aura, N. J. Edward Casperson, who came from Mickleton, and was wounded in the leg at Reams Station; he is now a shoemaker in Camden. Andrew J. Drake, who came to the company while at Stony Mountain, a green recruit, and a stranger to all of us; he quietly took his place, and in a very few weeks we knew him as one of our best soldiers; kind and genial in camp, cool and fearless in battle, alert on picket, and active and careful on the skirmish line. We were proud of him, and glad of his company on any service; but have no knowledge of him since the war. Henry and John Shelp, parent and child; the father wounded at North Anna, the son killed at Cold Harbor a few days later. Isaac A. Schlichter, who joined the company in the trenches at Cold Harbor, spent one night with us, and was mortally wounded next morning while going to the rear for rations, and died soon after. Thomas VanHouten, who was wounded at Cold Harbor. Allan Shay, William L. Stephenson and Rinaldo J. Walker, who died at Petersburg, all good soldiers and a credit to the company. Of the one year men who gave good service, we remember William Dolan and Joshua J. Livezey, who were both wounded at Fredericksburg while serving in the Twenty-eighth New Jersey; they re-enlisted in the Twelfth. Joshua died several years ago; William is a farmer at Jefferson, N. J. Henry Jenkins is now a blacksmith at Langley's Corner. Aaron B. Eacritt, James F. Tomlin, Charles W. Elkins and Hugh Swift. All good soldiers.

We had seven drafted men and twenty-six substitutes, of

whom the best known were Asa C. Holdcraft, John Reike, John K. Holler and Charles L. Clement. Many of the others were no doubt good men, but they entered the company so late, most of them after the surrender, that we had no chance to find them out. Nor do we know of their present whereabouts, except that Julius Turziskie is a blacksmith at Freehold, N. J.

ROLL OF RECRUITS.

NAME.	MUST'D IN.	TIME.	REMARKS.	DISCHARGED
Joseph M. Carter .	Dec. 29, 1863.	3 years	Wounded at Spottsylvania . . .	June 15, 1865.
Edw'd Casperson .	Dec. 29, 1863.		Wounded at Reams Station . . .	Oct. 27, 1864.
Andrew J. Drake .	Feb. 23, 1864.		Good soldier . . .	July 15, 1865.
Rinaldo J. Walker .	Feb. 23, 1864.		Died at Petersburg, January 13, 1865.	
Allan Shay . . .	March 1, 1864.	1 year	Good soldier . . .	July 15, 1865.
Henry Shelp . . .	Feb. 11, 1864.		Wounded at North Anna . . .	June 30, 1865.
John Shelp . . .	Feb. 11, 1864.		Killed at Cold Harbor . . .	
Isaac A. Schlichter.	May 2, 1864.		Killed at Cold Harbor . . .	
Charles C. Sharp .	Jan'y 4, 1864.		Disability . . .	June 28, 1865.
W. L. Stephenson .	Jan'y 4, 1864.			June 15, 1865.
Nelson Davis . . .	Feb. 11, 1864.		Died at Andersonville July 17, 1864.	
Thos. VanHouten .	Feb. 13, 1864.		Wounded at Cold Harbor . . .	June 15, 1865.
Jacob Warner . . .	March 1, 1864.			June 15, 1865.
Conrad Brill . . .	Sept. 5, 1864.		Transferred to Co. K . . .	June 4, 1865.
James O. Campbell .	Sept. 14, 1864.		Transferred from Co. E . . .	July 16, 1865.
James M. Cook . . .	Jan. 26, 1865.		Transferred from Co. I . . .	July 16, 1865.
John Corwin . . .	Jan. 9, 1865.			July 16, 1865.
William Dolan . . .	Sept. 1, 1864.		Wounded at Chancellorsville in Twenty eighth New Jersey.	June 4, 1865.
Aaron B. Eacritt .	Aug. 23, 1864.		Good soldier . . .	June 4, 1865.
Charles N. Elkins .	Aug. 23, 1864.		Good soldier . . .	June 4, 1865.
Wm. M. Frazier . .	Feb. 14, 1865.			July 15, 1865.
Robert Huston . .	Sept. 7, 1864.		Transferred from Co. I . . .	June 4, 1865.
Henry Jenkins . . .	Sept. 1, 1864.		Good soldier . . .	June 4, 1865.
Joshua J. Livezey .	Sept. 1, 1864.		Wounded at Fredericksburg in Twenty-fourth New Jersey.	June 4, 1865.
Hugh Swift . . .	Jan. 27, 1865.		Good soldier . . .	July 15, 1865.
Wm. Snyder . . .	Sept. 1, 1864.		Trans. to Dept. of North-west.	Sept. 16, 1864.
James F. Tomlin . .	Aug. 23, 1864.		Good soldier . . .	June 4, 1865.

Subs and drafted men who joined our company in the following order :

NAME.	MUST'D IN.	TIME.	REMARKS.	DISCHARGED
Asa C. Holdcraft .	July 18, 1864.	1 year.	Substitute . . .	July 15, 1865.
Henry McKeever .	July 23, 1864.		Substitute; trans. to Co. B. 8th Regiment.	
Charles Krantz . .	July 23, 1864.		Substitute . . .	July 15, 1865.
Henry Sheerer . .	July 27, 1864.		Substitute . . .	July 15, 1865.
John K. Holler . . .	Oct. 4, 1864.		Substitute . . .	July 15, 1865.
John Reike . . .	Oct. 4, 1864.		Substitute . . .	July 15, 1865.
Philip Schaffer . .	Oct. 4, 1864.		Substitute . . .	July 15, 1865.
John Williams . . .	Oct. 4, 1864.		Substitute . . .	July 15, 1865.
Joseph Noel . . .	Oct. 7, 1864.		Substitute . . .	July 15, 1865.
Charles Dittick . .	Oct. 11, 1864.		Substitute; disch. in hospital.	June 26, 1865.
Theo. Schneider . .	Feb. 23, 1865.		Drafted . . .	July 15, 1865.
August Winder . . .	Feb. 23, 1865.		Drafted . . .	July 15, 1865.
Chas. L. Clement . .	Feb. 24, 1865.		Drafted . . .	July 15, 1865.
Felix Mosbrogger .	Feb. 24, 1865.		Substitute . . .	July 15, 1865.
Martin Farrell . . .	Feb. 28, 1865.		Drafted . . .	July 15, 1865.

The following substitutes and drafted men reached the company at Burksville, about one week after the surrender of Lee at Appomattox, having been mustered at Trenton on the following dates :

NAME.	MUST'D IN.	TIME.	REMARKS.	DISCHARGED
Elwood P. Davis	April 3, 1865.	1 year.	Drafted	July 15, 1865.
William Daver	April 4, 1865.	"	Substitute.	July 15, 1865.
William Graham	April 4, 1865.	"	Drafted	July 15, 1865.
William Hogate	April 4, 1865.	"	Drafted	July 15, 1865.
Joseph Hopkins	April 4, 1865.	"	Substitute.	July 15, 1865.
Fred'k Brochouse.	April 4, 1865.	"	Substitute.	July 15, 1865.
Frank Casine . . .	April 4, 1865.	"	Substitute.	July 15, 1865.
Bernard Johnson.	April 4, 1865.	"	Substitute.	July 15, 1865.
Frank Kellar . . .	April 4, 1865.	"	Substitute.	July 15, 1865.
George Palmer . . .	April 4, 1865.	"	Substitute.	July 15, 1865.
Julius Turzewski .	April 4, 1865.	"	Substitute.	July 15, 1865.
Richard Welch . .	April 4, 1865.	"	Substitute.	July 15, 1865.
Charles Mull . . .	April 4, 1865.	"	Died of disease, June 22, 1865.	
John Edwards . . .	April 6, 1865.	"	Substitute.	July 15, 1865.
Jacob Elkins . . .	April 6, 1865.	"	Substitute.	July 15, 1865.
John Michael . . .	April 6, 1865.	"	Substitute.	July 15, 1865.
Philip Bradter . .	April 7, 1865.	"	Substitute.	July 15, 1865.
William Nelson . .	April 8, 1865.	"	Substitute : last man	July 15, 1865.

"THIRD RELIEF."

OTHER MEN.

The scope of this work will not admit of trespass on the domain of other companies, as we fondly hope and expect that they will attend to their own histories. Yet there are a few comrades whose services were of such general, or regimental, character, that Company F feels a sort of joint ownership and right to speak of them here: Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas H. Davis, our grand old leader, how proudly we recall him—our ideal soldier—erect, vigilant, energetic, thoughtful of his men, brave almost to rashness, yet kind and sympathetic as a father. Oh, what a keen sorrow when his proud form met that fatal bullet at Spottsylvania! Adjutant Paxson, our military man, who can estimate his value in our cadet days, when we so much needed his strict military training? Dr. Satterthwait, who ministered to our physical wants, stern or sympathetic, just as required; gentle and tender with the really sick, but a terror to the shysters. Adjutant Franklin, our "little fighting cock," always a comrade, and yet so strict and soldierly. Our genial Quartermaster-Sergeant Charles P. Brown, good friends with everybody. He could divide up a scanty ration of beef and coffee so that all were satisfied except himself. He must leave that safe position with the trains, and in spite of all opposition, return to duty with the company, where his bravery and courage were of the highest order. H. F. Chew stepped to the front at Reams Station and bravely led that charge, for which others get the credit. He was a true comrade, brave, just, humane, and always thoughtful of the comfort of his boys. Was it any wonder that we were rebellious when an outsider was sent to command us, and got the commission as colonel, that rightfully belonged to our own Harry Chew? And to this day the boys cling to him as our ideal commander. "Ned" DuBois, our representative on Brigade Staff, young, quick,

alert, a fine horseman ; how oft and proudly we watched his movements on battle's dangerous field, as he dashed here and there, with no thought of danger where duty called. A handsome figure, brave soldier, ideal staff officer ! And last, but not least, in our affections, our brave, bright, humane hospital steward, Charlie Weidemann, tender and gentle as a mother, with balm and healing in his voice and touch. Sergeant Cheeseman, our color-bearer, to whom danger seemed delight, was *he* ever afraid ? I expect he was, but none of us had any desire to go where he would not stand "with the flag proudly waving above him," and in the Wilderness his winding sheet. Brave Charlie !

THOMAS H. DAVIS.

Lieutenant-Colonel Davis was born in the city of Camden, N. J., July 23, 1835, where his early days were passed until, at the age of seventeen, he entered the West Jersey Collegiate School at Mount Holly, remaining until the period of his school days had ended, when he went West and was engaged for several years in the cities of Toledo, O., and Detroit, Mich., in the construction of gas works.

He afterwards returned to Camden. He was among the first to tender his services at the outbreak of the war, and was made Paymaster of the Fourth Regiment, New Jersey Militia, serving in that capacity for three months in front of Washington. On the 9th of July, 1862, he was commissioned Major of the Twelfth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, and entered on his duties in the camp at Woodbury, showing an ardent interest in its welfare. February 27, 1863, he was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel, J. Howard Willits being promoted Colonel, *vice* R. C. Johnson, resigned.

Lieutenant-Colonel Davis, as field officer of the day, was necessarily much exposed during the winters of '62 and '63, at Falmouth, and this laid the foundation of an attack of inflammatory rheumatism, which early in May prostrated him, so that he was ordered home, and did not return till August, 1863, when he assumed command of the regiment. He was

steadily on duty during the summer of 1863, and at the combat near Greenwich, and the severe action at Bristoe Station, he manœvered his troops with that coolness and serene courage which always distinguished him.

He was again engaged with the regiment, October 15th, at Blackburn's Ford, or Bull Run, and later in the fall during the short but exciting campaign of Mine Run.

On February 7, 1864, he was among the first on foot to ford the swift and icy waters of the Rapidan at Mortons Ford, and was warmly engaged in the severe combat.

With the rest of the army, he crossed the Rapidan on the evening of May 5th. The next morning Carroll's Brigade, in which was the regiment of Colonel Davis, advanced more than a mile, swinging to the left and across the Orange Court House plank road, and with the other brigades and divisions of the Second Corps, driving the corps of A. P. Hill, of the rebel enemy, in utter confusion before it. During a halt at length ordered, a shell exploded near Colonel Davis, and he was stricken to the ground. He was hit by splinters thrown from a tree struck by the shell referred to, and not by the projectile itself. He lay in the field hospital till the evening of May 7th, when he rejoined the regiment when, with the army, it moved toward Spottsylvania. On the 12th of May, 1864, Colonel Davis, at the head of the Twelfth Regiment, formed a part of Hancock's magnificent column of infantry, which assaulted Lee's line at Spottsylvania and, sweeping over it, pierced its center. On foot, as it was impossible to ride through abatis and over earthworks, erect, vigilant, enthusiastic, not yet recovered from the severe bruises of six days before, but triumphing over them, eye-witnesses still love to tell with what valor and energy Colonel Davis led the Twelfth, as they swept over the rebel line and into their camp. The first line was carried with but little loss, but half a mile to the rear the charging columns came upon a second line heavily manned and sternly defended. And here, while cheering on his troops with flashing eyes and animated gestures, in front of his colors, and almost touching them, Colonel Davis, struck by a bullet, which passed through his neck, fell dead.

He was buried near the field where he fell, but in a few days was removed to Fredericksburg, from whence, in the autumn of 1865, loving hands bore him northward, and on a beautiful day in November of that year, on the eve of the first Thanksgiving after the war, in the presence of his family and a few of his comrades, he was laid at rest in Laurel Hill, on the banks of the Schuylkill, in Philadelphia.

Few men were more soldierly in appearance than Colonel Davis, none braver or more zealous in the cause in which he died. Tall, erect, commanding in person, electric in temperament, of a bold and resolute character, his troops so leaned on him that when he commanded his regiment fought with an energy which was often noticed. Warm in his affections, kind and genial in manner, many loved him, none will forget him. He was a gallant soldier and genial gentleman, who freely left home and friends, to cast his sword, his heart and his life into the breach, to save the honor of his country.

ALVIN SATTERTHWAIT, M. D.

Doctor Alvin Satterthwait was born in Mount Holly, Burlington county, N. J., in 1838, continued to live there until about fifteen years of age, when his parents removed to a farm near Crosswicks, N. J. But farm life was not to his taste, and he decided to walk away from the farm; in other words, run off. He was found a few days later with his uncle in Camden, N. J., in a newspaper office, the old *Jersey Blue*. His duty here was to wheel the papers on a wheelbarrow from Philadelphia to Camden once a week, and direct them to subscribers, etc. He continued at this for a time, and then came to the decision to be a doctor. He then entered a drug store in Philadelphia, and was soon fully convinced that his life-work was to be medicine and surgery, and he left no stone unturned to become proficient in his chosen calling, particularly in surgery. His ambition was to enter the United States Navy, but being of small stature and slight build, was unfavorable to him, as the government desired men of large physique as its representatives in foreign ports. After graduation he lo-

cated in Pluckamin, Somerset county, N. J., and was thus located in the practice of medicine when Governor Olden issued his call for four regiments of volunteers from New Jersey. After reading the "call," he immediately harnessed his horse and drove to Princeton, N. J. (a long, hot and dusty drive), and at once called upon the Governor, stated that he saw the "call" for volunteers, and wished to make application for the position of assistant surgeon of one of the regiments. The Governor replied, "Why, my dear fellow, this is the first application I have had, and I will consider it." He was told to send in his references, and if he was a physician he should have a position. He was appointed Assistant Surgeon of Fourth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, for three months' service. Served the time, and was afterwards appointed Assistant Surgeon of the Seventh New Jersey Volunteers, three years' service, and while serving in the field in this position was ordered to report to Colonel Johnson at Woodbury, N. J., as Surgeon of the Twelfth New Jersey Volunteers, then being recruited.

Of his service with this regiment many still living speak in grateful terms and with grateful hearts of the valuable services he rendered. He was constantly with the regiment from the time it left Woodbury till its muster out, with the exception of a short time that he served as Brigade Surgeon. Dr. Satterthwait was one of the many able men who filled the position of surgeon. He was a bold and skillful operator, though very conservative. His constant aim was to preserve the limbs of the wounded from amputation if it were at all possible, and many a wounded hero has now all his limbs when a less conservative surgeon would have removed them. He was a man of strong likings, impulsive, but as gentle as a child; quick to see his duty, and fearless in doing it. He was anxious to provide every possible comfort for the sick in hospital, and ever attentive to the many calls upon his skill, whether in camp, or on the march, or in time of action. The writer would like to make an extended memoir of him, but space will not permit.

When mustered out of the service he settled at Mariners Harbor, Staten Island, N. Y., where he continued in the practice of medicine till he was seized with his fatal illness in 1872.

He was taken with rheumatism, which settled in the hip and finally affected the heart, and caused his death at the early age of thirty-six years, just in the prime of life, when all was hopeful and encouraging in his surroundings. He was one of the many thousands whose early death is attributed to the exposures and privations of a soldier's life. He left a widow and two daughters, who still reside at the home on Staten Island. In conclusion, it can be said of Dr. Satterthwait, that he was a thoroughly self-made man, had little or no assistance to obtain the positions he held, a most convincing proof of the sterling worth of the man.

RICHARD S. THOMPSON.

Colonel Richard S. Thompson was born at Cape May Court House, Cape May county, N. J., December 27, 1837. At thirteen years of age he entered the Norristown Academy, Pennsylvania, and from that time until he volunteered in the service of his country he pursued the life of a student, graduating from the law department of Harvard College in 1861, and being admitted to the Philadelphia bar in the spring of 1862. He was a member of Captain Biddle's Artillery Company, of Philadelphia, for about one year. In August, 1862, he enlisted a full company in twelve days in Cumberland county, N. J., and with it joined the Twelfth New Jersey Volunteers, at Woodbury, as Company K, with which company he entered the service as captain. When in September, 1862, this regiment was stationed at Ellicott's Mills, Md., Captain Thompson was appointed Assistant Provost-Marshal under General Wool. On February 16, 1863, after the regiment had joined the Army of the Potomac, on the Rappahannock above Fal-mouth, Captain Thompson was appointed Judge Advocate of a Division Court Martial. He was promoted to Major of the regiment on February 25, 1864, and to Lieutenant-Colonel on July 2, 1864. He took part in the following general engagements with the regiment: Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Falling Water, Auburn Mills, Bristoe Station, Blackburn's Ford, Robinson's Tavern, Mine Run, Deep Bottom, north bank of

James River, Reams Station. In the last named battle, on August 25, 1864, he was twice wounded, once in the hand and later in the side, from which he did not recover until in May, 1865. On July 3, 1863, at Gettysburg, he commanded the charge on the Bliss Barn, made by companies A, C, D, F and K, of the Twelfth New Jersey Volunteers. June 11, 1864, he was placed in command of a provisional battalion at Alexandria, Va., with which he reported to General Butler, at Bermuda Hundreds. He rejoined his own regiment June 28, 1864. August 20, 1864, Colonel Thompson was made officer of the day by General Hancock, on the north bank of the James River, where he was left in command of the corps pickets and skirmishers during the withdrawal of the troops to the south side of the river. For his services on this occasion he received an autograph letter from General Hancock, complimenting him for the manner in which he performed the duty assigned to him. In December, 1864, while still on crutches, Colonel Thompson was appointed president of a general court martial at Philadelphia for the trial of officers, in which service he continued until he tendered his resignation on the ground that being unfit for active duty, he felt that those who were in the field performing his duties were entitled to promotion. February 17, 1865, he was honorably discharged by reason of wounds received in battle. Colonel Thompson commanded his regiment for a long time as captain and he also commanded it as major. June 7, 1865, he married Miss Catherine Scovel, daughter of the Rev. Alden Scovel, and in October of that year settled in Chicago, Ill., where he entered the practice of law, in which he is still engaged. In 1869 he was appointed Corporation Counsel of the village of Hyde Park, then a suburb of Chicago, and now a part of the city, which position he held until 1875, when he was appointed counsel of the South Park Commissioners, serving until 1880. In 1872, as Republican candidate, he was elected a member of the Illinois Senate for four years. As Senator of the Second District of Illinois he became known throughout the State as an able parliamentarian, and on several occasions the press throughout the State declared him as able a parliamentarian

as had ever occupied a seat in the Illinois Legislature. Colonel Thompson is a member of the Illinois Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, and the Western Society of the Army of the Potomac. He ranks among the leading members of the Chicago Bar.

HENRY F. CHEW,

The subject of this sketch, was born December 8, 1837, in Claysville, now a part of the city of Salem, N. J., where he spent the earlier years of his life in attendance at the Quaker school of that city. He early gave evidence of a desire for a military life, but the vigorous objection of his parents caused him to turn to the more peaceful occupation of a wheelwright, at which he became very proficient; but in 1860, when the talk of war and secession began to assume reality, those staunch young patriots of Salem could no longer be restrained, but organized a militia company called the "Johnson Guards," in honor of our first colonel, who was one of their leading spirits.

H. F. Chew was their orderly sergeant, and on the breaking out of the rebellion, and President Lincoln's first call for seventy-five thousand volunteers for three months, they promptly tendered their services to Governor Olden; were immediately accepted, and became Company I, of the Fourth New Jersey Volunteer Militia. They rendezvoused at Trenton, and were mustered into the United States service April 27, 1861, only eight days after the firing on Fort Sumter. Sergeant Chew was commissioned ensign (now obsolete), a sort of combination of second lieutenant and right general guide of the company. May 14th, he was promoted first lieutenant of the same company, and mustered out July 31, 1861, by reason of expiration of term, without being in any battle.

But in no ways discouraged by this first attempt, he immediately began recruiting, and on the 8th day of October, he reported at Trenton with another full company, and was mustered in for three years as Captain of Company I, Ninth New Jersey Volunteers. He was sent with the regiment on the Burnside expedition, and participated in that terrible battle on Roanoke

Island, February 8, 1862, where they suffered great loss and won bright laurels by their unflinching bravery; but the hardships and exposures of that winter campaign in the mud and swamps of North Carolina brought on a slow fever, with great debility, so that our captain was compelled to resign his commission and accept a discharge, March 9, 1862. But after a few months of careful nursing, that indomitable spirit of loyalty and patriotism again asserted itself, and in July, 1862, we find him again recruiting (for the third time his favorite letter) Company I, of the Twelfth Regiment, of which he was commissioned captain August 16, 1862; and from that time forward he was a prominent part and factor in all our camps and marches, our hardships and glories, until that terrible struggle in the Wilderness, May 6, 1864, where he was severely wounded and forced to retire to the hospitals of Washington for repairs; but in a few weeks he returned to duty with the regiment, now in the trenches of Petersburg, where his bravery and ability soon won recognition, being promoted Major July 2, 1864, and came into the command of the regiment at Reams Station, August 24th (the story of which is told elsewhere) by reason of the painful wounds of our Lieutenant-Colonel, R. S. Thompson. And ever after he bravely and carefully led us, through that long and trying siege, where "Mortar shells in sparkling flight, enlivened many a dreary night;" that brief winter camp, with its cold, stormy days of guard and picket, its continual alarms, advances and skirmishes along the banks of Hatcher's Run; always with us in body and spirit; he shared our hardships, joys and triumphs; sympathetic with our wounds and sufferings; always gentle and tender as a father; never profane, never harsh and never rash; always approachable, and thoughtful of the feelings and comfort of his boys; he commanded by love and respect, not by fear; he always led, never drove; and no matter how hard or dangerous the duty, we knew he shared our own feelings, and his commands were our pleasure to obey. He was promoted Lieutenant-Colonel February 23, 1865 (vice R. S. Thompson, discharged for wounds received at Reams Station), and bravely led us through that exciting, yet triumphant, early spring campaign, when that grand old Army of

the Potomac would no longer be restrained, but rose up in all its glorious majesty and power, brushed back the hitherto invincible cohorts of treason and secession, and like a mighty wave of old ocean, that intricate chain of ditches, earthworks, forts and redoubts went down before our grand assaults like a row of bricks in childish play; while that haughty old arch-traitor, Davis deserted his capital, his army, his home, his reputation, if he had any, to seek his own personal safety in flight—and female clothing—leaving Lee and his brave veterans the victims of that thrilling chase which ended at Appomattox, April 9, 1865, where our gallant leader took his full share of the enjoyment, satisfaction and wild delirium of that happy day. He led us back to Washington, through that grand review, and then to Trenton, where with us he shed the name and clothes of soldier and took on those of citizen. After the war, he took up the profession of dentistry in Camden, N. J., where he now resides. May his bright, cheery manner and genial hand-clasp long remain to greet and cheer his old comrades, who proudly seek his presence and ever hold him in warm remembrance, a central figure and guiding star of those proud and stirring times of long ago.

JOSEPH BURROUGHS, COMPANY A,

Was born May 19, 1839, in Pittsgrove, Salem county, N. J., and was the son of a farmer. His opportunities for receiving an education were quite limited, being confined to the winter term of the public schools, and then often having to lose time from school in order to assist in such farm work as the season would admit. He continued to live with his father and assist in the work of the farm until he enlisted. During the first year of the war, while greatly interested in the success of the Union cause, and thinking, like many others, that one summer's campaign would finish the war and bring success to the government, he did not seriously contemplate enlisting, but upon the call of President Lincoln on July 7, 1862, for three hundred thousand volunteers, to serve for three years or during the war, he began to think the government would need

his services, and in the latter part of July of that year decided to make one of the new regiment then forming in South Jersey. A young companion from an adjoining farm (John W. Edwards, killed at Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864), also decided at this time to enlist, and together they went to Salem to confer with S. S. Chase, who had been designated as Captain of Company A. Returning home, they called a meeting of those desiring to enlist, and within a few days quite a number of young men of the neighborhood caught the infection, and much enthusiasm was manifested. Early in August the time for going into camp at Woodbury was set, and on the day of departure it was found that twenty-four young men of that neighborhood had executed enlistment papers. On the morning of August 11, 1862, the Pittsgrove contingent left for camp, and was there met by recruits from Salem, Woodstown and Camden, and a full company was enlisted in a day or two. Burroughs was appointed fifth sergeant and promoted to first sergeant after the battle of Gettysburg. He was with the regiment in every engagement in which it participated (until wounded), and was never absent except on a ten-days furlough at Falmouth; was never off duty on account of sickness more than two or three days.

At the battle of Gettysburg he was struck on the shoulder by a bullet or buckshot, causing the blood to flow freely, but was not serious enough to disable him. After the battle of Spottsylvania he was in command of his company, the morning and monthly reports for May being signed by him as "First Sergeant, commanding company," the commissioned officers all being absent, sick or wounded. The battle of Cold Harbor was fought, or rather the charge was made early on the morning of June 3, 1864. The enemy's position was found to be well nigh impregnable, and after a disastrous attempt to take it, the Federal lines retired to the edge of a woods and threw up an earthwork, behind which they remained several days. Sergeant Burroughs relates a somewhat thrilling experience of his on the day before he was wounded, viz.: The lines here were but about three hundred yards apart, and mortar batteries were used, owing to the close proximity of the

two armies. The rebels had a redoubt in front of their line, in which was one of these batteries, and in front of the Federal line were rifle pits for sharp-shooters—a small hole dug in the ground, the earth being piled up in front, with brush stuck in to more effectually conceal the occupant. The rifle was loaded and laid on the earth ready for action. On the appearance of a "Johnny" jumping over the earthwork and running to the redoubt, the sharp-shooter, ever on the alert, would fire, and without removing or reloading the rifle, fall down in the pit, when instantly a bullet from the enemy would scatter earth from the pile in front, over the hidden soldier. About noon, June 4th, while Burroughs and others were eating dinner, Samuel Mattson, Jr., of Company I, came along and spoke of the fun he had enjoyed in the pits during the morning; and, being tired of nothing to do, Burroughs decided to take a hand in the rifle pits, and borrowing a rifle of one of the adjoining regiments in place of his buck and ball musket, passed out to the skirmish line. And what a shock! there lay young Mattson dying, a bullet having gone through his head. And there during all that hot afternoon, in a pit about three by six feet, and too shallow to stand upright, were three soldiers—himself, the sharp-shooter and the dying boy. After dark he was carried back to the line, and lingered for several hours, but he was never conscious after being struck. On the following morning (Sunday) Sergeant Burroughs, while preparing his breakfast, was shot through the right hand by one of the rebel sharp-shooters. He immediately went to the rear, and on arrival at the field hospital the second finger was amputated by Dr. Satterthwait, and he, with other wounded, was placed in an army wagon and taken to White House Landing, and thence by steamer, reaching Washington on the morning of June 8th, and was transferred to one of the tent-wards of Columbia College Hospital. At the time of receiving the wound he was in high spirits, thinking it a matter of but a few weeks when he would recover and rejoin the regiment, but it proved much more serious, being eight months in healing, and resulted in total disability for further service. On the 13th of February, 1865, he was discharged from the army. A few days later,

through the influence of Henry Bradshaw, of Woodbury, N. J., then in the departmental service of the government, who had made the acquaintance of the soldier while ministering to the wounded Jerseymen in the hospitals, he received an appointment as clerk in the War Department, where, after three years' service, he was discharged on a necessary reduction of the force. He then obtained an appointment in the Census Office, from which he resigned in one year to accept a clerkship in the Postoffice Department, where he still remains, having by strict attention to duty acquired a thorough knowledge of the work assigned him, and gradually worked his way up to a most important position in that department.

JACOB H. YEARICKS, CO. A.

Was born in Woodbury, December 29, 1835, but very soon after this his parents moved to Sandtown, N. J. (now Mount Royal), where his boyhood years were spent at hard work, without much chance for a scholastic education, but rather a practical one, with a few weeks each winter in the school at Sandtown, or Clarksboro, when not engaged in helping his father at ditching, digging wells, or other hard work. He enlisted on August 9, 1862, as a private in Company A, Twelfth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, and ever after was a part and parcel of that grand old company. The hardships and privations of a soldier had no terrors for him. Young, strong, self-reliant, he cheerfully took his share of duty or grub. Always in good health, though slightly troubled with rheumatism at Falmouth, he bravely kept his place, and passed unscathed through all our battles, with only a slight wound in the leg at Mortons Ford and a bullet through his cartridge-box at Spottsylvania. He was right at the front through all that long siege of Petersburg, and yelled and swung his cap when we downed old Lee at Appomattox. "One of the men" faithful, brave and true, for of such was Company A. Since the war he has lived at Woodbury, always a workingman, was constable six years, and watchman at G. G. Green's, but the past two years has been badly crippled with rheumatism and unable to work.

DAVID B. ELWELL, CO. A.

The subject of this sketch, was born near Woodstown, Salem county, N. J., on the 11th day of June, 1839. His father was a farmer, and his boyhood days were spent in working on the farm in summer time and attending the country school about three months during the winter. In the spring of 1855 his father moved to Upper Pittsgrove township, Salem county, where young David finished his education in the same manner in which he had commenced it. When about twenty years of age he began teaching the public school during the winter time and working on the farm in summer, until the breaking out of the war, when he felt that the country needed his help worse than the "young ideas" of Salem county did, consequently, on the 11th day of August, 1862, he enlisted as a private in Company A (Captain Chase), Twelfth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, went with his regiment to Maryland, from thence to Washington, and on to Virginia, joining the Army of the Potomac just after the disastrous battle of Fredericksburg; spent the winter of 1862-63 with the regiment at Falmouth, Va., marched with the regiment to Chancellorsville, where, on the 3d of May, 1863, he was severely wounded in the head, and left on the field for dead; but regaining consciousness soon after, managed to work his way to the rear, and was picked up by an army wagon and taken to the hospital at Potomac Creek, where he remained a short time; was then sent on to Washington, D. C., and from thence to Wilmington, Del. He remained in the hospital at Wilmington until September, 1864, when at his own request he was returned to his regiment, although the surgeons in the hospital claimed that he was unfit for field duty. He rejoined his regiment in front of Petersburg, Va., on the 27th of September, 1864, and participated in all the battles it was in from that time until the surrender of Lee in April, 1865, and was mustered out with the regiment in June, 1865. After returning home he resumed his former occupation of farming and teaching, alternately, until February, 1888, when the Merchants Bank of Atlantic City opened a branch bank in Elmer, and Mr. Elwell was selected as man-

ager, and remained in that position until 1890, when the main bank failed, which, of course, closed all the branches. After that he opened a grocery store in Elmer and is still in that business. In October, 1866, Mr. Elwell married Eliza Gardiner, of Unionville, Gloucester county, and has had seven children (three sons and four daughters), six of whom are still living, the youngest being about thirteen years old. He has always been a staunch Republican and has held several important township and borough offices, and is at present an applicant for the postoffice at Elmer; but as government appointments are like showers, falling equally upon the just and unjust, it remains to be seen who will be the fortunate one. That Chancellorsville bullet still remains in his head, notwithstanding the many efforts of the surgeons, who failed to locate it, and all his comrades believe that Dave "has something in his head."

BARCLAY GAUNT, CO. A.

The comrade of this sketch, came from good old Quaker stock; his father, Samuel Gaunt, a noted Quaker, lived on a farm at Mullica Hill, where he brought up a large family of children, amongst them Barclay, who was born April 1, 1838, and enjoyed himself through boyhood's years by working on the farm and going to school at that place; a happy, peaceful Quaker boy, but the breaking out of the Rebellion and the call for soldiers aroused his patriotism so, that on August 11, 1862, he enlisted in Company A, Twelfth New Jersey Volunteers, and gave faithful, willing service through all our trials at Ellicott's Mills and that cold, stormy winter at Falmouth, being twice slightly wounded at Chancellorsville and for a few minutes a prisoner, but the chances of battle released him quickly. An attack of typhoid fever caused him to miss the excitement of Gettysburg, but he returned to the company in time for that busy day at Auburn and Bristoe. He took his bath with the rest of us at Mortons Ford and passed bravely through that trying Wilderness campaign until we reached Cold Harbor, where a glancing ball shattered his right arm while sit-

ting back of the earthworks. He was removed to White House Landing, where his arm was taken off below the elbow, then sent to Washington, and to Newark, N. J., where he was discharged October 30, 1864, since which time he has lived at Woodbury, N. J., doing all kinds of work almost as well as with two hands. A great worker, happiest when the busiest. Always a comrade.

JAMES S. KIGER, CO. A,

The subject of this sketch, was born in Salem, Salem county, N. J., August 18, 1842. His early youth was in accord with that of many of the men of this day, a pleasant home and parentage, but without the privileges and luxuries that abound to more favored youth. His education was begun in the private schools, so common in those days, and continued in the public school when it was established in 1847. He continued his studies until he was thirteen years of age, when it became necessary for him to contribute to his own support. Quitting the school-room, he began his life work first as a messenger boy in a clothing and dry goods house in his native city; was soon advanced to a clerkship and was thus engaged when the rumors of Civil War began to be the absorbing topic throughout our entire country. Though but in his eighteenth year, he immediately enrolled himself in the Salem Light Artillery, a militia company attached to the Salem County Brigade. He was soon after warranted as corporal and again as sergeant. This service was continued until a call for three hundred thousand more troops was issued by President Lincoln in the summer of 1862, and the Twelfth Regiment of Infantry was ordered to be raised and was assigned to the lower counties of the State. While his patriotic impulses led him to seek service in the fall of 1861, his youth and the opposition of parents and friends prevented his being accepted. In the summer of 1862 this objection was removed and he enrolled himself as private in Company A, Twelfth Regiment, Infantry, New Jersey Volunteers, which was then in process of formation in his native city. He joined the regiment at its established camp at Woodbury, N. J.,

August 11, 1862, and entered on a soldier's life. He was at once warranted sergeant. It was his misfortune to receive a serious injury while the regiment was encamped at Ellicott's Mills, Md., in the Antietam campaign in the fall of 1862. He recovered sufficiently to proceed to the front with the regiment, which had been assigned to the Centre Grand Division of the Army of the Potomac, General E. V. Sumner commanding. In January, 1863, while with the regiment in camp near Falmouth, Va., he was stricken with typhoid fever and was sent to field hospital. After a long and tedious battle for life he was furloughed for home and home treatment; but the injury with the fever had done its work and left him permanently disabled and unfit for further service in the field. It has always been a source of regret to him that he was not permitted to continue with his regiment and participate in their struggles, their marches, their victories and their honors. Refusing discharge in the hope that he might continue in the service, and recovery being slow, he reported under orders to Trenton and was assigned to a varied service, recruiting, escort duty, acting as Commissary and Adjutant of the Post, etc. He was soon after promoted first sergeant and assigned to Company K, Twenty-first Regiment, Infantry, Veteran Reserve Corps, on station at Trenton, N. J. He was recommended and strongly endorsed for a commission in this corps, but an overplus of officers at the time interfered. In this assignment he continued until the close of the war, when he was discharged at Trenton, N. J., July 8, 1865. While stationed at Trenton he was married to a most estimable young lady, and this decided his future of remaining in Trenton as his chosen home. In October, 1865, he received an appointment as one of the clerical force of the Court of Chancery. On May 1, 1867, he was appointed to a clerkship in the office of the Adjutant-General, was advanced to chief clerk of the department, and on May 23, 1881, was honored by Governor Ludlow with a commission as Deputy Adjutant-General with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, which commission he still holds. His assignment to duty in the military department of the State was a fortunate one, as he has ever shown an aptness

for the duties pertaining thereto and always evinced an interest in the collecting of data to increase the value of the military records, and there is no doubt that under his care and research the military records of this State are of the highest order and more nearly complete than those of any other State. Under the provisions of an act of the New Jersey Legislature he was appointed, April 1, 1880, to represent the State before the several departments of the general Government at Washington and urge the allowance of claims of New Jersey soldiers or their dependents for their service during the war. To this duty he has given his personal attention, to the satisfaction and benefit of all concerned, and as an endorsement of this he was very strongly urged by leading State officials and citizens, and also by the veterans of the war, for the appointment of Commissioner of Pensions at Washington, D. C. An ardent lover of the church; he has ever been actively engaged in church and Sunday-school work, holding responsible positions in both organizations. As a citizen he is quiet and retired, has no desire for political life, is a lover of home and family. liberal and willing in his support to needed charities. He lives among a large circle of friends, an honored and respected citizen.

JOHN W. MITCHELL, CO. B,

Was born in Bordentown, Burlington county, N. J., February 19, 1844. Shortly afterwards the family moved to Hoboken, N. J., where they remained about eleven years, when they again moved to Glen Hope, Clearfield county, Pa. Here they remained nearly three years, when they returned to Bordentown. At this place John attended the public school until the date of his enlistment. When the war broke out, and Fort Sumter was fired upon, he, like thousands of other boys, had an intense desire to enter the army; but, being too young, he was obliged to content himself by joining a cadet company and playing soldier. The company was called the "Anderson Cadets," and was composed of some of the best young men and boys of Bordentown, who at once became very popular and

proficient in the drill. When the call for more troops came, in 1862, a company was raised in Bordentown by Captain Joel Clift. A number of the "Anderson Cadets," with young Mitchell, enlisted in this company. Captain Clift, knowing him to be proficient in drill, tendered him the position of orderly sergeant, which he accepted; Benjamin F. Lee was to be first lieutenant and Henry P. Reed, second lieutenant. When the company arrived in camp at Woodbury, where the regiment was being organized, a disappointment was in store for them—R. C. Wilson was there with a number of recruits, which entitled him to a commission. Captain Clift's company was called B, and to this company R. C. Wilson was assigned as second lieutenant. This disarranged the plans of Captain Clift, but all accepted the situation gracefully; Henry P. Reed accepting the position of first sergeant, and Mitchell that of second sergeant. In 1863, First Sergeant Reed received a commission in another regiment, and Mitchell was appointed first sergeant. August 14, 1864, at the battle of Strawberry Plains, or Deep Bottom, Va., he received his commission as First Lieutenant of Company D, Captain McIlhenny's company. His appearance at that time did not suggest the commissioned officer: his coat, once the regulation dress pattern, had been curtailed and a roundabout made of it; pants more hole-y than righteous, and shoes the same—the latter being rather short, he had cut the toes off to allow more room for his feet. From certain movements made, it was apparent that his clothing was the abiding place of more bodies than himself. But these movements seemed to be general throughout the army, and excited no comment; nor did his personal appearance, for all looked about alike. In January, 1865, he received his commission as Captain of Company D. In this capacity he served until the close of the war, when Colonel Willian, then in command of the regiment, offered him a major's commission, if he would remain with the new recruits that had been assigned to the regiment. But he preferred to go home with the old boys. He was with the regiment during its entire term of service, and participated in all the battles in which the regiment was engaged. He was slightly wounded in the arm at

the battle of Chancellorsville. Since the close of the war, he has resided principally in La Fayette, Ind.; his occupation being that of contractor and builder.

NEWTON M. BROOKS, CO. C.

The following extract from a Washington paper, showing the proud record of this honored comrade, is gladly given a place here :

On the 31st of July, 1892, a period of twenty years' continuous service in the Postoffice Department was completed by Captain N. M. Brooks, Superintendent of Foreign Mails. He entered the department under civil service rules, and from time to time was promoted under these rules, until he was made Chief Clerk of the Office of Foreign Mails in the year 1884, and held the latter office during the whole of Mr. Cleveland's first administration, while N. M. Bell, of St. Louis, was Superintendent. When Mr. Bell resigned, in May, 1889, the office of Foreign Mails was placed in Captain Brooks' charge, and he was "Acting Superintendent" from that time until November, 1890, when he was appointed Superintendent.

Captain Brooks' history in the postal service is unique in some respects. First, during his twenty years of service, he has not been absent from his desk one single day on account of sickness. Second, when the vacancy caused by Mr. Bell's resignation occurred, he refused to allow his political friends, either in person or by letter, to intercede for his promotion to the vacancy, but actually and avowedly stood squarely and solely upon his record in the military and civil service of the United States. When his appointment was handed to him in person by the Postmaster-General, and he expressed thanks for the same, the Postmaster-General said: "You have no man to thank for this, you were appointed solely upon your record."

Born in Philadelphia on January 29, 1843, and educated in the public schools of that city, and at the University of Lewisburg, Pa., Captain Brooks' military service commenced in May, 1861, as a private soldier in Company B, Third Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, from which he was discharged in August, 1862, to accept a commission as First Lieutenant of Company C, Twelfth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, his service being in the Army of the Potomac, principally in Hancock's (the Second) Army Corps. He was discharged in Octo-

ber, 1864, on account of a wound received in action at Spottsylvania Court House, in that famous charge on the morning of May 12, 1864, which resulted in the loss of his leg, he being at that time Captain of Company C, Twelfth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers. In December, 1864, he was examined by a Board of Army Officers, and, as a result, was commissioned by the President as Captain in the Veteran Reserve Corps, and served as such until December, 1867.

In December, 1890, he negotiated with Director Sacshe, of the German Postal Administration, the "Sea Post Arrangement," under which the mails are now distributed at sea in postoffices on board the steamers of the North-German-Lloyd and Hamburg-American Companies. On account of his knowledge of international postal affairs, Captain Brooks was designated to represent the United States in the Universal Postal Congress, which convened in Vienna, Austria, in May, 1891, and he was allowed to select his colleague, this country being represented by two delegates. That Congress negotiated and concluded the Universal Postal Convention, which governs the exchange of mails between all the civilized countries of the world, and Captain Brooks' signature is appended thereto in connection with the signatures of the chief postal functionaries of all the other countries. He also represented the United States as one of the delegates to the Universal Postal Congress which convened in Washington in May, 1896.

Captain Brooks has held high positions in the Grand Army of the Republic, and is a member of the Loyal Legion and Sons of the American Revolution. His service in the Union army, during the War of the Rebellion, must have come to him naturally, as his grandfather was an officer in the Revolutionary war, his father served in the War of 1812, and his brother in the Mexican war. Although Captain Brooks is but little over fifty years of age, his grandfather was born in 1729; so that the lives of the three generations, grandfather, father and son, cover a period of one hundred and sixty-eight years, with good prospect of several more being added before the record closes and the son passes over to the silent majority.

The first part of the paper is devoted to a general discussion of the problem of the origin of life. It is shown that the problem is not only a scientific one, but also a philosophical one. The scientific aspect of the problem is concerned with the question of how life arose from non-life. The philosophical aspect is concerned with the question of whether life is a necessary part of the universe or whether it is a mere accident. The paper then proceeds to a discussion of the various theories of the origin of life. It is shown that the most plausible theory is that life arose from non-life through a series of chemical reactions. This theory is supported by the discovery of the RNA world and the discovery of the origin of the genetic code. The paper concludes by showing that the origin of life is a problem that is still open to investigation.

At this date (May 1, 1897), he still retains his health, and position as Superintendent of Foreign Mails.

Captain Brooks and President McKinley were born on the same day. Both are the seventh child of their parents. Both enlisted at the age of eighteen years. Both served (at different times) under the command of that grand old soldier, General S. S. Carroll. Both were mustered out with the rank of captain.

PATRICK CANANN, CO. C,

Was born in Ireland, in 1843, and his boyhood years were spent in that "fair, green isle of the shamrock;" but at the age of eighteen he came to this country and secured a place as a hired man on a farm at Harrisonville, N. J., where he had worked but a few weeks when the call came for more soldiers, and he quickly resolved to be one of them. Some of his friends were in Company F, and he made strong efforts to be admitted, but the company was full; yet in a few minutes he secured a position in Company C, and was enlisted as a private on August 16, 1862. He was a genuine specimen of the "bold Irish boy," with a fair face and manly form; wild, reckless, overflowing with fun, yet withal so brave and social, so full of generous feelings and Pat-riotism, that he soon won the love and respect of his officers, and a warm place in the hearts of the "C horses." He cheerfully took his turn on guard or picket at Ellicott's Mills, and accepted the trying duties of that stormy winter at Falmouth without complaint. He bravely kept his place through that baptism of fire on the plank road at Chancellorsville, and participated in the Sunday morning services of that first terrible battle, firm and undaunted; but just at the moment we were forced back he received a painful wound in his right hand, and seeing no chance for escape, he "played possum," lying flat on his back. As the rebels passed over him, one of them, supposing him dead, stepped on him, and with his heel stamped him several times on the breast bone, with the remark, "Here's one of the d—n Yanks who won't fight any more." All of which Pat had to endure in

silence and pain, until the rebels in turn were driven back, when he succeeded in reaching our line. He was taken to the field hospital, where the surgeons removed the middle finger by splitting the hand up to the wrist. From there he was removed to the Carver Hospital in Washington, thence to Wilmington, Del., where he suffered terribly from both wound and bruise. The writer of this sketch often dressed his wound; and a bruised and blackened spot as large as a hat crown gave positive evidence of the boot-heels of that fiendish rebel, from which he is yet a terrible sufferer. After partial recovery he was sent to the Convalescent Camp at Alexandria, from which he was discharged for wounds September 12, 1863. He returned to Harrisonville, married his "best girl," and now lives on a farm at Swedesboro, N. J.; and at our annual reunions there are none more enthusiastic, more Pat-riotic, or more glad to meet his old comrades than he is.

GEORGE R. DANENHOWER, CO. C.

Was born at Willow Grove, Montgomery county, Pa., June 27, 1835. His early life was spent on a farm and he had no advantages of an early education. His father died when he was about nine years of age and he was put out into the world to get his living, his father leaving no estate and there being a number of children, and his mother, while being one of the finest of women, was in delicate health and unable to provide for them, so they had to be scattered, as times then were not as now. He married at twenty-three years of age, a young lady by the name of Malinda Willett, and they embarked in the retail grocery business. They continued in this until the Twelfth Regiment was being made up, when he enlisted, August 13, 1862, in Company C, full of patriotism and strength, but no more patriotic than his wife, for she was willing to take chances of making a living for herself and daughter, while her husband helped to put down the war. He went through all right; was wounded once, at the battle of the Wilderness, and was away from the regiment six months. Was in all battles that the regiment engaged in, except from the 6th of May to the 6th of

October, 1864. After the war was over he engaged in the express business for about eighteen months, when he and his wife started again in the retail grocery business. He is now engaged in the wholesale grocery business, and has been for the past twenty years, in Camden, N. J. He is in fair health, and glad at any time to greet his old comrades.

VIRGIL WILLETT, CO. C,

Was born in Montgomery county, Pa., September 27, 1837. After arriving at suitable age he attended the schools until about eleven or twelve years of age, after which he went to work on a farm, going to school only in the winter months. However, he managed to get a fair education, as children were supposed to learn in those days when they got the opportunity, as it cost the parents three cents a day, with no holidays or Saturdays off. At the age of sixteen he was apprenticed to the trade of stone-mason and plasterer and served the time out until he was twenty years of age, at which time an opening was offered to work in a grocery store in the city of Philadelphia. The troublesome times of 1858-59 and '60 having overtaken the country, of course as an ambitious youth he was very much interested. He had left the grocery business and was in the milk business for himself when the war broke out in 1861, and feeling that he could not drop everything and go to the front, he endeavored to do his share of the shouting for those who were patriotic enough to go. Thus matters continued until August, 1862; our armies having met with numerous defeats and disasters, he could not hold back any longer, but determined to drop everything and go to the front and put down the Rebellion. Therefore, he enlisted in Company C, Twelfth New Jersey Volunteers, as a private; was promoted to corporal at Woodbury, and to sergeant at Stony Mountain, Va. He was with his company and regiment continually until May 6, 1864, never having missed a roll call or an engagement or skirmish during that time, nor rations either. Grant, the invincible, having taken command of the Army of the Potomac, the word was on to Richmond, and in the second

day's battle of the Wilderness he was taken prisoner and held as such until the latter part of December, 1864, arriving home about Christmas. His time in southern prisons was spent in Lynchburg, Va., Danville, Va., Andersonville, Ga., and Florence, S. C. Of all places of torment and horror, probably there was never any that exceeded the prison pen of the South, where treatment was worse than would be given to brutes, as they would get enough to sustain them, but in the prison pens of the South this was not the case. Men good and true were actually starved to death by the hundreds, yea, thousands; over thirteen thousand as good and true men as ever faced a cannon's mouth lie buried in Andersonville alone. When captured he weighed one hundred and sixty pounds, while at his release he only weighed ninety, with health very much broken, and of course must carry the effects of that imprisonment to his grave. Though not wishing to single out any one person for the sufferings they endured, yet he thinks the blame should rest where it belongs, and that was with General Winder, of the Southern Confederacy, who seemed to delight in the torture and death of a Yankee prisoner. It was he who issued orders for their treatment, which of course was carried out by his subordinates. But with it all they love the dear old flag better for having made these sacrifices, and we trust that those who follow them will show the same devotion to country, that happily she may stand united until time shall be no more, and those hardships and sufferings will not have been in vain.

CHRISTIAN VECHAN, CO. D,

In whose praise this sketch is given by a comrade, was one of our grand old heroes, who did his full share towards making the fair name and fame of the Twelfth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers. Born in Germany in 1843, where he spent his boyhood years, he came to this country in 1860, and secured work on a farm near Hardingville, N. J., where he remained two years. A good workman, honest and trusty, quick to learn American customs and language, he soon realized the changed conditions of life under a monarchy to that of our

glorious republic ; and when President Lincoln made the call for three hundred thousand more soldiers, Chris was ready and willing to join our little band, and fight for the land and flag of his adoption, enlisting at Woodbury on August 12, 1862, in Company D, Twelfth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, for three years or during the war. He was nineteen years old, of fair complexion, and manly form, strong in health and body, with a happy, genial disposition, that led him to make the best of everything, to see the bright side. Smiling and cheerful through rain and sun, through mud and dust, through battle, skirmish, camp or march, he bravely kept his place, and passed unscathed through the fiery ordeal of Chancellorsville ; made that long and tiresome march to Gettysburg, where he shrank from those fearful shells, and assisted in repelling that mighty charge. He felt the thrill of that sharp little skirmish at Bristoe, and breasted the swift and icy waters of the Rapidan at Mortons Ford ; passed safely through that mighty struggle in the Wilderness, and the flank march to Spottsylvania, where in the afternoon of May 10th, our division was sent in to support the Fifth Corps, and whilst lying down in line of battle, the dry leaves took fire so close to Chris that he jumped up to stamp it out, just as a rebel bullet passed through his thigh, shattering the bone, but fortunately missed the artery. Two of his company carried him back a short distance, from whence the ambulance soon landed him at Second Corps hospital, where the doctors decided that the leg must come off, and the amputation was performed by Dr. Satterthwait, assisted by Hospital Steward C. A. Weideman, who preserved a piece of the bone, from which he carved a ring, and years afterwards he had it set with a neat trefoil (Second Corps badge) and presented it to Chris, who prizes it highly as a memento of his right leg, and the tender care and thoughtfulness of his loved comrade. He was removed in a few days to the hospital at Fredericksburg, thence to Washington, to Philadelphia, and to Chester, where after long and painful sufferings, the stump healed, and he was discharged on July 15, 1865. He returned to Hardingville and took up the trade of a cigar maker, which proved too confining for his health, so he bought a farm near

Monroeville, N. J., where he now resides, with a happy family of four stalwart sons, three smiling daughters, and a helping wife. The fertile fields, well-kept fences and buildings, give evidence of prosperity, bravely won, in spite of his terrible affliction, as the leg was taken off so close to the body that it is impossible to fasten an artificial limb, and he perforce retains the crutches. Yet, when I visited him this day (May 3, 1897), I found him in the field, hard at work, cheerful, happy, smiling as of yore, and the warm clasp of his hand bespoke joy and welcome to a comrade. Our country's battles he fought bravely, in life's battles he stands a victor. I proclaim him one of our heroes.

CHARLES A. WEIDEMAN, CO. D,

BEST KNOWN AS "CHARLIE" OF THE HOSPITAL CROWD.

Twin son of Nicholas and Mary Belz Weideman, was born in Louisville, Ky., February 14, 1843. His father dying when he was two and a half years old, his mother returned to her former home at Reading, Pa. He resided in Reading till he was six years old. His mother having remarried, she moved to Philadelphia, where he spent his boyhood days. Attended the public schools till he was twelve years old, when he commenced to learn the drug business with Thomas S. Stewart, then located at Tenth street and Girard avenue, Philadelphia. He remained with Mr. Stewart seven and a half years—till August, 1862, when he got the war fever and tried to enlist twice in Pennsylvania regiments, but was rejected by the mustering-in officer on account of his size. At this time he heard of the Twelfth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, from a neighbor, Mr. George W. Petit, who was a personal friend of Colonel Robert Johnson. Mr. Petit thought he could influence Colonel Johnson to have him appointed hospital steward of the Twelfth. So he visited Woodbury in company with Mr. Petit, was introduced to the colonel, who received him very cordially, and told him that Dr. Satterthwait was the person to see, as the surgeon selected his own steward. The doctor was interviewed and he was informed that the position of

steward was already filled, but as it was thought the position would soon become vacant, there would be a chance to give him the appointment. He was advised to enlist in one of the companies for special duty, which meant that after enlistment he would be detailed for hospital duty. This was his first acquaintance with the able surgeon of the Twelfth—an acquaintance that ripened into a warm friendship, that continued till the regiment was mustered out of service. After a few hours' consideration he decided to enlist as the surgeon advised, was accepted without question and assigned to Company D. He received a pass for twenty-four hours, returned to Philadelphia, arranged his affairs, bade good-bye to his mother, whom he then saw for the last time—her death taking place before his return—returned to Woodbury the next day and was soon clad in the army blue and placed in one of the tents of Company D. He continued with the company, performing the duties exacted of every private soldier, till the regiment reached Elliott's Mills, when he was detailed from the company and commenced his duties in the hospital department, where he continued till the regiment returned home. He was always in active field duty. Went wherever the regiment went, except in time of action, when he was of course at the temporary field hospital. After two years of service as hospital attendant, he was promoted to hospital steward (the promise made to him at his enlistment being thus fulfilled), and served as such till the regiment was mustered out in June, 1865. He then returned to Philadelphia, and was employed in a wholesale drug store for one year. Then in a retail drug store for about eight months, when, in April, 1867, he began business on his own account, having just previously graduated from the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy. He located on Twenty-second street, below Green, where he continued for seventeen years: he then moved to the corner of Twenty-second and Green streets, where he still continues in business. In 1880 he graduated from the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania, and in addition to his drug store, is also practicing medicine; as such he has given a number of his old comrades "quinine," as he did in the days of '62 to '65. He has always

been enthusiastic for the Reunion Association of the Twelfth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, and always counts the day of its annual meeting as his particular day; he has been prevented from attending its meetings but once, and then on account of illness. He has been the Treasurer of the Reunion Society for many years, and now holds that position. He also served one year as its President. Has devoted some time and attention to his college societies. Has been active for many years in the Alumni Association of the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy. Served one year as its President, and has been for the past eight years a member of the Board of Trustees of the College. Is also a member of Post No. 2, Grand Army of the Republic, Department of Pennsylvania. His life has moved on serenely, and at the present time is the possessor of a wife and five children. He is proud of the record of the Twelfth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, and esteems it the greatest honor of his life to have been associated with it.

ISAAC D. MAYHEW, CO. D.

This comrade was born in Millville, N. J., December 14, 1842, and spent the earlier years of his life as a farmer boy and attended the common country schools of that time, but this kind of life not being agreeable to his young and roving disposition, he ran away from home in the spring of 1856 and found employment as a cook on a vessel, and was in Virginia at the time that State seceded in 1861; in the autumn we find him at Perryville, Md., engaged as an army teamster, but in March, 1862, he was sent to Fortress Monroe, where he enjoyed the stirring sight of that set-to between the Monitor and Merrimac; but soon came the order that all teamsters must be enlisted men, so he relinquished his team at Big Bethel and returned to Fortress Monroe, where he secured a position as orderly to the quartermaster, and was sent to White House Landing with the trains, where they remained until Stonewall Jackson got in the rear of Little Mac, when he skedaddled with the rest to Harrison's Landing on the James river, where again came that formidable order that all employes must be

enlisted men, so in July, after the Seven Days Battle he came home to Jersey, and on August 12th he came to Woodbury, where the Twelfth Regiment was being formed, to visit one of the new recruits, William R. Stewart, of Company G, with whom he spent the night; but that company being full, the next morning (August 13, 1862), he enlisted in Company D and participated in all our hardships and glories, our marches and battles, until in the spring of 1864, at Stony Mountain, where he was stricken with small-pox and spent several months in a Washington hospital, then to Convalescent Camp, at Alexandria, Va., where he applied for a transfer to the navy under a recent proclamation of the President; but before the application was granted he was taken with a fever and sent to Fairfax Seminary, and on recovery was discharged May 26, 1864, to accept service in the navy, serving on the Starlight, a supply ship (or steamer) to the mortar boats on the James River, and the blockade squadron on the coast clear down to the Gulf of Mexico, and was discharged at Washington, D. C., in the summer of 1865. In November he came to Clayton and procured employment in the glass house of Moore Bros. as a packer, where he remained three years; was then put in their store as clerk, where he remained until 1889, and in May of that year was appointed postmaster for four years, when he was relieved by one of different political faith. He was married in 1869 to Annie M. Pierce, whose grandfather was a lieutenant in the War of 1812, and her great-grandfather a soldier of the Revolution. Isaac's mother's ancestors also served in the War of the Revolution. Isaac was blessed with good health while in the service and fortunately escaped all serious wounds. His worse casualties were in having his gun knocked out of his hands by a rebel bullet at Chancellorsville, a slight wound on the left shoulder at Gettysburg, and being terribly scared at Bristoe. He still lives in Clayton, N. J., where he keeps a small store of notions, trimmings, etc., but his health is so poor as to be unable for much work, often being confined to his bed for months at a time with rheumatic gout, for which he receives a meagre pension.

WILLIAM H. BROOKS, CO. E,

Was born at McCartyville, Burlington county, N. J., on February 4, 1845. His parents, William and Mary Brooks, were natives of that county. The principal business of the village was in a large paper mill, of which his father was superintendent, but a fire destroyed the mill, and the family removed to Medford and opened a general store, where his father soon died, leaving the mother to care for three small children. William being the youngest (aged six years), was sent to live with his grandfather, Samuel Jones, then eighty years of age, and very fond of telling his grandchildren his recollections of Revolutionary times, particularly of the many raids of the British and Hessians through that county whilst occupying Philadelphia.

His early life was spent here in attendance at the Quaker school at Medford, where the school year consisted of two terms of five months each, with six days every week, excepting an occasional seventh-day afternoon off to play ball. At the age of twelve he got a situation as clerk in a store in Philadelphia, living with his mother in Camden, until her death in 1860, then with his eldest sister, wife of Daniel L. Pine. The breaking out of the Rebellion, together with the memory of his grandfather's war stories, gave him a bad attack of war fever. So one Monday morning, in the fall of 1861, instead of going to the store, he joined some youthful companions in a trip to Trenton, where he enlisted in Company I, Sixth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers. He was only sixteen and a half years old, but large and fully developed, so he easily passed for eighteen, secured his blue clothes, and at 10 a. m. was out with the "awkward squad," learning to keep step. But his first campaign was very brief; his sister learned of his intentions, and with her husband followed him to Trenton, interviewed the Governor, stated the fact of his youth, got an order of discharge, proceeded to camp, and took him prisoner, and returned to Camden on the 2 p. m. train. Next morning (with a story of *very sick* yesterday) he resumed his duties in the store, his employer being none the wiser for many weeks. But

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

From its first settlement in 1630 to the present time, the city of Boston has been a place of great importance and interest. It was the first city in America to be founded by Englishmen, and it has since that time been a center of commerce, industry, and culture. The city has grown from a small fishing village to a great metropolis, and it has played a leading role in the history of the United States. Its harbor has been a center of trade for centuries, and its ships have sailed to all parts of the world. The city has also been a center of learning and culture, with many of the great universities and colleges of the country founded here. Its people have been known for their courage and patriotism, and they have played a leading role in many of the great events of American history. The city of Boston is a place of great beauty and interest, and it is a place that every visitor should see.

in 1862, came the call for three hundred thousand more, and his future brother-in-law, Charles K. Horsfall, opened a recruiting office in Camden, and William informed his sisters that he was going to enlist, either with this man, or go off among strangers; as being without parents or wife, he felt that he was just the one to respond to his country's call. They finally consented, and on August 14, 1862, he enlisted in Company E, Twelfth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers. He was immediately appointed corporal, and in charge of eight men was the same day sent down to our camp at Woodbury. The conductor on the train neglected to secure from them the order for their transportation until after they left the train, they enjoying his run to overtake them. He enjoyed our camp life at Woodbury and Ellicott's Mills, and survived the trying march through Maryland; but in marching from Acquia Creek to Falmouth he seriously sprained his ankle, which laid him up for two weeks, during which time he caught cold and completely lost his voice, which returned with a snap some weeks later while he was playing foot-ball.

He gave faithful service at Falmouth through that long and trying winter, taking his full share of picket, drill and camp guard, and with his comrades looked anxiously forward to the active service, which came early in May, when we crossed the Rappahannock and were soon in the presence of the enemy at Chancellorsville, with that first thrilling experience of being under fire, whilst lying in the road, on Saturday evening, with the screeching shells passing over us in such close proximity to our heads. He was badly wounded on Sunday morning, quite early in the battle, having fired twice, and was just capping his gun for the third, when he received a bullet in his left side, breaking two ribs and passing around the spine, lodged in the flesh. This confined him in the hospital for many months, and deprived him of that thrilling experience at Gettysburg, which he much regrets. After recovery, he returned to Convalescent Camp at Alexandria, where the surgeons advised his transfer to the Veteran Reserve Corps; but, preferring field service, he was given transportation, and rejoined the regiment at Brandy Station, enjoyed that pleasant camp at Stony Moun-

tain, took his bath at Mortons Ford, and was fully ready for the annual spring campaign—this time, under General Grant, which meant advance, not retreat. He bravely kept his place and passed safely through all the dangers of the Wilderness, the many engagements of Spottsylvania, and enjoyed that grand charge at the North Anna, where we swept back the exultant rebels with the quickness and force of a cyclone, and with very little loss to us. Here he was promoted sergeant, and their orderly sergeant, John Sheahan, being wounded, he filled that position until his return. He remained on duty through the long siege of Petersburg, until about August 1, 1864, when a painful abcess formed on his broken ribs, and once more the hospital caused him to miss a battle; this time, Reams Station, where his warm friend and comrade, Lieutenant John R. Rich, was shot in the mouth and died soon after. He returned to duty, but soon succumbed to that common enemy of the soldier, chronic diarrhœa. He was removed to a Washington hospital, and from there discharged in June, 1865. He returned to Camden, unable to work for many months, but in 1866 he took up the trade of bricklayer, at which he worked ten years, during which another abcess formed in his wound, causing great suffering. In 1871 he was happily married to Hannah Gaskill, sister of Lieutenant Harry Gaskill, and in 1876 secured a position in the wholesale provision store of William J. Coxey, which he still holds.

FRANK M. ACTON, CO. F.

This brave soldier and loved commander was born in Salem, N. J., May 18, 1843. His parents were Benjamin and Jane C. Acton, who stood high in the social ranks of that city, where they brought up a large family of children, all of whom have now passed away, leaving no issue. Among them was Frank, who passed his boyhood years in happy contentment, surrounded by all the luxuries of that happy home, safe in the loving care of a gentle mother, strengthened and encouraged by the wise counsel and example of that honored father, he quickly passed from babyhood to a school boy. He was regular in at-

tendance at the Salem Academy, attentive to studies, quick to learn ; neat in appearance, polite in manners, sociable in disposition, he grew to early manhood, quiet, happy and contented. In 1862 a change comes over the scene ; the alarms of war are upon us, traitor hands try to dissever our country ; they fire on and insult the grand old flag. Our President calls for help, the fires of patriotism burn brightly in every loyal heart, and the brave sons of New Jersey are quick to respond, and among them we soon find Frank M. Acton, who entered into the work of enlistment with such zeal and earnestness that we find him commissioned as First Lieutenant of Company I on August 16, 1862, in the new regiment, (Twelfth) then being formed at Woodbury, N. J., where he entered on his new duties with all the strength of his forceful character, and gave willing service in every duty of camp and picket, march or battle, the snow and storms of Falmouth, the fire and blood of Chancellorsville, the trying march to Pennsylvania and the thrilling charge of Gettysburg, all endured with the serene bravery of a hero, which soon won recognition and promotion to Captain of Company F (*vice* E. L. Stratton, disabled by wounds), January 25, 1864, but was immediately put in command of the First Delaware Regiment, while their old men were home on veteran furlough, and bravely led them in that winter engagement at Mortons Ford, returning to the command of Company F about March 1st. Himself of Quaker stock, he took kindly to the Quaker company (F) and ably commanded them through all that "fighting month" of May, 1864, where battle, skirmish, march, and fight, followed each other in quick succession, through the dangerous thickets of the Wilderness, the awful scenes of Spottsylvania, the gallant charge of North Anna, and the terrible slaughter of Cold Harbor. Calm and unruffled amidst all this danger and excitement he seemed to bear a charmed life, escaping all serious wounds, whilst his company was reaping a harvest of death, first one, then another falling before the deadly bullets. Almost every night our line was shorter, our company smaller, until at Cold Harbor only eleven were left. His health naturally not very good, he soon began to feel the effects of this try-

ing campaign, and about July 1st he was granted a leave of absence for twenty days, returning to his company in improved health, and gallantly led them in the skirmishes of Deep Bottom and that exciting day at Reams Station, where his company and regiment covered themselves with glory and suffered their usual heavy losses. But soon again his health failed and he retired to the hospitals, where his disability proved so serious as to necessitate his discharge from the service December 21, 1864. He was of a pleasant, genial disposition, always conscious of the dangers of battle, yet able to control his feelings and appear calm and unmoved amid the flashing fires of war. Always a soldier, always a comrade, thoughtful of the feelings and comfort of his men, and his services in Company F were greatly appreciated. With recovered health after the war he filled a position in the Custom House, of Philadelphia, until in 1867, when he returned to Salem to accept a position in the Salem National Bank, where he served honest and faithfully until his last fatal illness. His sickness was prolonged and he suffered much during those hot summer nights, and longed for the end, looking forward to death with the calm heroism that was his characteristic through life; gentle, patient, uncomplaining, with a cheerful smile and kind word for all who came near him. He died August 15, 1895, and was buried in Friends' graveyard at Salem, beneath the spreading branches of that grand old oak, which waves a requiem to the last of that large family, the last of his race. "The last leaf on the tree." Farewell, thou genial comrade, thou brave soldier, a last farewell! Thy comrades miss thy happy smile and genial hand-clasp, and hope for enlistment in thy company in the world to come.

FRANK M. RILEY, CO. F.

Frank M. Riley, of whom the following is a brief sketch, was, for meritorious services, promoted Captain of Company F, January 30, 1865, in lieu of Captain Frank M. Acton, who was discharged on account of physical disability. Young Riley was one of the original members of the regiment;

he was elected sergeant of Company K August 22, 1862, and mustered into the United States service September 4, 1862, for three years, at the age of nineteen. During his service, he received the following promotions: from the rank of sergeant to orderly sergeant, to sergeant major of the regiment, to First Lieutenant of Company G, and finally to the Captaincy of Company F, of which company this book is a history. While Captain of Company F, he was, upon special orders, detached for a short period from the company, and served upon the staff of the brigade commander as captain and acting assistant adjutant general, which latter position he held until mustered out at the close of the war.

His maiden battle was at Chancellorsville, May 2 and 3, 1863, during the onslaught made by the rebels under Stonewall Jackson on Sunday morning, May 3d, where the regiment lost so heavily, especially Company F. His overcoat, in a roll on his back, was struck by a passing shell, torn from its fastenings, and dashed to the ground; the back of his other coat was torn and he badly shocked, but otherwise uninjured. Also, a drinking cup hanging by his side was pierced by a rebel bullet, rendering it unfit for further service. He was with his regiment in all its various battles and marches, helped to stem the tide of the rebel success at Gettysburg, July 2d and 3d, taking part in the charge on Bliss Barn on the morning of the 3d, and continued with the regiment after Lee in his retreat back into Virginia.

In Grant's memorable campaign of "On to Richmond," in the spring of 1864, at the battle of the Wilderness on the afternoon of May 5th, he was severely and dangerously wounded in the head by a rebel bullet, the ball entering his face just below the right eye, passing above the roof of his mouth, lodging in his head, falling therefrom the following day into his throat, was coughed up, and the "gentle reminder" that he had seen active service is now in his possession. He came home on leave of absence immediately thereafter to recuperate: after spending some six weeks at home, he so far recovered as to be able to rejoin his regiment, then in front of Petersburg. Reaching Washington on his return, was on general orders, detached

for special duty, placed in charge of a hundred men returning from furloughs and convalescents from the city hospitals, and sent out, with other like organizations, to the fortifications about the city of Washington, to assist in checking Early's rebel advance made into Maryland and the Capitol. Before the arrival of the Sixth Corps from the Army of the Potomac by the way of Baltimore, his temporary command was engaged with the advance of the rebel soldiers in front of the fortifications, losing six men wounded. He, narrowly escaped another shot in close proximity to his head from a rebel sharpshooter, it striking, only a few inches above his hat, a tree against which he was leaning. On arrival of the Sixth Corps, Early was driven back. Captain Riley returned to Washington, rejoined his regiment the latter part of June, and participated with the boys in their several battles up to and including the battle of Reams Station, where the Twelfth Regiment lost severely in killed and wounded, as well as in prisoners. It was here he was taken prisoner, August 24, 1864, and landed the following day, with twenty-two other fellow-officers of the corps, in the then famous hostelry, "Libby Prison." His remarkable experience while there was full of interest and deprivations which cannot be given in this short narrative. He was fortunate, among a few, to be released on parole after some ten weeks' confinement, reaching home in time to cast his first ballot for the re-election of Abraham Lincoln. Was duly exchanged in December, rejoining his regiment the latter part of the month. The history of his confinement, with its trials and discomforts, and manner of release, while too long to narrate here, is full of interest, but an everlasting disgrace to the so-called "Southern Confederacy." Soon after his return he was promoted to the Captaincy of Company F, and continued with his company during the remainder of the war—to the surrender of Lee at Appomattox—save the short period while at brigade headquarters on staff duty as adjutant general.

It was on April 7, 1865, in front of Farmville, two days before Lee's surrender and the last time Company F was under fire, when General Smythe, commanding the brigade, rode up to Company F, requesting Captain Riley to move forward his

company, deploy as skirmishers, closing up the gap on the skirmish line in front, made vacant by the excessive firing of the rebels. This they gallantly did, at great exposure. He subsequently stated that no order he ever received he obeyed so reluctantly; believing the end of the bitter strife so near, he did not, at this late date, desire his "light put out." This was the last order ever given by General Smythe. A man we all loved, honored and respected. He stepped his horse forward to enable him to see over the brow of the hill and witness the charge, and there received a wound that proved fatal. He lived until the 9th, but death claimed its own ere he knew that Lee had surrendered and the war was over.

Returning home at the close of the war, he took a position, which had been previously offered and held for him, in the Cumberland National Bank, where he has served continuously for thirty-two years. Is now its cashier, as well as a member of its board of directors. Has also been for nearly twenty consecutive years treasurer of his native city, thereby showing in his private walks of life to be as good a citizen as his record proves him to have been a soldier.

ARTHUR STANLEY, CO. G.

The comrade of this sketch, was born in Leicester, England, on February 11, 1845, but at an early age came to this country, and received a liberal education in the common schools of Philadelphia. In his sixteenth year he was bound as an apprentice to the trade of brushmaking, but on the breaking out of the Rebellion he desired to enlist, and asked that his apprentice papers be cancelled. This was granted, and in April, 1861, he volunteered in Captain Jackson's company, known as the "Stockton Cadets," of Camden; but, when the company reached Trenton, they found the four regiments completed, the quota full, so they could not be accepted, but were dismissed, and sent home in sorrow, disappointment, and—the cars. But the course of events, during the next year, made the Government willing to accept the services of a few more (three hundred thousand) soldiers, and he again promptly en-

listed. This time (July 28, 1862) as a corporal in Company G, Twelfth New Jersey Volunteers, for three years or during the war, and received his fine suit of United States clothing, with the double-barred chevrons on the sleeves of his blouse.

He was of neat appearance, good habits, social disposition, and prompt in discharge of duty. When the set of colors was presented to the regiment by Hon. John F. Starr, he was assigned a place in the color guard, which he proudly held until that fierce struggle in the woods of Chancellorsville on May 3, 1863, where he was seriously wounded by a bullet through his thigh, and another under his right eye, causing him to retire to the hospital for repairs, where he suffered for many months; but finally recovered and resumed his place in the company, and color guard, in time for the Mine Run excursion. Took his bath with the rest of us at Mortons Ford, and stopped another bullet with his right leg at Spottsylvania on May 10, 1864, requiring another trip to the hospital, with pain and suffering for many months. But he pluckily returned to his company, was promoted to sergeant on October 30, 1864, and held his position through that long and trying siege of Petersburg; those many excursions to Deep Bottom and Hatchers Run, passed safely through the dangers of Reams Station and Fort Hell, and enjoyed every pleasure of that thrilling race which ended at Appomattox. He was discharged with the regiment at the close of the war, came home to Camden, where he learned the trade of printing oilcloth, at which he worked fourteen years, then bought a paper route and ran it successfully for many years. He now resides at 428 Line street, Camden, in fairly good health, though still a sufferer from his many wounds. He is proud of his army service and the consciousness of duty well performed. Prominent in reunions and the Grand Army of the Republic; a comrade brave and true, for of such was the Twelfth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers.

JOHN B. CARY, CO. G,

The subject of this sketch, was born in Camden, N. J., in 1839, and the earlier years of his life were spent on a near-by

farm, where hard work and plenty of it prevailed, to the exclusion of nearly all educational advantages, his whole term at school being comprised in less than ten months, divided in short periods of a few weeks each winter, when work was slack. But by perseverance and night studies he acquired a fair knowledge of reading, writing and arithmetic, and these combined with great natural ability, gave him a practical if not a collegiate education. In his seventeenth year he learned the trade of shoemaker, at which he was working "when war's alarms rang shrill and clear in every patriot breast." He left his trade, his home and widowed mother, walked to Woodbury, and on the 12th of August, 1862, enlisted in Company G, Twelfth New Jersey Volunteers, for three years or during the war. The story is told of him that on Saturday, September 6, 1862, when it became known that we would leave for the front next morning, John desired a pass to visit his dear old mother, who was living near Bridgeport and unable to come up and see him before departure. All passes were refused, yet the attraction of mother's love and filial duty were so strong that he quietly waited till after dark, then "ran the guards," and on foot and alone took that long walk (over eleven miles) to her home and enjoyed her pleasant surprise at this midnight visit. She prepared him an early breakfast and with tearful eyes bestowed the parting kiss and blessing, and with lightened heart he made the return trip to camp, succeeded in passing the sentinels just at break of day and was ready for morning roll-call, and every duty or danger of a soldier, strong and secure in the love and blessing of mother. He was a strong, well-built man, of happy disposition, friendly and social amongst his comrades, prompt in discharge of every duty. He fortunately escaped serious wounds, though participating in all our battles and skirmishes. One of the lucky few who came out unscathed, with a proud record of courage, bravery and duty well performed, but no hospital record. He was discharged at close of the war and for a few years managed his brother's farm in Maryland, but for the past twenty-eight years has been living in Bridgeport, N. J., farming and shoemaking, when not engaged in his duties of preserving peace

and order as a constable. His health is not good, being a great sufferer from rheumatism and other bodily ailments for which he draws a slight pension. No shoulder straps or chevrons, "only one of the men," yet withal a hero, a soldier, a comrade tried and true! Of such was the Twelfth New Jersey Volunteers.

HAMILTON ALLEN MATTISON, CO. H,

Now of Evansville, Vanderburgh county, Ind., was born at South Berlin, Rensselaer county, N. Y., on September 23, 1832. He is the son of Allen J. Mattison and Lucy Mattison, and the grandson of Allen Mattison, who served seven years as a soldier of the Revolution. His father was a farmer of Quaker stock and Scotch descent. As a boy Hamilton worked on the farm during his boyhood, attending the district school during the winter until eighteen years of age, at which time he became a student of New York Conference Seminary, Schoharie county, N. Y., where he prepared for college. He entered Union College at Schenectady, N. Y., in 1856, and graduated in 1860. From that time Mr. Mattison was engaged as a teacher at Woodstown, N. J., studying law in the meantime, until 1862, when he enlisted in the Twelfth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, and served as a soldier until the close of the War of the Rebellion, 1865. Was commissioned as second lieutenant, captain and major. Served as Assistant Inspector-General on the staff of General Nelson A. Miles, and others, during 1864 and 1865, and was present at the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox.

He was wounded at Chancellorsville, and in the battle of the Wilderness had his horse shot, was wounded and captured by the enemy. Was a prisoner of war nine months; escaped from Columbia, S. C.; was two months inside the rebel lines; traveled from Columbia to Savannah, Ga., followed by rebel guards and blood hounds, but reached General Sherman's lines at Savannah on January 4, 1865; returned to the Army of the Potomac soon after and took part in the battles of 1865, preceding the surrender.

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In the summer of 1865 Mr. Mattison returned to his former home in New York, entered Albany Law School, and graduated with the degree of L.L.B. in the spring of 1866. He was immediately admitted to practice in the Courts of New York, subsequently to the Courts of Indiana, and to the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington, D. C. Mr. Mattison was engaged in the practice of law at Salem, Washington county, N. Y., until 1868, when he removed to Evansville, Ind., where he has since resided. During his residence in Indiana he has held some offices of trust. Among others, City Attorney, County Attorney, Prosecuting Attorney, Register in Bankruptcy, and is now Judge of the First Judicial Circuit of the State of Indiana, having been elected at the November election, 1896, for a term of six years. He has been a member of the Masonic order since 1862. Judge Mattison is a married man, Republican in politics and Methodist in religion, honored and respected by all good people.

SAMUEL L. SERAN, CO. H,

The comrade of this sketch, was born in Unionville (now Aura), Gloucester county, N. J., September 16, 1838, receiving a common school education, such as could be had by farmer boys of those days, in the schools of Unionville, Clayton and Glassboro. He studied so faithfully, that at the age of nineteen we find him filling the position of schoolmaster during the winter months and working on his father's farm in the summer. He continued thus until in 1862 the call for more soldiers aroused his patriotic spirit to such an extent that he forsook both plough and book, and on August 13, 1862, he joined the ranks of Company H, Twelfth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, then organizing at Woodbury. Gave faithful service in every duty there, and in the severer duties of drill and picket at Ellicott's Mills until early in December, when orders came to break camp and join the Army of the Potomac, on the banks of the Rappahannock, in Virginia. The march through Maryland was a trying one for the new recruits. The roads deep with mud; the rain and cutting winds of Port Tobacco, with

the cold snows of Acquia Creek; the whole earth for a bedroom, without tents or shelter; all these things were endured by young Seran with the fortitude of a soldier, being never sick or missing from roll-call. Not very robust before enlistment, this outdoor life seemed to suit him; he grew strong and healthy. Took his full share of guard or picket at Falmouth; passed through that baptism of fire at Chancellorsville with no worse mishap than a bullet through a vacant part of his trousers, while so many of his comrades were killed or badly wounded; made the return march, through the mud and darkness, back to the old camp, strong and cheerful through all these hardships. In June, when the Gettysburg campaign began, we found him ready and able to endure that long and dusty march, and with his company and regiment, reached Gettysburg at 7 a. m., July 2d, forming line of battle on the left of Doubleday's Division, of the First Corps. There they remained until 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when his company (H), along with Companies B, E and G, were called on to dislodge the enemy, who held a strong position in the Bliss Barn, about six hundred yards in front. Advancing on the double-quick, they reached the barn, with terrible loss of life, and captured nearly one hundred prisoners. Seran was one of the guards detailed to escort them back to our lines, which he faithfully did. The battalion then rejoined the regiment, stationed behind the low stone wall at the Bryan House, where the night was spent. Next morning, at 9 o'clock, they saw the other companies make that same dangerous trip, with a fearful loss, and fewer prisoners.

He passed unscathed through the cannonade and repulse of Pickett's grand charge, until at 4 a. m., July 4th, his company was sent on the skirmish line in the field in front, and soon after deploying, he received a rebel bullet in his left knee joint, which dislocated his leg and made him a cripple for life. He was carried back by some of his comrades, through the fast-flying bullets, begging them not to expose themselves to save him; but they safely brought him back to the shade of the orchard, whence the stretcher-bearers carried him to the rear. After a short time the ambulance bore him to the Second Corps

hospital, on the banks of Rock Creek, where he spent the night on the ground, without tents or shelter, through all that frightful storm that fell like a deluge, raising the waters of the creek so that he saw some of the helpless wounded carried off by the raging torrent; there were so many of the wounded, that the few attendants were unable to care for them all. After some days of terrible pain and suffering, he was removed to Gettysburg, then to Baltimore, then to the Satterlee Hospital in Philadelphia, where he was discharged for wounds on November 28, 1863.

A few months after he was discharged he recovered sufficiently to resume his occupation of teaching school, continuing two years. He then returned to the farm at Aura, N. J., where he now resides.

GEORGE A. COBB, CO. H.

The subject of the following sketch, was born in Harrisonville, Gloucester county, N. J., on the 4th day of March, 1844. When but a few years of age his parents removed to Woodstown, Salem county, N. J., where they continued to reside until after the close of the War of the Rebellion. His education was received in the schools at Woodstown and vicinity. He partly learned the trade of his father (blacksmithing), but at the breaking out of the war he responded to the call of the President for troops, and, though lacking seven months of being eighteen years of age, enlisted in Salem, N. J., April 21, 1861, in Company I, Fourth New Jersey Volunteer Infantry (then being recruited and afterward commanded by Captain Clement H. Sinnickson), for three months. After encamping a short time on Meridian Hill, near the city of Washington, D. C., the Long Bridge spanning the Potomac River was crossed by the regiment the night before the day on which Colonel Ellsworth was shot by Jackson, in Alexandria, Va. During the remainder of the term of his enlistment his regiment was engaged on picket duty at Arlington Heights, and in the erection of Fort Runyon at the Virginia end of the Long Bridge. At the first battle of Bull Run his regiment was moved forward to

Bailey's Cross Roads, about ten miles from Washington, and covered the retreat of our forces back to the fortifications, following their defeat on that memorable never-to-be-forgotten Sunday. The date of his enlistment expiring he was mustered out of the service July 31, 1861, returning to his home and former occupation, where he remained until August 13, 1862. On that day, in Woodstown, he re-enlisted for three years in Company H, Twelfth New Jersey Volunteer Infantry, Captain Hamilton A. Mattison, rendezvousing at Woodbury, N. J., until September 4th, when his regiment was mustered into the United States service.

He was twice wounded; first, by a gunshot wound through the left leg at the charge on the Bliss Barn at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863, where his company suffered so severely. From the field he was sent to the Jarvis General Hospital, Baltimore, Md., and soon thereafter was transferred to the United States Army Hospital, at Sixteenth and Filbert streets, Philadelphia, rejoining his regiment January 1, 1864. Second, during the memorable storming of the breastworks at Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864, he received a gun shot wound through the body, the ball entering about six inches on the right, passing under and coming out about seven inches on the left of the spine. He was sent to the Summit House Hospital, Philadelphia, and about the middle of February, 1865, again rejoined his regiment. While at the Summit House Hospital he was married, December 24th, 1864, to Miss Lydia A. Wharton, of Philadelphia. The wound received at Gettysburg gives him considerable trouble. He is also a constant sufferer from the one received at Cold Harbor. He was actively engaged in the following battles: Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Spottsylvania Court House, North and South Anna River, Tolopotomy, Cold Harbor, Capture of Petersburg, Sailor's Creek, High Bridge, Farmville, and Lee's Surrender, Appomattox, Va. During his three years' service he received the following appointments: August 13, 1862, first corporal; February 1, 1864, sergeant; February 22, 1865, sergeant-major; April 20, 1865, Second Lieutenant Company E; June 24, 1865, First Lieutenant Company H.

Owing to the close of the war, he was, by general order, mustered out of the service July 15, 1865, having served altogether three years and two months. Soon thereafter he took at the Quaker City Business College, then located at Tenth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, a course in telegraphy, and was employed for a short time by the Western Union Telegraph Company in one of their city offices. From there he connected himself with the Pennsylvania Railroad, being assigned to the private office of the then General Agent, Mr. G. C. Franciscus, now deceased, at Thirty-first and Market streets, Philadelphia. After a few years of service, embracing in addition Paoli and Harrisburg, at the latter place acting as assistant train despatcher, in connection with his telegraphic duties, he was appointed in 1871 ticket and freight agent at Downingtown, Chester county, Pa., continuing in that position for twelve years. In November, 1883, he temporarily severed his connection with the Pennsylvania Railroad and removed to Thorndale, Chester county, Pa., accepting a position as bookkeeper of the Thorndale Iron Works, and manager of their general store, remaining there until 1890. During these seven years he also supervised the Pennsylvania Railroad agency at that place, the Thorndale Iron Works, through their treasurer, being the recognized agent of the company. From here he again entered the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad, accepting a position in the department of the auditor of freight receipts, and shortly after was appointed route agent or traveling auditor. In the performance of his duties he travels over the vast system of this company. He resides in Philadelphia.

His elder son is stenographer to the general baggage agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad. His younger son is the assistant to the treasurer of the Union Transfer Company, and his daughter a teacher in the public schools of Philadelphia. He is a member of the Union M. E. Church, situated at Twentieth and Diamond streets, Philadelphia, striving as best he can to serve with honor to the cause the period of life enlistment in the Christian warfare, expecting at the final muster out, when the material life shall have ceased, to be in line for promotion in the Great Beyond.

THOMAS OGDEN SLATER, CO. H.

In looking back so many years to the days of our soldier life, it is difficult to connect a continuous record of our service, and yet the impressions of the days of army life are so deeply burned into our minds, that when we look at these pages of our memory, we find everything engraved in large type, and the pictures appear like clear-cut sculpture.

When Abraham Lincoln, in July, 1862, called for three hundred thousand more men to serve for three years, many of the young men living within a radius of six or eight miles around Woodstown, Salem county, N. J., felt the time had come when they ought to join their friends already at the front. One Saturday night a meeting was held in a school building at Woodstown, and a number of names were enrolled to enter the service. During the week following, meetings were held at different school houses, each time names being added. Again, on Saturday night, another meeting was held at the Woodstown school house. At the close one hundred and seventeen names were on the list of volunteers, gathered in one week's time, nearly all being young men born in Salem county; a few being of foreign birth, but there were none entire strangers, and all were friends from the very start. Eight pairs of brothers were in this company, and it became Company H, Twelfth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers.

It was the great privilege of the subject of this sketch, and always remembered with a thrill of deep satisfaction, to have been identified with this splendid body of men. Thomas Ogden Slater was born in the city of Glasgow, of English parentage, on February 8, 1842, and came to Philadelphia in 1853. When this company was organized he resided in Salem county, N. J. The company left Woodstown for Woodbury, the place of rendezvous for the Twelfth Regiment, on Wednesday, the 13th day of August, 1862, and that was the day the rolls were dated for all of Company H to have been enlisted. The first camp outside of the State of New Jersey was at Elliott's Mills, Md. The regiment entered at once into the school of the soldier—guard, drills, picket and parades. The regi-

ment had good officers, instructive and congenial, doing all they could to give charm to the duties of camp life. At night, the music and sports all about, made it seem like a great festival and holiday time. Each company had a great eating house, and hired civilians to cook for them. Not a soldier would think of cooking potatoes, and beans and pork, or boiling coffee. Oh, no; they had never done that; they couldn't do it; they were soldiers, every one.

In the midst of this pleasant camp life, Lee, with the Army of Northern Virginia, came thundering into Maryland, until at Antietam he struck a barrier he could not pass. McClellan, with the Army of the Potomac, shattered Lee's prospects of invasion, and, leaving great numbers of dead and prisoners, he hastened back to his Southland. The Twelfth New Jersey acted as escort guard to a body of rebel prisoners from Frederick City to Baltimore. This opened into real activity the Twelfth's first contact with the rebels, and made every man more anxious than ever to get down to the front, and meet them in battle. In a few weeks orders were given the Twelfth to go to Washington. The weather was cold and wet, and the regiment here met its first real heart shock, in being quartered in that old infernally cold and sloppy stable of a barracks at the Baltimore and Ohio depot. It will make the men shudder to think of it as long as they live. Corporal T. O. Slater was here taken with severe diarrhœa, and sent to the hospital in the Patent Office, Washington, and then to Newark, N. J., where under good treatment he was soon well. Early in March, 1863, he rejoined the regiment at Falmouth, Va., where he found the Twelfth had become part of the Second Brigade, Third Division, Second Army Corps. Nobody knew what that meant at the time, but from that day on, in every battle of the grand Second Corps, it offered patriot blood of the Twelfth New Jersey Volunteers.

The first battle of the Twelfth was at Chancellorsville, and the first man wounded was Isaac Wiley, of Company H. The loss in this battle was twenty-four killed, one hundred and thirty-two wounded, twenty-two missing; total, one hundred and seventy-eight. Then came the wild struggle back to the

old camp. Negro servants all gone, civilians all gone; men in the ranks now willing to be detailed for anything, and from that time on every man was his own cook. Next came the plunging march to Gettysburg, during which the first full fearful meaning of what it meant to be a soldier dawned upon the men of the Twelfth New Jersey Volunteers. Heat and dust, hunger and thirst, all rolled into one, will make them ever remember those three hundred miles of march to and from Gettysburg; and the terrible battle, full of intense interest, especially to the members of Company H, one of the four companies that charged the Bliss House and barn, on the afternoon of July 2d, capturing seven rebel officers and ninety-two men. Then holding an important part in the line of the Second Corps, in resisting Longstreet's charge by division, and helping to build up the glory of the ever glorious Second Corps, burying two hundred and eighty-five rebel dead in front of its own line, after the battle. Then becoming the sleuth-hounds, driving Lee's army up and down Virginia; fighting at Culpeper, at South Mountain, at Auburn Mills, at Bristoe Station, at Mine Run, and then at Mortons Ford in the winter. During the winter months the Twelfth occupied a splendid camp at Stony Mountain. Comfortable quarters, chapel, gymnasium, and fresh, sweet bread every day. Great preparations began for the spring campaign. Grant was given full command, and on the 1st day of May, 1864, the Army of the Potomac began its march for the Wilderness campaign.

The Second Corps crossed the Rapidan at Germania Ford. Hancock led it straight at Lee's army, and at Todd's Tavern woke him up from his winter dreams. The first rebel bullet heard by Company H in this fight killed Lieutenant John M. Fogg, who was kneeling by the side of Sergeant T. O. Slater; this sent a pang of sorrow through the hearts of the men of Company H, for Fogg was loved by all. On the morning of the 6th of May, a bullet tore through the left thigh of Sergeant Slater and knocked him out of the fight. He was taken to the field hospital, which soon became a vast camp of wounded men. Here Robert Kates, himself wounded, took good care of T. O. Slater, and six or eight other badly wounded men of

Company H, for eight days. He carried water and dressed their wounds. On May 14th, ambulances took these wounded men to Fredericksburg, which had become a city of vast numbers of wounded men, and the paraphernalia of a great war. The wound of First Sergeant Slater healed right along, and while in the city, stretched on his back on the floor of a store building, a commission of first lieutenant was brought to him. In a short time he hobbled away, with a wound in his leg and a commission in his knapsack, to greet his friends in Salem county, N. J.

That terrible summer passed along, and on the evening of the day the Petersburg Mine was sprung, Lieutenant Slater rejoined his regiment. What a change had come over the situation! On the morning of the 6th of May, when he was wounded, more than eighty men answered to their names. Now, on this last day of July, eleven men were left in Company H. During all that frightful summer a terrible trail of blood had been made, from the Rapidan to the trenches of Petersburg, and the Twelfth New Jersey had been almost annihilated.

The commission of T. O. Slater made him commanding officer of Company B. The days passed—with heavy mortar shelling, digging in the trenches, recruiting new men, and a diversion of the Second Corps north of the James River, at Deep Bottom; then back to Petersburg, and on to Reams Station, where the Second Corps met with its first humiliating defeat, and the Twelfth Regiment lost some of its bravest men. The vicissitudes of war took Lieutenant Slater to regimental headquarters as acting adjutant. In October he was mustered as Captain of Company K, when he was compelled to give up his comfortable surroundings at regimental headquarters and serve in the line again; but he was not permitted to serve long with the brave men of Company K, for after a series of marches and counter-marches, which ended in the battle of Hatchers Run, on the 27th of October, 1864, Captain Slater was taken prisoner, hurried on to Petersburg, then to Libby Prison, at Richmond, and finally to Danville, Va., where he was confined all winter, and had a very interesting prison experience,

during which it became very evident to him that the resources and energies of the rebellion would soon be exhausted.

On February 18, 1865, Captain Slater, with four hundred and fifty other officers, was sent from Danville to Libby Prison, at Richmond, and on the glorious 22d day of February, 1865, they were passed through the lines, exchanged; and the first time in four wretched months these half-starved men came in sight of the bright stars and stripes waving everywhere on the shipping—to him a most happy Washington's Birthday. It really seemed like being born again. After a few weeks at Annapolis, Md., and with friends in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, Captain Slater started for the regiment, when at Philadelphia, news was brought that President Lincoln was dead. This terrible shock changed the pulsations of events, and the whole country bowed its head in sorrow. He marched in the column that escorted the body of the President from the White House to the Capitol, and then passed on to the regiment at Burkesville, Va.

Everything was changed. So many of the old Twelfth gone. No more enemy in front. The last battle of the Army of the Potomac had been fought. The whole Army of Northern Virginia was its prisoners, and yet the Army of the Potomac was better equipped than ever to go on with the war. But everybody was tired of fighting. The South had been terribly punished, and the North had made enormous sacrifices, that the country should be held united. After being mustered out, he went to Warren county, Pa., the home of his father and brothers, where for twenty years he engaged in lumbering, and then entered the general hardware business, which will probably occupy his attention until the tale of life is all told. The heroic associations of his three years with the Twelfth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, are among the happiest that abide in his memory. And the consciousness of important service rendered by the gallant Twelfth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, while it was a part of the Third Division, and also of the Second Division, of the glorious Second Army Corps of the splendid Army of the Potomac, brings to him a thrill of pride that will be joy so long as life will last.

JOHN KILLE, CO. H,

The subject of this sketch, was born August 20, 1842, in Harrison township, Gloucester county, N. J. As a son of a farmer his boyhood years were quietly spent in attendance at the common country schools of that period, and the many duties of the farm, where his quiet, uneventful life was passed in rural happiness, until the breaking out of the war, when, like thousands of other boys, he felt that our country demanded his service. So on August 13, 1862, just before reaching his twentieth year, he enlisted as a private in Company H, Twelfth New Jersey Volunteers, under Captain H. A. Mattison, of Woodstown, and with the regiment was mustered in the United States service on September 4, 1862. He was a stout, rugged boy, of manly form, good habits and perfect health, and took up the new duties of a soldier with cheerful earnestness; enjoyed the camp life at Woodbury, the drill and duties of Elliott's Mills, and accepted his full share of the hardships of camp and picket, during that inclement winter at Falmouth. The quiet soldier duties continued until in April, 1863, when rumors of a forward movement were often heard, and realized in the latter part of the same month, when we broke camp and took up the march for Chancellorsville. John speaks in a feeling manner of the remembrance of the load he carried, that big knapsack, nine days' rations of salt pork and hard-tack, with sixty rounds of ammunition, trudging cheerfully along through rain and mud; crossing the Rappahannock on our first pontoon bridge, with the band playing "Hail to the Chief," and everything smilingly bright and cheerful, until at Chancellorsville on Saturday evening, May 2d, when we took that memorable walk down the plank road, with the shells of Union and rebel cannon passing back and forth in such close proximity to our heads, giving John the worst scare of his life. And he makes the claim (which we will not admit) that he was the worst scared boy in the regiment; but, like many others, he kept his feet pointed the right way, and bravely and safely survived the dangers of that terrible battle of Sunday, May 3, 1863, in the woods of Chancellorsville. Soon after

this he was taken sick, and sent to Emory Hospital, Washington, but soon recovered and was sent to Convalescent Camp at Alexandria, where he soon became disgusted with the surroundings, and eagerly accepted a chance to return to the front; rejoining the regiment in time to participate in the mighty struggle at Gettysburg, where with his company he felt the thrill of that gallant charge on the "Barn," and gave full play to his old musket when Pickett's Virginians made that famous charge on our front, where the thickly strewn bodies of their dead gave evidence of the quality and quantity of our buck and ball. He passed safely through all our hardships and experiences at Bristoe Station, Mine Run and Mortons Ford, but was seriously wounded on May 6, 1864, in that fearful battle of the Wilderness. His older brother, Joseph A. Kille, of the same company, was instantly killed at the same time and place. John was sent to a Washington hospital, thence to Philadelphia, where, after months of suffering, he recovered and rejoined the regiment in early winter, in the earthworks of Petersburg, where he cheerfully performed every duty of guard, picket and those exciting trips to Hatcher's Run. He enjoyed that brief winter camp, and eagerly looked forward to the opening of what we all felt must be the final campaign, which came in March, when we broke through those formidable lines that had so long held us back, and started on that exciting race which ended at Appomattox, where the cohorts of Lee and secession were glad to accept the magnanimous terms of "unconditional surrender," and admit that Grant and the Army of the Potomac were too much for them. John returned with the regiment, was discharged at Trenton in June, 1865, and returned to home and civil life, after a service of nearly thirty-four months. He now resides at Clayton, N. J., and looks after the peace and order of that town as a policeman, honored and respected by everybody. A brave soldier, a genial comrade, a good citizen, and of such was Company H, Twelfth New Jersey Volunteers.

JOSEPH PAUL, CO. H.

This comrade was born in Millville, N. J., October 5, 1842. His father, Samuel P. Paul, was a noted blacksmith of that town, but in a few years he moved to Woodstown and set up a shop, where the boy, Joseph, attended the common schools of that place, until at a suitable age, when his father took him in the shop as apprentice, where he soon learned the mysteries of tempering steel and welding iron, and had just finished his apprenticeship when the war broke out. At the call for three hundred thousand more soldiers he plainly saw it his duty to help make up the number, enlisting August 13, 1862, in Company H, Twelfth New Jersey Volunteers, where he continued in faithful performance of every duty, through our early life at Woodbury and the pleasant camp at Ellicott's Mills; he valiantly endured that muddy march through Maryland and the trials and exposures of the picket line at Falmouth, until March 20, 1863, when a bad attack of typhoid fever confined him to his tent, where his comrades tenderly cared for him, but growing worse, on March 24th he was taken to Division Hospital, where he survived the fever, and while yet in a very weak condition was sent to a Washington hospital, where he was attacked by gangrene in the feet, from which he suffered terribly, until on April 15th the surgeon amputated the toes of both feet; but this not proving sufficient, on June 24th, the left foot was amputated at the ball, and on July 24th the right foot at the instep. This heroic treatment removed the gangrene, but left him crippled for life, and after long and agonizing sufferings he partially recovered and was discharged December 9, 1863, since which time he has worked at various trades and places. One year in a jewelry store, making and repairing spectacles, fifteen years as painter and paperhanger, then seven and a half years at harness-making in Clayton, where he now resides, but poor health has rendered him unable for any labor, and at the present time he is a notary public and pension claim agent, in which capacity he enjoys the support of nearly all the old soldiers of the neighborhood. He is an enthusiastic Grand Army of the Republic man and has served

as adjutant of Samuel Mills Post, No. 76, for many years, and is always a prominent worker in the services of Memorial Day.

GEORGE A. BOWEN, CO. I.

The subject of this sketch, was born in Salem, N. J., September 15, 1843. He spent the earlier years of his life in attendance at the Quaker school of that city, graduating with high honors in 1857. Immediately entered into business as an apprentice to the trade of a watchmaker and jeweler, at which he remained until President Lincoln's call for three hundred thousand more troops, which he plainly saw meant him. His name was soon on the rolls, having enlisted August 11, 1862, in Captain H. F. Chew's company (I), of the Twelfth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, as a private soldier. But his natural ability, combined with a fine appearance and genial disposition, soon won recognition, being promoted to fourth sergeant September 4, 1862; to orderly sergeant July 4, 1863, for good conduct at Gettysburg; to First Lieutenant of Company C April 15, 1864; to Captain of Company C November 6, 1864; and in February, 1865, he was elected major of the regiment, but declined the promotion, preferring to remain with his company, the "C horses." That strong bond of feeling and company pride remained unbroken till the close of the war, when he was discharged with the regiment at Trenton, June 19, 1865. He was particularly fortunate in never receiving a wound, though always in front whenever a battle was being fought. Was never sick enough to miss a meal or be off duty, and participated in every battle, march, or skirmish of the regiment, from Chancellorsville to Appomattox; so that the history of the Twelfth Regiment is his history. Was one of the fortunate few who retained his health and spirits, and who passed unscathed through all the vicissitudes and dangers of mud and dust, of rain and sun, of thrilling charge and flying bullets, firm and undaunted amidst the wildest scenes of excitement and danger. Always ready, always reliable, and faithful in the performance of every duty. Took his full share in

the joy and wild delirium of that happy day at Appomattox. After the war he resumed his occupation as a watchmaker and jeweler, and at the present time is living and conducting his business in Bridgeton, N. J.

CHARLES P. BROWN, CO. I,

Was born November 23, 1841, at Tullytown, a small village in Bucks county, Pa. While at an early age his father died, and the family, after disposing of the few acres of land upon which they lived, took up their residence in the city of Trenton, N. J., where the mother, by her needle in a very humble way, provided for herself and five small children. It was while watching his faithful mother ply her needle from early morn until late at night to provide for their necessities, that the little nine-year-old lad conceived the idea of relieving her of some of the burden by becoming self-supporting, and after much persuasion gained her reluctant consent to leave home, and the next seven years of his life were spent with an excellent Quaker family on a farm in Bucks county, Pa., where he worked for his board and clothing, with the customary three months schooling in the winter. At the age of sixteen he returned to his mother's home in Trenton, entered the State Model School, and by close application to his studies secured a fair education at that institution. After leaving school, having an inclination for mercantile life, he secured a position as clerk in the retail store of Mr. Jonathan Steward, at that time the most extensive grocery and dry goods store in the city, where he remained until the breaking out of the war and his enlistment. During the exciting times that preceded the beginning of hostilities young Brown, while taking but little part in the discussions that entered into the times, was from the first fixed with a firm resolve that should the rebellious States attempt to carry out their oft-repeated threat, and resort to arms, he would not hesitate, but at once offer his services to do what he could to prevent a disruption of the Union he loved so well.

When the news was flashed over the wires that Fort Sumter had been attacked and our flag fired upon, and immediately

following, the call for help from President Lincoln, young Brown, then a youth of but little more than nineteen years, without a moment's hesitation, enlisted in the first company of three months men that was formed in his city, commanded by Captain Joseph Yard, a veteran of the Mexican war, and was promptly sworn into the United States service as a private. This was all right so far as it went, but the mistake he made was in not securing his mother's consent beforehand; for when he, the next morning, told her what he had done, the shock was too much for her reason to bear, and she became temporarily insane. Much to his regret, there seemed to be but one thing for him to do to save his mother's reason, and that he did as quickly as possible: acquaint the captain with the circumstances, and as he was a friend, another name was substituted for Brown's, and he remained for the time at home, not daring for a long time to mention the subject of enlisting. But by the time the call for volunteers for three years was made, in the early part of 1862, a partial consent was secured, and he enlisted as a private in Company I, Twelfth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers. Was promoted to regimental quartermaster sergeant September 4th, and served as such with distinction, being much of a favorite with both officers and men of the entire regiment, until April 19, 1864, when he received a commission as Second Lieutenant of Company A. The company not having at the time the requisite number of men, he could not be mustered; but, nevertheless, he reported to Captain Phipps for duty, at the opening of the Wilderness campaign, determined, muster or no muster, to share with his comrades in the perils and the glories of the battlefield.

At the charge on the 12th of May, of Hancock's Corps at Spottsylvania, he was severely wounded in the thigh by a minnie ball, and disabled for further duty for three months; during which time he received a commission of First Lieutenant of Company I, May 20, 1864, for bravery on the field at Spottsylvania. On January 30, 1865, he was further promoted to be Captain of Company I, which position he held at the mustering out of the regiment, taking part in all the battles in which the regiment was engaged. Since the war he has re-

sided at his present pleasant home in Trenton, N. J., and been engaged most of the time in the grocery business. For four years he held the position of chief of police, and later, for the same length of time, that of city treasurer.

WILLIAM E. POTTER, CO. K,

The subject of this sketch, was born in Bridgeton, N. J., June 13, 1840. His grandfather, Colonel David Potter, was a soldier of the Revolution, and saw considerable service in the battles of Brandywine and Germantown. The grandson, William, having chosen the law as a profession, entered the office of Hon. John T. Nixon as a student in October, 1857, where he remained two years, then becoming a student at the law school of Harvard University, graduating in January, 1861, and in September of the same year entered the junior class of Princeton College. Under the spur of patriotic ardor he abandoned his collegiate studies and accepted a commission as Second Lieutenant of Company K, Twelfth New Jersey Volunteers, August 14, 1862. He was promoted to first lieutenant of the same company August 6, 1863, and Captain of Company G, February 4, 1864. Most of his military service was on staff duty, for which he was well fitted, being of handsome figure, a good horseman, prompt and alert in service, always ready, nor thought of danger where duty called. He was first detailed as Ordnance Officer of the Third Division, Second Corps, and acted as such in the campaigns of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg on the staff of Generals French and Alexander Hays. In October, 1863, he was appointed Judge Advocate on the staff of General Alexander Hays, serving until March, 1864, when he rejoined the regiment at Stony Mountain, and was in command of his company when painfully wounded in the Wilderness, May 4, 1864; but, after a few weeks at the hospital, he rejoined the regiment at Cold Harbor, June 4, 1864, and in July was detailed as aide-de-camp on the staff of Colonel Thomas A. Smythe, and in August Judge Advocate on staff of General Gibbon, commanding Second Division, Second Corps. In January, 1865, General Gibbon was

assigned to the command of the Twenty-fourth Corps, Army of the James, and he took Comrade Potter with him as Judge Advocate of that Corps, where he remained until the close of the war, and was mustered out with the regiment, June 4, 1865.

By an order from headquarters he was one of the five officers detailed to deliver the colors surrendered by Lee's army to the War Department at Washington, which ceremony occurred May 1, 1865, he being the only New Jersey officer present on that occasion. On his return home he resumed his law studies, was admitted as an attorney in 1865, and as a counsellor in 1869. He was a shrewd, sharp lawyer, and his services were in great demand. A polished speaker, gifted orator, genial comrade; one of the brightest lights of our reunion society went out in the death of this loved and honored comrade, who received his final discharge and was mustered out November 9, 1896, leaving a widow and six children, with a host of comrades and friends to shed with them the sympathetic tear. His funeral took place at Bridgeton, November 13, 1896. Dust to dust, but his memory still lives.

EDWARD M. DUBOIS, CO. K,

Was born in Bridgeton, N. J., on January 12, 1837. His early life was passed in the happy manner of boys of that day, attending the schools of that town, according to usual custom. First, the primary, under control of Miss Eliza Sheppard; then the public school, under Lucius Barrows, and later, the Bank Street Academy. At the age of fifteen years, he went to Philadelphia and learned the trade of a jeweler and watch maker, and at completion, removed to Cincinnati, remaining two years, then accepted a situation at Danville, Ky., where he remained in business till 1861. During the presidential election of 1860, the strong ticket in that State was Bell and Everett, whose platform was, "Let things remain as they are;" but being very ill with fever young DuBois did not vote. Abraham Lincoln, that greatest man of the century, was however elected, and trouble at once commenced, and in that border State "fever heat" was soon reached. Most of the young

men belonging to the old slave-holding families, his associates, became his enemies; friendships were broken, Northern men were under the ban, their business was boycotted, their lives threatened. But that strong Union feeling induced "Ned," with many others, to secretly form a company of Union men, with nightly drills, where, fully realizing the dangers of the movement, they became very proficient in drill and school of the soldier. The company was commanded by Captain Fry, who afterwards rose to the rank of major-general, and won his first battle at Mill Springs, Ky., by defeating that old rebel, General Zollikoffer, who was killed in a hand to hand fight, the company being attached to the Fourth Kentucky Volunteers. But before this time he received a letter from his family in Bridgeton strongly advising him to return home and enlist from his own State, and upon consultation with his captain, "Ned" received an honorable discharge, settled up his business, and returned to Bridgeton, just at the time Lieutenant Daniel Dare returned from Trenton with permission to raise a company for the Twelfth New Jersey Volunteers, and his was the first name on the roll of Company K, on June 24, 1862. The required number of men was soon obtained, and they proceeded to Woodbury, where the regiment was being organized, and were mustered into the United States service on September 4, 1862, and three days later started to the "Front," as fine a body of men as ever marched from any State—young, brave and overflowing with patriotism.

DuBois was sworn in as first duty sergeant on September 4, 1862, promoted to sergeant-major on February 14, 1863, and second lieutenant of Company C on July 18, 1863. The muster-in papers, though long delayed, were finally received in the night on October 12th, while the regiment lay in the field at Rappahannock, after our return from Culpeper, and while Lee was passing around our right flank. With the papers was an order for him to report to Colonel Smythe (commanding the brigade) at once, which he did. He found him wrapped in slumber—and a blanket—from which he roused up, warmly welcomed our young lieutenant, and told him, "You are now my personal aide," and he remained a staff officer in various posi-

tions until the close of the war. His first battle as a staff officer was that busy day at Auburn and Bristoe, where the whole brigade was firmly convinced that Smythe had not erred in the selection. He was promoted First Lieutenant of Company I on April 11, 1864; first lieutenant and quartermaster on April 26, 1864; major on February 23, 1865, and lieutenant-colonel on June 16, 1865, (but not mustered).

In the re-organization of the army, after Grant took command, the brigades of Carroll and Smythe were consolidated, with Carroll in command; while Smythe was sent to the Irish Brigade of the First Division, BuBois going with him, and when in the Wilderness the assistant adjutant-general was killed by the first volley, he took the position and acted as adjutant-general until that sharp reconnoissance at Spottsylvania, May 18, 1864, where Carroll was badly wounded, and Smythe returned to his old brigade. DuBois was made brigade quartermaster, with the rank of brevet-captain, and retained this position until after the surrender of Lee at Appomattox. On June 4, 1865, the veterans of the regiment were mustered out of service, all but a few old officers, who, with the recruits, substitutes and conscripts, were formed into a provisional brigade, and DuBois placed in command; but soon all the rebellious States accepted the peaceful situation, and the regiment bearing the name of the Twelfth New Jersey Volunteers, but very far from being the old regiment in the character of its members, was finally mustered out on July 15, 1865. His service, therefore, from first to last, was with the regiment, or near it, and he took an active part in all its movements, either in line of battle or ready to bring up needed supplies under all circumstances. After the war he was appointed to a position in the Internal Revenue service in the State of Pennsylvania, serving from 1875 to 1884, but when the change of administration took place, he discovered that he had fought on the wrong side, as the man who relieved him was a rebel soldier, one of the "Louisiana Tigers," and he was requested to instruct this man in the art of guaging. Since that time he has been in the employ of the West Jersey Ferry Company, in Camden, N. J., where he now resides. He was only once wounded (Wilder-

ness), but had two horses shot under him. He was appointed by Governor Ward to represent New Jersey in the commission for the Gettysburg monument, and faithfully fulfilled the trust.

CHARLES S. PADGETT, CO. K,

Was born August 22, 1840, in Deerfield, Cumberland county, N. J. His father was a farmer and had a family of ten children, five boys and five girls. Charles was the second son, and like all farmer boys of that period, lived at home and attended the district school in the winter and worked on the farm in summer until he was about eighteen years old. He then attended school at the West Jersey Academy in Bridgeton, for three winters, still working on the farm in summer. During the winter of 1861-62 he taught a district school near Shiloh, N. J., and resumed work again on the farm till the call for three hundred thousand three years men was made, when, on the 11th day of August, he enlisted in Company K, of the Twelfth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, Captain Richard Thompson's company, and in a few days went into camp at Woodbury, N. J., and was sworn into the United States service on September 4th with the regiment, which soon left for the front.

He participated in the following battles: Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Falling Waters, Bristoe Station, Mine Run, Robertson's Tavern, Mortons Ford, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North and South Anna, Tolopotomy, and Cold Harbor, where he was wounded in a charge on the rebel works, early on the morning of June 3, 1864, and laid on the field between the lines all day. He was wounded in the right leg, just below the knee, by a conoidal ball, causing a comminuted fracture of the right tibia and fibula; also, fracture of left radius while lying on the field. Was taken off of the field about 8 o'clock at night by members of his own company. The leg was amputated the next morning, and he was then sent to Washington, D. C., via White House Landing, and was a patient in Carver Hospital during June, July, August and September. He was then sent home on furlough for sixty days and thus

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IN THE YEAR 1685

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had an opportunity to vote for Abraham Lincoln in November, 1864. He was then returned to the hospital in Washington, and was soon transferred to Philadelphia, where he was in a hospital at Broad and Cherry streets; also, at Christian street. Then at Chester, Pa., where he was discharged July 13, 1865, on a surgeon's certificate of disability. He was mustered as corporal September 4, 1862, and as sergeant April 1, 1864. After being discharged he spent a few days with his father's family, and on the 15th of August, 1865, he entered the employ of the Cumberland Nail and Iron Company at Bridgeton, N. J., as a clerk in their office, where he remained till August, 1895, a period of thirty years. In September, 1895, he removed, with his family, a wife and one daughter, to Bethlehem, Pa., where he now resides. At the present time he is engaged in the custom shirtmaking business, and is secretary and treasurer of the Bethlehem Custom Shirt Company. Is a member of A. L. Robeson Post, Grand Army of the Republic, and was commander of the Post in 1886. Has worn an artificial leg since 1865, is quite active and in good health.

DANIEL B. HARRIS, CO. K.

Was born in Cedarville, Cumberland county, N. J., June 30, 1839. In his boyhood he worked on a farm in summer, attending the old-fashioned district school in winter. During this time he spent one year in Philadelphia, attending the Jefferson Grammar School, at Fifth and Poplar streets. When in his sixteenth year he went to Millville to learn the trade of a blacksmith, serving an apprenticeship of five years. After his term expired he worked at his trade in Tuckahoe, Whig Lane and Millville. He was married in the spring of 1861 to Miss Martha A. Stathams, of Millville. When the call for three hundred thousand men was made in the summer of 1862, he enlisted in Company K, of the Twelfth New Jersey. While the regiment was at Woodbury he was detailed as a member of the regimental band and did such duties as the position required in the campaign of 1863, and in camp life at Fal-mouth and Stony Mountain. Feeling that the services in that

position were not such as he enlisted for, he made several attempts to secure a return to the ranks of his company, but without success, as the officers would not consent to any vacancies being made in the band. A favorable opportunity occurred in March, 1864, to secure a transfer to the United States Signal Corps, and he quickly availed himself of it, and served in that organization until the close of the war. He served on the Avery House Station and also near Fort Howard in front of Petersburg during the siege of that city. He was honorably discharged June 26, 1865, at Washington, D. C. Returning to Millville he followed his trade for four years, in the employ of Whittall, Tatum & Co., glass manufacturers, and was also in their employ for four years more as bookkeeper. In 1873 he felt called to the work of the ministry, and joined the New Jersey Conference of the M. E. Church. He has served several appointments in the Conference, and for the last four years has been Presiding Elder of the Camden District, entering upon his fifth year at the last session of the Conference in Trenton.

He was one of those bright, cheerful spirits, very careful to do no wrong; kept his religion right with him, and his influence was always for good. He seemed peculiarly fitted for every position in which he served. A fine musician and helped materially to keep up this important part of our military life, and as a nurse at the field hospitals in time of battle there were no better. Young, strong, enthusiastic, he cared for our wounded with all the sympathy of a comrade, the tenderness of a mother; relieved our physical necessities and ministered to our spiritual welfare, on duty night and day, giving water, preparing food, dressing wounds or watching with fervent prayers beside the dying bed of some of our heroes, writing last messages to anxious relatives at home; no thought of his own weariness, if haply able to soothe and cheer the last sad hours of a life fast ebbing from battle's ghastly wound. In the ranks the evidences of battle soon disappear, the wounded are quickly removed from our sight, and there is no place for the sick and suffering. We follow a dear comrade to his grave, in the slow and measured tread of the "Dead March," but return with the quick step of "Fisher's Hornpipe" or the

"Girl I Left Behind Me." No gloomy broodings of trouble and sorrow; we are soldiers, and "why should we be sad, whose business 'tis to die." But not so in the hospitals, where the surgeon's knife makes quick work of mangled limbs; the screams of anguish, the terrible suffering, the awful, dreary feeling of lonesomeness; the sleepless, anxious nights, far away from friends and the comforts of home; the poor, bruised spirit longs for sympathy, for some one to talk to. Only he who has fully experienced these things can ever know how we appreciate the trying labors of those who, like our dear Comrade Harris, make their nightly rounds, giving the cooling draught of water, wetting the feverish wound, turning to some less painful position, writing some message to anxious friend, wipe the death-damp from a pale forehead, or clasp the sympathetic hand of a brave comrade just entering the dark valley and shadow of death, made lighter by his ministrations and cheering messages of that heavenly home, where pain and parting are no more. Yes, dear comrades, the hospital had its heroes, no less than line of battle, and Comrade Harris was one of them.

FIRST GUARD DUTY.

The first guard duty performed in the company or regiment was done on Wednesday night, July 30, 1862, when a corporal from another company was arrested on the streets of Woodbury for being drunk and disorderly, and brought back to our camp by a constable, who gave him in charge of Lieutenant-Colonel Willetts. He asked Adjutant Paxson if there were any men in camp for a guard, as we had not yet fully entered into our soldier duties, and nearly all the boys had been given passes to go home over night. The adjutant said there were a few of the Company F Quakers present; and the first regimental detail, calling for a sergeant and three men, was filled by Charles D. Lippincott, Elwood Griscom, Henry M. Avis and William P. Haines. We marched up to the headquarters and reported, but had no guns. So the colonel told us to each take a small stick of cord-wood from a nearby pile, and "If the prisoner tries to get away, knock him down." I feel sure that no more faithful service was ever given than ours that night. All four of us were wide awake, and standing or walking around our prisoner, who had relapsed into a drunken stupor, which lasted till morning; but we maintained our sleepless vigils, with a firm determination to not fail in this, our first real military duty, and our prisoner was there in the morning.

REMINISCENCES OF CO. E.

BY WILLIAM H. BROOKS.

An incident of our hard service occurred on picket, opposite Fredericksburg, during that cold and stormy winter of '62 and '63. We were on the first relief, and the reserve post was up one of those ravines, piercing the bluffs, when near 2 a. m., I started out to wake up my squad of six men, and could find only three, but after tramping around for some time, I noticed a mound of snow near the path, which I investigated, and found my men completely buried in the snow, yet sleeping as soundly as though in bed at home.

At another time we were posted on the river front, at the Lacey House, and on being relieved at 2 a. m. we were each given a cup of nice hot gruel by those good angels, the women of the Christian Commission, who were there ministering to the comfort of the soldiers; and seeing an ambulance standing near by, I thought it would make a good bed, so, with a comrade, I crawled in and covered up, and we were soon asleep, and knew nothing till about daybreak, when we found our bed was moving off at a rapid rate, which roused us up with the inquiry of "What's up! where are we going?" which scared the driver nearly off his seat, but he recovered sufficiently to inquire, "What in h—eaven are you doing in there?" while we quickly jumped out and left, without paying for our lodging.

During the Wilderness campaign our company lost many brave comrades, and among those who fell to rise no more, was our color sergeant, Charles Cheeseman, a man to whom fear was unknown; handing his flag to one of the corporals, during that fierce assault of May 6th, he seized a gun and sprang forward, just as the fatal bullet passed through his stomach, causing his death in great agony a few minutes after. Charlie Cheeseman, along with two others of Company E, had been members of Colonel Baker's California regiment,

which early in the war had suffered so terribly at Ball's Bluff, and these comrades used to tell us of how in that terrible battle, Cheese-man ran up a narrow ravine, then turned and defied the rebels to take him, killing at least six of them before he was captured. He spent several months in Libby Prison, where his genial disposition won the good will of his keepers, and thus secured many favors for himself and comrades.

Another comrade I love to recall, was that bosom friend and Christian soldier, Sergeant Charles Fish, who fell in that grand charge at Spottsylvania on May 12, 1864, pierced by many bullets. He seemed to have a presentiment of death, as two days before the battle he told me that in the next engagement he would be killed. I tried to cheer him up and turn his mind from such a thought, but he replied, "I know it, and would willingly lay down a dozen lives if I had them, to save our country from disunion and dishonor. My only regret is in leaving my dear old widowed mother to struggle alone through her declining years." Oh, what a debt the country owes to those widowed mothers!

As a proof of our hard service in the Wilderness campaign, let me say that Company E crossed the Rapidan on May 1st with two officers and thirty-three men, and reached the James River on June 13th with but one officer and seven men. Seventy-seven per cent of loss in six weeks. The other companies' losses were almost as great, as there were only three officers and ninety men left in the whole regiment after the fight at Cold Harbor.

LIBBY PRISON EXPERIENCE OF FRANK M. RILEY,

CAPTAIN CO. F, TWELFTH NEW JERSEY VOLS.

Reams Station is located on the Petersburg and Weldon Railroad, about ten miles, in a southeast direction, from Petersburg. It was here, on Thursday, August 25, 1864, that the battle, known in history as the battle of Reams Station, was fought. The three old divisions of the Second Corps, having become numerically so reduced by Grant's campaign, had been consolidated into two divisions, known as the First and Second Divisions, and numbering in the whole about six thousand men. These, with about two thousand cavalry, were sent down to destroy the railroad. This we effectually did by tearing up about three miles of road, cross-piling the ties, on these balancing the rails; and then, by setting fire to the ties, the rails were bent so as to cause them to be unfit for further use.

The troops, being much fatigued from the hard day's work, camped for the night behind our works at the station. Our behavior during the day was disapproved of, by the rebels. During the night the corps of A. P. Hill, numbering some twelve thousand men, together with Wade Hampton's cavalry command, some four thousand more, came down to be ready in the early morning to call us to account. This they did most heroically, inflicting upon the old corps the worst disaster in its history, fighting us from early morn until night. Three times during the day were we attacked; at 10 a. m., at 2 p. m., and again just before sunset. This last attack was made with a determination to either do or die. The first two assaults we repulsed, defeating the enemy with heavy loss; but in their final assault for the day, massing heavily at a given point, they crushed in our centre, capturing our works and enfilading our lines by their firing. Now the fighting became fast and furious, and our brigade was called to the rescue. Without waiting to change position, right in front, about-facing, bring-

ing the rear rank in front, we charged through the dense smoke into and beyond our shattered forces, forcing back the determined foe and re-taking part of our lost line, but at what a fearful cost.

With our handful of men it was found to be impossible to accomplish the end desired. Led by General Miles, the fighting was transferred to the outside of our intrenchments, in order to take in flank and rear the Confederate left. Urged on by the personal appeals and efforts of General Hancock, who, galloping to the front, exposed himself most conspicuously, in his attempts to restore the fortunes of the day; his horse being shot from under him, a ball cutting his bridle rein in two, the corps flag pierced with five balls, and the flag staff shattered, our party, scarcely exceeding a captain's command, for a moment actually succeeded in driving the enemy into the railroad cut. Through the inability of Generals Hancock and Miles to have us supported, the rebels soon added our squad to their already grand capture of prisoners. Official reports show our total loss for the day in killed, wounded and prisoners to have been two thousand five hundred and sixty-six. In my officers' mess of four, two were killed—Lieutenant Rich and Lieutenant Stratton, and myself taken prisoner.

The day was lost, and, moreover, while the troops of the Second Corps had before this failed to carry the entrenched position of the enemy, never, before the battle of Reams Station, had we had the mortification of being driven, and our lines and guns taken. General Hancock felt so humiliated over his defeat that, before leaving the field, he placed his hand on the shoulder of one of his staff officers and said, "Colonel, I do not care to die, but I pray to God I may never leave this field." This was the first time that he had felt the bitterness of defeat.

I will now proceed to give a short narration of some of my experiences while a prisoner. The rebels were exceedingly jubilant over their success with the Second Corps, and I recall a remark made by one rebel captain, "We will soon have Hancock and the balance of you." Immediately after the capture I was conducted to the rebel rear, over Gravelly Run, and

placed in charge of their provost guard, with twenty-one other fellow-officers.

I soon made the acquaintance of what I supposed, under the circumstances, to be a rebel soldier, but who subsequently proved to be "a friend in disguise;" one L. W. Shead, formerly of Eastport, Me. When the war broke out he, in company with his brother, was in business in Mobile, Ala. His brother returned North. He tarried to close up his business, but tarried too long; was unable to get away, was finally conscripted and forced, to save his life, into the army, and was now only awaiting the opportunity to escape North. He was Union to the heart. He provided me with something to eat, was to get me what information he could regarding the roads and position of the rebel troops, and when he again came on duty during the night, was to allow me to pass the guards, escape and make the effort to regain our lines. He failed to return, however, having been detailed for other duty, and I did not again see him until the following morning. He stated that my chances for getting back would have been very good, there being only a few rebel cavalry between the lines during the night. But my chance was gone and I grieved over the lost opportunity. He continued with the guards that conducted us to Petersburg, where we were turned over to Colonel Humphreys, Provost Marshal of Wade Hampton's division of cavalry. My friend here bade me farewell, stating that he should go North at the first chance offered him. I gave him my address home, he promising, should he successfully escape, to write there immediately; for I supposed, in the confusion of the fight, it was unknown whether I was dead or alive. To make a long story short, as the saying goes, he did make his escape the following day. For, upon my return home, among the first questions asked was, "Who is L. W. Shead, of Maine? We had such a nice letter from him a few days after your capture, saying he had left you at Petersburg on your way to Libby Prison, describing Libby, stating you were well, in good spirits, and would yet come out all right"—writing them a very encouraging letter, which letter I now have in my possession. I replied, "He is the *rebel* soldier who stood guard over me,

giving me something to eat, and who has succeeded in making his escape North." Feeling under great obligation to him, I wrote him, thanking him for his many kindnesses, asking for his experience. The correspondence has ever since been kept up. He has been in Bridgeton since that time and is now a successful manufacturer of satinets in Athol, Mass.

On our way from Reams Station to Petersburg I was relieved of a fine rubber blanket, purchased at Horstmann's, in Philadelphia, for sixteen dollars, on my return after being wounded at the battle of the Wilderness. This blanket was taken from me by the order of one who has since represented the South in the United States Senate, none other than the present M. C. Butler. I presume that at this late date he would deny the charge and refuse to pay the bill, but it is true all the same. On being turned over to Provost Marshal Humphreys, we were relieved of our pocket knives, combs, etc., as well as any Confederate money in our possession. These things being of a personal nature and not the property of the United States, I entered a protest against such treatment. In reply I was informed, "Such are my orders." What angered me most was, the fact that one of Wade Hampton's staff officers, whom I saw pocket my knife, offering me some biscuit and bacon, while my knife adorned his pocket. I declined the offer with contempt, saying that I did not care, after such treatment, after being robbed, to be under any obligations. I could very plainly see how they helped to sustain their rotten Confederacy, and I felt indignant. The following night we spent on a small island in the Appomattox River, there being twenty-two officers in all, and under a separate guard from the enlisted men. The next day we were marched to Petersburg, our guns still covering that city, and were there loaded into cattle cars and once more were on our way to Richmond, but this time from the rear. As we stopped at the stations along the road we were importuned by small boys, offering to exchange Confederate money for greenbacks at the rate of eight dollars of their money to one of ours.

In our party was General Francis A. Walker, lately deceased, who had been General Hancock's Assistant Adjutant

General—also one Captain Tripp. These were both found missing from our number soon after leaving Petersburg ; no one could account for their absence. Great was the inquiry, "What has become of them ; what has happened to them ?" This suspense was not relieved until the following day, after our arrival in Libby Prison, when in was brought Captain Tripp, under guard. His story was as follows : He and Walker had watched their chance, while waiting to take the cars, slipped the guard, and under cover of some small bushes secreted themselves until dark. They then passed through Petersburg and followed down the south bank of the Appomattox to its mouth, which point they reached before daylight. Tripp was so exhausted that he was fearful if he made the attempt to swim the James River he would be drowned, but Walker swam it and Tripp supposed he had escaped. After daylight the captain felt so weak and hungry that he went to a farm house in sight to procure something to eat. While they furnished him the food, at the same time they gave the alarm, and some rebel cavalry came and took him in charge, and here he was.

Yes, and here comes Walker, and a hard looking Walker he was. This occurred late in the afternoon, and while we welcomed him back, we felt sorry for him because of his attempt to escape having been unsuccessful. What clothing he wore was of a very poor quality and very much a misfit, and had been given to him by the rebels. His statement to us was as follows : Seeing two picket fires on the opposite side of the river, and being very positive that these belonged to our men, he plunged in and swam across, but on reaching the other side he was so exhausted that he called for assistance. It came, but to his sorrow, wearing the gray and not the blue. They informed him that they were North Carolina soldiers, but that if he had struck the fire below he would have found himself in the hands of friends, Union soldiers. He had just missed it; it was certainly very hard luck, and we sympathized greatly with him. After daylight he was sent up to General Gordon's headquarters. The general, on questioning him to learn what he could, was surprised, on account of his appearance, when

Walker disclosed who he was, as General Hancock and he were at West Point together.

Well, we arrived at "Hotel de Libby" in the early evening of Saturday, August 27, 1864, and were turned over to the tender care and keeping of Dick Turner, the proprietor. Here we were subjected to another examination to be robbed again. Turner stated that any greenbacks we had in our possession must be placed in his keeping, but that we could keep our Confederate money. You see the arrangement for robbing us, for in Petersburg we were allowed to keep our own money, but were forced to give up Confederate money, whereas now the thing was reversed, so finally we had nothing. Turner kindly informed us that we would subsequently be searched, and anything then found would be "confiscated;" this last word, as spoken by him, amused us greatly.

We were put through an examination, three at a time, in a room on the same floor where Turner had his office, being required to remove our outside clothing and our shoes, and the examination being made by three rebel soldiers, and they went through us most thoroughly. I had with me at the time of my capture about fifty dollars, and my conclusions were that it would be best to divide up, so I handed over to the tender mercies of Dick Turner twenty-five dollars of it and decided to take my chances on the other twenty-five. I had already stowed one ten dollar bill in the bowl of my pipe, placing a little tobacco over it, another ten in the soles of my shoe where the stitching had given way, and was seeking a place for a five, when my name was called. I hastily rolled this five up and secreted it in my mouth, and passed in for my examination. Good luck favored, and when they were through I passed up stairs with my three notes. I had a narrow escape with my pipe, which was new and recently bought, and enclosed in a nice case. They opened the case, took out the pipe, and holding it up to the light, remarked, "It's a daisy." I thought, good-bye pipe, but instantly, as the only hope, pleaded the sympathetic act, and it worked as I desired, for he, too, was a smoker and knew how much pleasure and comfort was derived therefrom. He placed it back in its case, and I

took it with me upstairs, and I still have it, together with some of the tobacco, as a memento of my prison experience.

One of our party, whose regiment had recently been paid off, was more unfortunate. He had picked up an old canteen along the road, which had been repeatedly run over and flattened out, his intention being to make a tin plate out of it. In the mouth of this he had secreted four one hundred dollar bills. When he was examined this was taken from him, with the remark that "this is the kind of stuff you fellows use to dig out with." He offered to give them some information regarding that same canteen if they would go halves with him, but he was rudely hustled upstairs, and the canteen and its contents was "confiscated."

While I was confined in Libby I kept a diary, and upon being released therefrom brought the same home with me, and still have it in my possession, and will here quote from it my first day's experience in the prison: "Sunday, August 28, 1864. Arose this morning from my bed upon the bare floor, and surveyed Libby. Was somewhat disappointed in finding the place cleaner than expected. We were organized into messes of twelve, one drawing the food for all; received about 9 o'clock our breakfast, consisting of a half pound of corn bread and a quarter pound of bacon, the latter rank and spoiled. This was our morning meal. We got nothing more again until 4 o'clock p. m., then the same amount of corn bread, and some kind of black bean soup, full of bugs and disgusting to the taste, but hunger drove us to eat it. Have two roll calls during the day, just before meal time. Our mess, when we drew our first ration of soup in an old broken jar, not one had anything to eat it with, used shavings for spoons, all eating from the same dish. After supper we had tin plates issued to us, with a half blanket to a man, each article belonging once to the United States. Many went to work making spoons from wood." Such was my first day's record of "Hotel de Libby."

We were shown somewhat better treatment than the private soldier, a little more courtesy and more privileges. We were furnished with a lame rebel sergeant, who would come up

every afternoon, take any order for purchases out in the city, if we had the wherewithal to pay, bringing in the same the following day. Some of us had some Confederate money, picked up while on the cars coming to Richmond, and sent out an order by the rebel sergeant into the city. I see, by my diary, prices were as follows: Bread, \$1.00 a loaf, and the same about the size of any ordinary country rusk; one onion for \$1.00; three small apples, \$1.00; soap, \$6.00 per pound; milk, \$3.50 per pint; butter, \$24.00 per pound, and other things in like proportion. An extra meal would not be very elaborate, but, on the whole, quite expensive. Why did we not use our greenbacks? Ah, we were afraid of Dick Turner, and had not forgotten "confiscated." Here rests an interesting experience: One afternoon we had a call from a young rebel officer, who had been at the front and seen active service, but was now doing special duty in Richmond. He called out of curiosity and to have a chat; made himself very pleasant and agreeable, going over some of the battles both had taken part in, and in this way spending about an hour. Before he left, it was intimated that some of us who had greenbacks would like to take the advantage in exchange for "Confed" money. He replied, "You know what the law here is, dollar for dollar; as you seem to have confidence in *me*, I will trust *you*, and return in a short time and see what I can do for you," which he did, allowing us six for one. Query—who was this rebel? None other than a son of an ex-governor of Virginia, the present John A. Wise, of whose commendable career since the war, we all well know. I wonder if, at this late date, he would recall the occasion; I think he would.

We officers fared much better than the private soldiers, sheltered from the winds and storms, and while the food furnished us was insufficient and of miserable quality, it sufficed, for the time being, to sustain life. I had a standing order for two loaves of bread daily, at one dollar per loaf, besides other small purchases, outside of the supplies furnished by the rebels, and so I got along fairly well as long as my funds held out. How about the private soldier—our treatment was hard enough to bear, but what of theirs? Ask the records of Belle Isle and

Andersonville, and you have an answer black enough to eternally damn any country or people. We were prohibited from coming near the barred, otherwise open, windows, and the rebel guards instructed accordingly. There was plenty of evidence of bullet-marks inside, from shots fired through the windows by the guards.

As our confinement continued, the days seemingly grew longer and the nights more tedious, as we were allowed no lights. I remember thinking of the good times at home, the pleasures at some festive occasion, when the tables groaned with full and plenty of the good things of life. I found now I *was continually kicking myself*, because I did not eat *more* when I had the opportunity.

As the exchanging of prisoners between the North and South had ceased, owing to the refusal of the South to recognize our colored troops as Union soldiers, our chances for getting home seemed very remote and quite uncertain, and I had a dread fear lest I should be sent further south for the winter, as our quarters were becoming somewhat crowded by occasional fresh arrivals. I feigned sickness successfully and gained removal to another part of the prison, into the officers' hospital on the first floor and on the east side of the building. Here the cots were provided with straw beds and a pillow, while before I had had the floor for a bed and my shoes and a coat for a pillow. On reaching my new quarters, who should I find as steward of the hospital, but one of our own men, and he a member of our regiment, William H. Bass; and who for cook, but Tom Morris, of Company B. This meant much for me; for instance, at dinner my cup of soup would contain rather more meat and potatoes than those of my neighbors. What became of poor Tom I never knew. For some misconduct on his part he was sent to confinement, and with him went a five-dollar bill I had given him to get exchanged into Confederate money. Previously I had sold a cheap silver watch for forty dollars of their money. My record shows that previous to coming to the hospital, the rations furnished had been much complained of, both as to quantity and quality. The bacon had become so rank and bad that we could not stand it and

had rebelled. The matter was adjusted by our agreeing to accept fresh beef in lieu of bacon, but in reduced quantities. This change, I see by my diary, occurred on Wednesday, September 7, 1864. The amount of meat now received was about the size of two fingers. At the same time our corn bread was changed to wheat. This did not prove so acceptable. Before eating, the bread had to pass through a close examination for white worms, which were numerous and seemingly in a good healthy condition. These are facts and indisputable.

Our quarters were scrubbed out semi-weekly by the darks, who were always our friends and did for us many small favors on the sly. Through them at different times I succeeded in procuring an old knife, fork and spoon, and felt rich then in merchandise, and could boast of more in this line than three quarters of my fellow prisoners. Occasionally a few very sick or disabled were sent North under parole. Occupying the cot adjoining mine was Lieutenant C. W. Ostrander, of Syracuse, N. Y. He was permanently disabled by the loss of his leg below the knee. When he had recovered sufficiently to stand the journey he was notified to be ready the next day to go North. Here was my opportunity to send a letter home. I wrote it on both sides of a leaf from my diary, and encased it in a brass button of his coat. He carried it through the lines safely and on reaching the North mailed it to my home, where I found it upon my return and still have it in my possession. I have since had it copied and it occupies nearly four pages of foolscap paper. I would copy it here, but it would make my already too long story altogether beyond reason. My wound, received in the battle of the Wilderness, continued giving me much trouble at times, and I see by my diary that on Thursday, September 29th, another piece of bone came out, making the second since my arrival in Libby. This piece fell from my head, as did the ball, into my throat and from thence was coughed up.

Lieutenant Ostrander left "Hotel de Libby" Saturday, September 24, and the following day his cot was occupied by Mr. W. F. Stocking, a hardware merchant of Washington, D. C. He had been down on the lower James River in a vessel, look-

ing after some wood that he was going to have marketed. The vessel was anchored in a cove and one night, about midnight, they were awakened to find themselves and the vessel the prisoners of Murry's bushwhackers. The captain and crew were to remain prisoners, and the vessel was to be burned. By some secret understanding between himself and the rebels, arrangements were entered into whereby, by giving his bond for ten thousand dollars, and he going with them as security for the amount until he could in some way communicate with home and obtain the money, he saved a twenty thousand-dollar boat, besides the freedom of the captain and the crew. He had spent a week with his captors, they seemingly being unable to do enough for him. He was to remain in Libby for the night only, and the following morning was to be taken to the headquarters of the surgeon-in-chief and given the freedom of the city. Making myself *known* to him we soon became friends, and a lucky acquaintance it subsequently proved for me, for through him and others he met in Richmond, I was enabled to leave Libby and come home on my simple parole. Others captured with me, as I afterwards learned, were sent South to Salisbury, N. C., where they remained all winter and were not exchanged until March. I left Libby Prison Friday morning, October 7, 1864, and from my diary under that date I copy the following: "Restless, sleeping but little during the night. Up bright and early. After breakfast, prepared to leave. Made distribution of what money and effects I had among my fellow-officers, and am now ready to go to the boat in an ambulance for a sail down the James River for home. Let me here add, as a parting salute to old Libby; I bid her a lasting and not loving farewell; should I ever come here again, the reason will be because I am wounded and disabled. The mean, contemptible, lousy, etc., prison, I bid you a long, not loving, but detestable farewell."

At 9 o'clock we left Libby for the flag of truce boat. Before leaving Libby, I made demand upon Turner, through our hospital steward, for my twenty-five dollars in greenbacks, threatening exposure and what I would do upon my return North. My purpose was to give others left behind the benefit of it. I

did not succeed in my object, and as I could not allow twenty-five dollars to stand between me and liberty. I left without the money. Much to my surprise, on nearing the boat-landing I was overtaken and handed a sealed envelope which, upon opening, I found contained twenty-five dollars in United States money. Whether my actions had anything to do with its return or not I never knew; but this I do believe, had I not protested and firmly demanded it. Dick Turner would never have given it up. One Union officer squared accounts with him, on our march back after Lee's surrender. The army halted for one day at Manchester, on the opposite side of the river from Richmond, and none below brigade commanders and staff were allowed to cross the pontoon. Being then on duty as assistant adjutant general at brigade headquarters, a party was made up and we went over. We learned that Turner had been captured and was then himself confined in Libby. Our party rode over there, none more eager under the circumstances than your humble servant. I again went through the place, but under very different circumstances from my previous experience. Turner was in separate confinement, under guard, and the guard instructed to allow no one to see him. Why? Because of his having been nearly killed earlier in the day, by one whom he had previously ill-treated in a reverse situation, who wanted to square accounts with him, and it was said, battered him around most unmercifully.

On reaching the boat we found our homeward-bound party numbered fourteen commissioned officers, besides a few enlisted men brought from Belle Island. The latter were a pitiable sight to see, they seemed so weak and so weary; many, without sufficient strength to walk, had to be carried on stretchers. Our ride down the river was without special incident. When we arrived at our own flag of truce boat, and the men once again beheld the "Stars and Stripes," in silent prayer they looked heavenward and said, "God's country"—it was a sight never to be forgotten by the writer. All preparations had been made for our arrival. Tables were spread in white linen, and laden with full and plenty. Oh, what a sight! In due season Annapolis, Md., was reached. I made application to the War

Department for leave of absence to go home and there remain until regularly exchanged, which occurred early in December.

While the recollections of these two months, refreshed by the records kept, are not altogether pleasant in some respects, this experience is something now much cherished, especially so when added to my three years' service as a soldier.

STRATTON FAMILY.

One of the most remarkably patriotic families of our county, and one very closely identified with the history of our company, was that of Emanuel Stratton, father of Emanuel, Jr., William Henry, Azariah and Charles C. Stratton, all of Company F, Twelfth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, who at the time of the war was living on a farm near Swedesboro, N. J. He was a great reader, and close observer of the secession movements, and when he read of the insults offered to our grand old flag, and the firing on the same at Fort Sumter, his patriotic blood was stirred within him, he being willing to sacrifice, if needed, his four stalwart sons to save his country. It was a great trial for the mother and father to give up their youngest boy, Charlie, only sixteen years of age; but patriotism triumphed over that grand old *American* heart, and he spake the words, "If my country demands it, go." And as though it was yet not enough, he demanded of our captain (E. L. Stratton), that if one of his boys should fall, send him word, and he would take his place. Soon the opportunity came: the eldest, Emanuel, Jr., fell at Chancellorsville with a ghastly wound in the shoulder. The old father heard of it, and begged to be allowed to take his place, but could not be accepted on account of age. His patriotism said "I must have a flag," so he secured the material, which his wife and two daughters made into a flag four by eight feet, which was unfurled to the breeze every morning, until the close of the war, so that none could be mistaken in regard to which side he was on. And that same old flag is to-day a treasured relic in the family of his daughter, Mrs. John F. Meley, and its torn and faded folds are yet strongly charged with patriotism. One day, in the postoffice, when excitement was great, a battle had just been fought, and many slain, a "copperhead" remarked that "it served them right; they

have no business down there." The old gentleman walked up to him with his heart full of fire, and said, "If I was in the position my boys are, I would shoot you on the spot." Thus he fought the rebels at home, and lived to witness the success of our arms, the return of but two of his boys, one of them a cripple for life; the Union triumphant, the old flag restored, and died in February, 1888, at the ripe old age of eighty-one years. "The noblest Roman of them all."

The eldest son, Emanuel, Jr., (six feet, one and a half inches high) was seriously wounded at Chancellorsville on May 3, 1863, and left for dead on the battlefield; but, after fourteen days of terrible suffering in rebel hospitals, with but little care or food, he was exchanged nearer dead than alive, but by careful nursing he was restored to his family a cripple for life. William Henry, the second son, was a corporal, faithful in the discharge of every duty, yielded up his life in the charge on the Bliss Barn at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863, leaving a widow and two children. Azariah, the third son, filled every office from private to captain, was with the company in every battle, skirmish, march and camp, and escaped without serious wounds. Charles C., the fourth son, sixteen years old, full of the spirit of his father, yielded up his young life in that grand charge at Spottsylvania on May 12, 1864. His body was not recovered, and his parents had no knowledge of its resting place; and that dear old mother watched and waited for the return of her boy, but died without her hopes being realized.

GRISCOM'S DUCK.

One of the first and hardest lessons for us young recruits to learn was the strict obedience to orders without arguing, disputing or asking the reason why, but silently and cheerfully obey, and the beautiful promptness with which some of the boys learned this difficult lesson is shown by the following true story: "Soon after reaching Ellicott's Mills, Md., in September, 1862, our company was sent out for the first time on picket, this being just about the time of the battle of Antietam, not many miles away, when rebel spies were scouring this part of the country for information of the whereabouts of our lines and troops, and we were given very strict orders as to our duties, etc.; be vigilant, watchful, allow nothing to pass your post; halt them at proper distance, and if they turn to escape halt twice more, then shoot to kill. George H. Coles and Elwood Griscom were placed on a very responsible post, where the Baltimore pike crossed the Patapsco River, with strict orders to "guard the bridge, allow nothing to pass, etc.," and while Griscom was standing his turn of duty on second relief, a large domestic duck, full of business and—feathers, but painfully ignorant of all military etiquette, came sailing down the stream, "nor dreamed of war or danger near," yet closely approaching our vigilant sentinel, who, full of the importance of his new position and trembling with eagerness at the daring approach of this first rebel, brought his gun up to a "ready" with a sharp "*halt!*" which caused the startled duck to turn to escape, but "*halt! halt!*" and the quick crack of his musket brought the officer of the guard, all in a flurry as to cause of an alarm on picket, and catching sight of the duck, breathing vengeance on a man caught foraging. But Griscom explained it so innocently, how he *halted* three times, then shot to prevent escape: that he obeyed orders, and was prompted solely by duty—not

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duck—that the officer smilingly praised his vigilance and went back to the reserve post, while George H. Coles skinned the duck (too tedious to pick her). When Griscom came off his post one hour later they had her fried for supper ; his bosom swelling with a proud consciousness of duty well performed.

A REMINISCENCE.

BY A. STRATTON.

When the regiment was encamped at Ellicott's Mills, two of the boys of Company F were suddenly afflicted with what was called a "fowl stomach." So they thought to satisfy their longing in that direction, and concluded while on picket that night that they would investigate a certain roosting-place. As the night advanced their courage seemed to ebb out, but "time and opportunity" came to brace them up. I think yet, if it had not been that towards daylight the roosters commenced to crow, the two boys would not have fallen so far from grace. One said, "Do you hear that?" Now these boys were not thieves. Oh, no! But,

"O, opportunity ! thy guilt is great.

Thou stand'st the boys where they the chickens may get ;

Whoever plottest the sin, thou point'st the season ;

'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason."

These chickens were roosting in a wagon-shed beside the river road, a short distance below camp, near the picket post. (I never did know why it was put so near that wagon-shed.) They stacked their guns and went for them. The chickens were roosting on the joists overhead. Notwithstanding these boys were both of them tall, they could, by standing on tiptoe, only just touch the roosting-place. Each one located his bird, and at a given word was to spring up and catch it by the feet. Now that seemed easy enough, but it was demonstrated on that occasion that it won't work more than half the time. One of the boys miscalculated the distance and struck his bird under the after part and sent it flying across the roost, which set the others to squalling; and such squalling was never heard before. (I think some of the boys of the other companies had been there before, as they seemed to be trained to squall on

sight of a soldier.) They heard a window being pushed up in the adjoining house, when they cut and ran for the post.

Results : First, one chicken among two, smuggled into camp and then a feast. Second, Two boys ! Well, one of them at least, never stole another chicken ; cause, lack of opportunity.

F. F. V.'S.

Colonel F. A. Walker, in his interesting History of the Second Corps, descriptive of the action at Tolopotomy, May 30, 1864, says: "General Hancock, after deciding to attempt the passage of the creek, had instructed me to write to the ladies of the house immediately at the crossing, who, as he had learned were there unprotected, informing them that their place was likely to be the scene of a severe battle next day, and offering them transportation to the rear for safety. This was done, and to save time an ambulance was sent along. In reply to the letter, a courteous appeal was received an hour later from the ladies not to make their house the scene of conflict; stating one of the members of the household was sick and could not well be moved, and requesting that the Second Corps would take some other route. It being not altogether convenient to alter the plans of the Army of the Potomac at so short notice, it was necessary to reply that the Second Corps could not well change its line of march, and if they valued their lives they would retire. I not only sent the ambulance a second time, but requested Dr. Dougherty, medical director of the corps, to go along and see that the sick member suffered no harm. The doctor soon returned and reported the sick member able to be moved without the slightest danger, but his offer to accompany them to the rear was received with indignation, not of the speechless variety. The upshot of the matter was that the ladies, sick and well, stayed in the house through the whole fight, most of the time in the cellar. An incident of a curious nature, which was witnessed by several of our company, occurred in the yard of this house. During the artillery contest one of the cannon was firing through an opening of about twenty feet between the house and kitchen (much to the terror and annoyance of those sensitive

ladies), and ammunition getting low they removed the limber-chest to the ground, and while it was being refilled from the caissons, a negro girl crazy with fright (or by orders from her mistress) ran out of the house with a shovelful of hot ashes and coals, which she threw in the chest, causing an explosion that killed two men and wounded others, while she escaped unhurt to the cellar, and, he adds, in the army it always *was* the fool doing the mischief who escaped. This house was struck repeatedly by the rebel shells, three of which passed right through, one exploded right at the top of the stairs, another shot striking the stove in front and cutting a nice round hole clear through it, and passed out the back of the house, with those cranky women 'holding the fort' in the cellar."

STOLEN BACON.

On May 8, 1864, the first day of the battle of Spottsylvania, whilst the regiment was halted by the roadside at the Alsop House, making their morning coffee, William P. Haines got mixed up in a raid on the smoke house, and after a terrible scramble he succeeded in escaping from that wild and hungry crowd with a five-pound chunk of smoked bacon concealed in his blouse, which was divided up in the company. The incident was entirely forgotten until May 8, 1884, just twenty years after, when he, in company with a large party of others, whilst visiting this battlefield, called at Alsop's to water the horses, when out came that same lady who fought him so strongly with a broom twenty years before; and there in the corner of the yard stood that same little smoke house, bringing up the memory of that long-forgotten bacon with such startling freshness, that he was compelled to give her a number five greenback and ask her forgiveness, which she freely granted, and said she remembered the incident perfectly, but none of the faces, but "I do wish that you had stolen every piece of meat there was in the house."

A REVERIE.

The hustling, busy life of a soldier was a great change from that of a quiet citizen; the whole life so different, the diet such a change, the hard-tack such a contrast to the nice hot rolls and home-made bread of our mothers; the discipline necessarily so strict, no more running out at nights or visiting our sweethearts and relations whenever we took the notion, and staying out as late as we wish. Now we must get a pass, subject to good conduct, and be back at camp in time for evening roll-call. The oath of enlistment is so binding—complete surrender of your own will and mind; obey your officers, right or wrong; in cheerful silence hold your tongue; no arguing or back talk; obey every order without asking the reason why, even though the officer as a civilian may have been your inferior in education, judgment or social position; he may be passionate, tyrannical, or overbearing; no matter, he is there to command, you to obey, and though you may often find little ways to vex and make it warm for such an officer, be careful not to carry things too far, or the guard-house, buck and gag or ball and chain will eventually be your portion, and that proud spirit will be checked and broken sure and effectually. The new recruit enlists in happy ignorance of all these things; he is full of enthusiasm and patriotism. Our country is endangered! Our flag insulted! He rushes into this grand assemblage of young patriots with little thought or care of what is before him; he don't fully realize the extent and nature of the work until experience brings it before him with all its startling freshness. The first suit of blue clothes, with its awkward shape, and uncomfortable fit—the garments seem all cut of one size and shape—no allowance made for your long legs, short arms or corpulent bodies. The blouse hangs in loose, ungainly folds, or binds and shrinks from ample hand and shoulder; the shirts

and stockings, seem made from whole material, full of knots and splinters, and shrink from washing like a school-boy; those big, flat shoes—gun-boats, pontoons—roomy and comfortable, all the the same size, though with different numbers. I have worn sixes and tens with equal comfort. The new knapsack, haversack and canteen were objects of wonder and curiosity, all accepted as a matter of course, with laugh, joke and boyish glee; but this is not all, the supreme, trying moment is yet in store, when the full significance, the danger, the awful realization of the aim, object and duties of war come on you unexpectedly with all its startling vividness. Fall in for your arms! and soon, for the first time, you hold in your hands that wicked, murderous musket, with its iron ramrod and triangular bayonet. What is this for? We break ranks without the usual merry laugh and joke, this begins to have a business look, and the serious faces of the boys show evidence of thought, of feeling, of realization that we are not going on a picnic or pleasure trip. I take my gun with a feeling akin to fear, I hold it from me, I sit down in the tent with the gun across my lap, and think and realize in a small measure the awful possibilities of the life and duties before me. I look around and see my comrades similarly engaged; their sober, earnest faces, those almost tearful eyes fixed on their gun. We turn it over, feel its weight and strength; we study its awful possibilities, its uses and dangers. We hold it aloof, while each man fights that first great battle with his early training, his tender feelings, his conscience; and, for the rest of the day, a quiet subdued air seems to hang over the company. But soon the struggle is over, the victory won; we are soldiers, and we'll do our duty! We clasp the gun to our breast with almost loving embrace, and ever after we cherish and cling to it as our protector, friend and defender. Through mud and dust, through storm and sun, through guard and picket, march or camp, through flashing fires and flying bullets, through bursting shells and the wild swish of the canister, that grand old gun stays right by us; gives us a feeling of strength and security, and obeys our slightest touch.

"Dear, indeed, is that old musket,
It had sure voice long ago;
Not a friend so true and trusty,
On the field to meet the foe."

And in time of battle what a feeling of strength and security in the nearness and companionship of our comrades; that mystic life and encouragement of the touch of elbow. We feel them near—a gallant band of comrades. Our family circle is often broken by death, but we close up; gather nearer together. And we never feel so safe as when in our place, right among those brave heroes, where we watch, care for and strengthen each other; and if from any cause we fall out for a few minutes, what a hurry and anxiety to get back in the ranks, even right in the very height of battle. Our safest place is with our own comrades, our own officers. This was why we never liked to have officers from another regiment put over us. We did not know them; they did not know our different temperaments and dispositions. They always seemed to be wanting to show off; to appear brave and harsh at our expense. At two different times it fell to my lot to go on the skirmish line with men of other regiments, all of us strangers to each other. We were nervous and excitable; the officers seemed tyrannical; the men scarey. We lacked that feeling of security and companionship, and were unable to do as good work as when with our own officers and comrades.

There was a peculiar fascination about our army life which was often talked about and experienced by many other comrades, as well as myself. We get badly wounded and sent away to the hospitals, where we have the best of care, get plenty to eat, have nice beds to sleep in, are entirely out of danger from whistling shells and flying balls, no weary march or lonesome picket, no thrilling charge or dangerous skirmish, nothing but ease, rest and enjoyment; yet we are dissatisfied. We read and hear of what is going on at the "Front," and we eagerly seize the first opportunity to get back in the ranks. We go home for a ten or twenty days' furlough, but always get back before the time is out. Home is a fine place, but things seem so changed: everything is so still and quiet. All

the news seem old; no drums, no noise, no excitement. We are soldiers, and our place is with the soldiers—at the “Front.” But as soon as our work was accomplished—the war ended, the rebels whipped into submission, the Union restored, our grand old flag flying in all its glory through the whole length and breadth of our happy land, then we began to get homesick. War had lost its charms. We were ready and anxious to return to peaceful pursuits, to the charms and endearments of home and family; no worse citizens because of being good soldiers.

My only wish to ever again be a soldier was a few weeks after coming home, when, in the Friends’ Meeting House at Mullica Hill, I sat for a few minutes and listened to a so-called Quaker preacher (of the tramp variety, from Canada) tell of seeing a drunken soldier on the streets of Philadelphia, and what a terrible danger to our country in the return of this great army, with all their vices and wickedness, their pilfering, drunkenness and debauchery—and just then I walked outdoors and wished and prayed for just two minutes on the skirmish line with my old musket, and that preacher in front.

"GRISS."

One of the famous men of Company F and the Twelfth New Jersey Volunteers was Elwood Griscom, born and raised a Quaker, of good old Quaker stock, where plainness of speech, behavior and apparel were lessons early instilled into his young mind, and there rooted so firmly as to remain his unique and striking characteristic through all his busy life. He spoke his mind in such plain, forceful language as left no doubt of its meaning; his behavior plain and natural, no putting on airs, or showing off, and his apparel plain and neat, but never that of a dude. Of southern birth and education up to his fourteenth year, his father a slaveholder, he early saw the baleful effects of that institution and its corrupting influence on nation, State and family, and upon coming North to live with his uncle he was quick to note the great contrast with northern free labor. He was gentle and courteous in disposition, always smiling and happy, yet with a mind so strong that when he resolved to enlist and be a soldier, the most strenuous efforts of the "overseers" of the society failed to shake his purpose in doing what he believed to be right, and I doubt if any man in the company or regiment had greater influence for good. His strong, honest, forceful character left its impress on all with whom he associated; his plain speech conveyed no doubtful meaning, his ringing laugh dispelled our cares in camp or march, and his oft shown bravery on battle's dangerous field strengthened and encouraged his weaker comrades and put to shame all signs of fear. His tent-mate and "pard" through most of his army life, who owes much to the contact and example of this grand old hero, tells some stories of those stirring times where "Griss" (as he was always called) was a prominent figure, and never known to run from the enemy, except at Ellicott's Mills, where an unruly cow drove him from the

barnyard and defied his best effort to procure some new milk, though maybe the lateness of the hour might have irritated the temper of the cow. At another time while out with the wood-choppers he and his "pard" captured a deserter just at night, who offered them a one-hundred dollar greenback to let him escape, but "Griss" sternly formed his marching column, with the "pard" ahead, next the deserter, then himself with gun at a "ready," and in single file through woods, field and darkness, for over five miles, he brought his prisoner safely to our camp, where the provost marshal searched him and found a loaded pistol capped and ready in a pocket, but he had found no chance to use it. At another time at Ellicott's Mills one of the bitter secessionists of that town (Dr. Dorsey, a wealthy slave-holder) was arrested for some of his treasonable utterances, and "Griss" and his "pard" escorted him to the office of the provost marshal (Captain R. S. Thompson, of Company K), who gave him a hearing so full of treason and brimstone that the marshal's patriotism and loyalty could stand it no longer, and twice he ordered the foul-mouthed wretch to desist, but still he kept on, and the marshal turned to "Griss" with "if he utters another word of treason, run him through with your bayonet," and the prompt "I will" caused the old rebel to stop, and turning around he saw that gentle, sympathetic look which "Griss" wore on such occasions, and the marshal's command of "silence" was promptly obeyed, and 'twas well it was, for "Griss" always obeyed orders. At Chancellorsville he escaped unhurt, carrying his wounded "pard" from off the bloody field. At the Wilderness, right in the thick of the fight he saw a young soldier of another regiment deliberately shoot off a finger so as to get to the rear, but "Griss" collared him and shoved him into the line of battle, with the consoling remark, "as you seem to want a wound so badly, I will give you a chance for an honorable one," and for an hour he kept that miserable wretch right by his side, tears and blood falling fast, but failed to get him the honorable wound.

At Spottsylvania, in that famous charge of May 12, 1864, he received a terrible wound in the head, which would have killed

any ordinary man, but he calmly walked off to the hospital without any assistance, remarking to his "pard," "Oh, this ain't much; I'll soon be back." Sure enough he did return and gallantly carried our colors, a worthy successor to brave Charlie Cheeseman. He soon got his well-earned promotion as First Lieutenant of Company E, and continued a brave and efficient officer through all those trying scenes which led to the capture of Petersburg, where his parents had been living through all that long and dangerous siege; while two of his brothers were serving as officers in the rebel army. "Griss" immediately secured a pass and was one of the first Union officers to enter that city. He found his parents in good health, but in great poverty and distress from scarcity of food, which he soon dispelled with a ham and a barrel of flour, rare luxuries which they had not seen before for many months.

The story is told that as he and a brother were taking a walk to see the effects of the bombardment, a drunken negro came swaggering down the sidewalk, full of impudence and—"commissary," happy in the absence of police, and elbowing a wide swath through the crowd of terrified women and children; just to show his importance he bumped up against "Griss," who promptly knocked him sprawling in the gutter, amidst the wonder and applause of his brother, who remarked, "I thought you Yanks loved the niggers." "Griss" answered, "We do; that's why I knocked him down."

He spent the night with his parents, who were overjoyed to meet him; relieved their urgent necessities with the kind of money that would buy (greenbacks), and next morning returned to the regiment, now many miles away in that hot chase after the fleeing rebels, and as officer of the day bravely led our skirmishers. At Appomattox there was no wilder or happier soldier than our old comrade, "Griss," who still remains a prominent figure at our reunions, a part and factor in all our honors and glory; known and loved by all his comrades.

A "SHORT-TERM" PRISONER.

BY WILLIAM P. HAINES.

My only experience as a prisoner of war was so brief that I hardly had time to appreciate it, until afterwards. 'Twas at the battle of Reams Station on August 25, 1864, when two divisions of the Second Corps (about eight thousand men) were sent on a raid to destroy the railroad, and cut off the line of rebel supplies. We accomplished this work very completely, tearing up several miles of the road, burned the ties, bent the rails, burned the depot and several cars, and then, instead of returning to Petersburg, as we should have done that night, we waited to see what the rebels would think of it next morning. And we found out, much to our sorrow, that they did not appreciate our work, as they came down on us with fifteen thousand men, and at times had us almost surrounded, and after a very exciting day's work, our troops fell back from the slight earthworks, and began the retreat soon after dark. The division provost guard (in which I was serving at the time) formed a line in the rear, near the little church, and several of us were sent back nearly to the station to assist in bringing in two of our cannon, which had been left on the field by reason of their horses being killed. We succeeded in bringing the cannon back to where a spare team of horses was hitched on, and they went back with the ambulance train, whilst we were formed as a rear guard, and held back, while the troops got a good start (probably one hour), when we followed, soon crossing a little stream, and being very hot and thirsty from our hard day's work, myself and a comrade (Dave Coles, of the Thirty-sixth Wisconsin) stopped to drink and fill our canteens, and thus got behind the others, who were retreating at a lively rate. It was a warm, close night, and very dark, with occasional flashes of lightning, and the narrow crooked road through the woods was hard to follow, so when we came to a

fork in the road, we "kept to the right as the law directs," but found it wrong. We had not gone two hundred yards, when we ran right into a vidette of three rebel cavalymen, scaring them fully as badly as they did us. By a flash of the lightning we saw who they were, and also saw a large squad of them farther down the road, while visions of Libby and Andersonville ran through our minds.

They kept us there a short time, asking questions, but it was so dark they didn't notice our guns, which "were at "a trail." Then one of them started to take us back to the reserve post, but they were much excited and evidently new troops, as instead of marching us ahead of him, as was the usual manner, he went ahead and told us to follow, which we very innocently did—for part of the distance, when I whispered to Coles that I was ready to leave; he said ditto, and we sprang from the road into the thick woods, where we knew it was too dark for him to follow. He seemed to realize that we were playing him false, as he called us some real hard names, commanded us to halt, threatened to shoot, did shoot, so did the reserves, but we kept on the even tenor of our ways, and none of their bullets came close enough to stop us; though for a real lively foot-race, where you feel the press of important business ahead, and rebel guns behind, I think a thick woods and a dark night are not real favorable for speed. We kept close together, and missed some of the larger trees, but a swinging grape vine about knee high put us both on our backs, and our guns, which we still held on to, would get cross-wise, or on the wrong side of the small trees, causing us to back up and come again, until at last we were out of hearing of the rebels, when we halted for breath and rest, talked over plans and the direction of our lines, which luckily proved right; and for four hours or longer we toiled and trudged through the woods and darkness in silence and expectancy of—we knew not what, until just at daylight we saw ahead of us the blue clad pickets of our Ninth Corps, who were sent out to cover the retreat of our corps. We gave them quite a scare, as we hid behind the trees and hailed them to let us come in, which they did "without the countersign," when they learned who we were and

why we were out there. By 8 a. m. we found our troops resting by the roadside, and gladly took our places in the ranks, after an absence of nine hours, about ten minutes of which was spent as prisoners of war.

“For he who fights, and runs away,
May live to fight some other day;
But he who is in jail confined,
Can do no fight of any kind.”

RETROSPECTIVE.

How many of you, dear comrades, who were active participants in the Army of the Potomac during that "fighting month" of May, 1864, ever thought, or believed it possible, that thirty-three years hence so many of us would be alive and able to gather at our annual reunions; to feel the thrill of the warm hand-clasp, the hearty greeting of comrades brave and true, as we renew our friendships, recall old times and celebrate the anniversary of our muster-in to Uncle Sam's service?

Why, comrades, there were many, many times during that thrilling week in the Wilderness and those terrible days and nights at Spottsylvania when death seemed very near to us, as day after day we saw our dear comrades and tent-mates shot down by our side, borne to the grave or hospital, with that sad, stoical feeling of certainty that our turn would come soon,

"As slowly and sadly we laid them to rest,
On the field of their fame, fresh and gory."

And next day we were into it again, with a firm faith that Grant would at last outflank them—which he did, but it was long, long in the future.

Not all of our army experience was as infantry, for though not exactly in the navy, we saw some service on the water. Our first nautical experience was on September 7, 1862, when, following the example of the great George Washington, we "crossed the Delaware," and later in the same day we made the turbulent passage of the grand old Susquehanna at Havre de Grace, without a single case of mal-de-mere. Some months after this we shipped as able seamen on the "Star," that familiar old Red Bank boat, under command of Captain Bender, and bravely plowed the raging main clear down to Acquia Creek, and then harrowed our feelings by having to sleep out-

doors that night in the snow. Again at City Point, when our whole corps marched on board those transports with playing bands and flying colors, we started down the James River just at dark, and were so glad to be going somewhere without marching, that we were soon down on the deck and fast asleep, with our bright dreams of Hampton Roads and Fortress Monroe all rudely shattered by the awakening of those screeching shells next morning at Deep Bottom. But I think our wettest, our most watery experience, was on February 6, 1864, at Mortons Ford, where we breasted the icy waters of the Rappahannock; so swift that it was difficult to keep on our feet; so deep that the short fellows had to swim, and so cold that it seemed to take our breath. And we had some experience as engineers, several of us helping to lay the pontoon bridge at United States Ford, when we crossed to Chancellorsville. From the Rappahannock to Appomattox we built earthworks, forts and redoubts; dug ditches, trenches and gopher-holes without number—and without shovels. Never too tired to work all night so as to have a nice, strong earthwork ready to—leave in the morning.

What grand old leaders we had in 1863-'64. "Hancock, the Superb," at the head of the corps, seemed to scent the battle from afar, and he always had the old "Second" there on time, and the official records show the results. Hays at the head of division, Smythe at the head of brigade, and grand old Tom Davis leading the regiment. Oh, what a galaxy of stars shown 'round our horizon; all stars of the first magnitude. And how grandly they finished their work. As like the setting sun they lit up our firmanent with a blaze of warmth and grandeur, then like the meteor's flash, were gone: leaving behind a reflection of light and glory to survivors and future generations, an example manifest and rugged, as one after another they took their allotted niches in Fame's temple, grand and glorious. Alexander Hays, first seen at the head of the division at Gettysburg, where his daring ride across our front, just at the repulse of that famous charge, with a rebel flag trailing in the dust behind him, gave us an idea (that we never lost) that he was a believer in personal magnetism and enjoyed a battle fully as much as we did. And oh, what a grand old

The history of the United States is a story of growth and change. It begins with the first settlers who came to the Americas in search of a new life. These early pioneers faced many hardships, but they persevered and built a new society. Over time, the United States grew from a small colony into a powerful nation. It fought wars, both with and without, and emerged as a global superpower. The American dream of freedom and opportunity has inspired people around the world. Today, the United States continues to evolve, facing new challenges and opportunities. Its history is a testament to the power of the human spirit and the pursuit of a better life.

fighter and leader was lost to the Second Corps by that fateful bullet in the Wilderness!

Thomas A. Smythe, of the First Delaware regiment, always closely identified with us ; first seen at the head of the brigade after Chancellorsville, of noble bearing and commanding presence, how proudly we followed him, and how promptly we obeyed him. That charmed life which carried him safely through so many hard fought battles, so sadly snuffed out just as the end was in sight, and another grand old leader and fighter was lost to the Second Corps by that fatal bullet at Farmville, while our own gallant Tom Davis went down in that lurid hell of Spottsylvania.

And not all our affections were lavished on Hancock, as for a period after Gettysburg we had Warren as temporary commander of the corps. Warren, brave Warren, with his classic brow and poetic, literary cast of face, how grandly he led us that proud and busy day (October 14, 1863), when we were playing rear-guard and whipped the Johnnies before breakfast at Auburn, and again at Bristoe after supper. I can see him now, as on that busy day, omnipresent, omnipotent ; sometimes at the head of column with Barlow, then with Carroll in the rear, watching and check-mating every move of the rebels as we swung out at Auburn, and again as we swung in at Bristoe. But come with me, in fancy free, at early dawn of that eventful day, and see the grand old Second Corps, with Warren at its head, peacefully sleeping midst the fragrant pines of Auburn, "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain," suddenly awakened to find themselves completely surrounded by the rebels, but conscious of their strength and leaders, they leisurely arise from their downy couches, sweep out the rooms, make up the beds, enjoy their breakfast of poached eggs, hot rolls, coffee and steak, then pack up the furniture and silverware and calmly move out over that narrow, wooded road, winding amidst the tall trees, the steep bluffs and difficult fords of that rushing stream, up those slippery banks, only to find the rebels with their cavalry and artillery well posted on both sides of the road, ready and anxious to give us a hearty welcome. All these things so gladdened the heart of

General Alexander Hays, whose division was on the lead, that he reciprocated their every effort and gave them love for love, and by his native courtesy and kindness soon convinced them that they had no business fooling with the Second Corps. A little incident of this battle, showing the courtesy and politeness of our boys, was when Colonel Ruffin, with his First North Carolina Cavalry, undertook to ride over our skirmish line; result—a failure, and the brave colonel, with a bullet through his knee and another in his shoulder, lay by the roadside with a very fine gold watch and chain partly exposed, and as we gathered around him in sympathy, one of our good boys spoke up very politely with, “Colonel, *do please* hurry up and die; we want that watch.”

And again at Mine Run, that bitter morning in December, when we stood waiting the signal to charge those formidable earthworks, where the black muzzles of thirty cannon were staring us in the face; where we wrote our names on little slips of paper pinned in our blouses, and were figuring and talking with each other about how far we would get across that field, when Warren came out on the line and saw matters just as we did, and he had the thoughtfulness and courage to call a halt on what must have proved another Fredericksburg. And the only blot on the fair name of Phil. Sheridan was that spiteful blow he struck brave Warren at Five Forks.

PROMOTIONS.

The following interesting table has been compiled from the official records, showing the number of men from each company who reached the rank of commissioned officers, viz.:

Sergeant Major Stephen G. Eastwick promoted Second Lieutenant Company E.

Quartermaster Sergeant Charles P. Brown promoted Captain Company I.

CO. A.

Corporal Charles F. Sickler promoted First Lieutenant Company I.

Private Eli K. Ale promoted Second Lieutenant Company I.

CO. B.

Sergeant John W. Mitchell promoted Captain Company D.

Sergeant Henry P. Reed promoted Second Lieutenant Company D.

Private Samuel Mattson promoted Second Lieutenant Company B.

CO. C.

Sergeant John Lezenby promoted Second Lieutenant Company K.

Private William H. Darrah promoted Second Lieutenant Company D.

CO. D.

Corporal Richard M. Subers promoted First Lieutenant Company C.

CO. E.

Sergeant John R. Rich promoted Second Lieutenant Company A.

CO. F.

Sergeant Samuel E. Williams promoted Captain Company B.

Sergeant Charles D. Lippincott promoted Captain Company B.

Sergeant James S. Stratton promoted First Lieutenant Company K.

Corporal Azariah Stratton promoted Captain Company F.

Corporal James White promoted Second Lieutenant Company F.

Private Elwood Griscom promoted First Lieutenant Company E.

CO. H.

Sergeant John D. Somers promoted First Lieutenant Company A.

Sergeant George W. Swing promoted Captain Company H.

Corporal Thomas O. Slater promoted Captain Company K.

Corporal George A. Cobb promoted First Lieutenant Company H.
Corporal Frances C. Cook promoted Second Lieutenant Company H.
Private Edmund C. Tier promoted First Lieutenant Company B.
Private Robert R. Kates promoted First Lieutenant Company G.
Private Benjamin F. Van Meter promoted Second Lieutenant Company C.

CO. I.

Sergeant George A. Bowen promoted Captain Company C.
Corporal Robert C. White promoted First Lieutenant Company D.

CO. K.

Sergeant Edward M. DuBois promoted Major.
Sergeant Frank M. Riley promoted Captain Company F.
Private Henry W. Gaskill promoted First Lieutenant Company K.
Private James P. Williams promoted First Lieutenant Company G.

By this table we see that all the companies received a share of the promotions except G. Not a man from the ranks of that company was honored by a commission. Why was it? They had plenty of good material, as we know full well. Company H secured eight of the commissions; Company F, six; Company K, four; Company B, three; Companies A, C and I, two each, and Companies D and E, one each. There were but nine privates who reached the rank of commissioned officers; five of them first lieutenants, and four second lieutenants.

OFFICERS THEN, AND NOW.

The following table shows the great changes in the officers of the regiment between date of muster in, September 4, 1862, and date of muster out, June 4, 1865. We find a complete change in the field and staff officers, except in surgeons and of the original captains. H. F. Chew, of Company I, is the real (if not the nominal) head of the regiment, and H. A. Mattison, of Company H, is the only one holding his original place and commission. Of the lieutenants, all are gone except William E. Potter and Daniel Dare, both of Company K, but now each a captain of other companies. Of the original officers, six were killed, five were discharged by reason of serious wounds, six were discharged for disability, six resigned by reason of disability, four for the good of the service, and three were dismissed. At the time of muster out vacancies existed in the following offices: Adjutant, quartermaster, chaplain, and Second Lieutenant of Company A. The office of chaplain was a very important one, but never much sought after in the Twelfth Regiment, though why, I could never make out. Didn't we need one, or was the job too great?

OFFICERS SEPT. 4, 1862.		REMARKS.	OFFICERS JUNE 4, '65.	
Colonel . . .	R. C. Johnson . . .	Resigned Feb. 27, 1863.	Recruit	8th N. J.
Lieut. Col. .	J. Howard Willetts .	Disch. Dec. 19, 1864; wounds.	Henry F. Chew . . .	Capt. I
Major . . .	Thomas H. Davis . .	Killed May 12, 1864.	Edward M. Dubois .	Sergt., K.
Surgeon . .	Alvin Satterthwait .	Served during whole term.		
Asst. Surg .	Samuel T. Miller . .	Re-signed Nov. 8, 1864; dis'y.		
Asst. Surg .	Uriah Gilman . . .	Served during whole term.		
A				
Captain . .	Sylvester S. Chase .	Disch. Feb. 9, 1863; dis'y.	Recruit	11th N. J.
1st Lieut . .	Josiah P. Franklin .	Disch. Sept. 1, 1863; dis'y.	John D. Somers . . .	Sergt., H.
2d Lieut . .	Ellis P. Phipps . . .	Disch. Sept. 29, 1864; wounds.		
B				
Captain . .	Joel W. Clift	Disch. Nov. 2, 1863; dis'y.	Chas. D. Lippincott .	Sergt., F
1st Lieut . .	Benjamin F. Lee . .	Disch. April 7, 1864; dis'y.	Edmund C. Tier . . .	Priv., H.
2d Lieut . .	Richard C. Wilson .	Dismissed April 30, 1864.	Samuel Mattson . . .	Priv., B
C				
Captain . .	William H. Schooley .	Disch. Dec. 11, 1863; dis'y.	George A. Bowen . . .	Sergt., I.
1st Lieut . .	Newton M. Brooks .	Disch. Oct. 14, 1864; wounds.	Richard M. Subers .	Corp., D
2d Lieut . .	Theo. F. Harris . . .	Resigned April 3, 1863.	Benj. F. VanMeter .	Priv., H.

OFFICERS SEPT. 4, 1862.		REMARKS.	OFFICERS JUNE 4, '65.	
D				
Captain . .	William H. Moore . .	Resigned Jan. 29, 1863.	John W. Mitchell . .	Sergt. I
1st Lieut.	John W. Paris . . .	Resigned Jan. 30, 1863.	Robert C. White . .	Corp. I
2d Lieut.	Jas. L. McIlhenny . .	Dismissed Dec. 24, 1864.	William H. Darrah . .	Priv. C
E				
Captain . .	Chas. K. Horefall . .	Killed July 2, 1863.	Daniel Dare	Lieut. K
1st Lieut.	P. M. Armington . . .	Resigned Nov. 15, 1863.	Elwood Griscom . .	Priv. F
2d Lieut.	James McCorbb. . . .	Killed June 4, 1864.	George A. Cobb. . . .	Corp. H
F				
Captain . .	Edw. L. Stratton . . .	Disch. Dec. 12, 1863; wounds.	Frank M. Riley . . .	Sergt. K
1st Lieut.	John J. Trimble . . .	Resigned Oct. 31, 1863.	Azariah Stratton . .	Corp. E
2d Lieut.	Joseph Pierson . . .	Killed May 3, 1863.	James White	Corp. F
G				
Captain . .	Samuel B. Jobes . . .	Resigned Jan. 24, 1864.	William E. Potter . .	Lieut. K
1st Lieut.	James T. Lowe	Killed Oct. 30, 1863.	James P. Williams . .	Priv. K
2d Lieut.	Chas. E. Troutman . .	Resigned Feb. 4, 1864.	Robert R. Kates . . .	Priv. H
H				
Captain . .	H. A. Mattison	Staff duty.	Ham. A. Mattison . .	Capt. H
1st Lieut.	Joshua Lippincott . .	Resigned Dec. 9, 1862.	George W. Swing . . .	Sergt. H
2d Lieut.	John M. Fogg	Killed May 3, 1864.	Francis C. Cook . . .	Corp. H
I				
Captain . .	Henry F. Chew	Promoted Lieut.-Colonel.	Charles P. Brown . . .	Q. M. Serg
1st Lieut.	Frank M. Acton	Disch. Dec. 21, 1864; dis'y.	Charles F. Sickler . .	Corp. A
2d Lieut.	Theodore F. Null . . .	Dismissed April 1, 1864.	Eli K. Ale	Priv. A
K				
Captain . .	R. S. Thompson	Disch. Feb. 17, 1865; wounds.	Thomas O. Slater . . .	Corp. H
1st Lieut.	Daniel Dare	Promoted Captain Co. F.	Henry W. Gaskill . . .	Priv. K
2d Lieut.	Wm. E. Potter	Promoted Captain Co. G.	John Lezenby	Sergt. C

COMPARISON OF LOSSES.

The following table of losses and percentage among the New Jersey regiments is compiled from "Fox's Regimental Losses" and "Stryker's Men of New Jersey." I have taken the first fifteen regiments of infantry, giving each credit for the good work done, as shown by their killed in battle. Many of the other regiments no doubt were equally as good, but were for shorter term and did not have the opportunity for such heavy and continued losses as befell those who came out earlier and bore the burden and heat of the day. "The percentage in men killed, of those engaged, is a certain evidence of fighting; a bloodless battle gives no sign of valor." By this table we are shown that the Twelfth New Jersey has to take off its hat to the Fifteenth New Jersey, and this we gracefully do; but none of the others can tell us anything about how to fight. In justice to the Tenth Regiment, it must be said that all their losses occurred in less than one year of service, yet they almost equal those of the Ninth Regiment, which had twelve companies and spent four years at the front, and exceed those of the Thirteenth Regiment, with its three years of service.

Regiment.	Original Enrollment.	Killed.	Per Cent. of Loss.	Total Enrollment.	Total Killed.
First New Jersey . . .	1,034	107	10.3	1,397	153
Second New Jersey . .	1,044	82	7.8	2,198	96
Third New Jersey. . .	1,051	105	10.0	1,275	157
Fourth New Jersey. . .	909	131	14.4	2,036	161
Fifth New Jersey. . .	861	98	11.3	1,772	138
Sixth New Jersey. . .	898	115	12.8	1,485	127
Seventh New Jersey. .	920	102	11.0	2,906	137
Eighth New Jersey . .	889	127	14.2	2,795	176
Ninth New Jersey. . .	1,157	83	7.2	2,701	96
Tenth New Jersey. . .	921	64	7.0	2,584	93
Eleventh New Jersey .	979	117	11.9	1,840	142
Twelfth New Jersey. .	992	166	16.7	1,846	179
Thirteenth New Jersey	937	63	6.7	1,438	74
Fourteenth New Jersey	1,007	111	11.0	1,384	147
Fifteenth New Jersey.	957	175	18.1	1,082	237
Totals	14,556	1,646	11.3	29,459	2,113

By a careful study of the official roster of the New Jersey regiments, we learn many heretofore unknown facts, touching the service of these gallant soldiers. How these first fifteen regiments of three-year men, all but the Ninth, Tenth and Thirteenth, served their full terms in the Army of the Potomac, side by side in the same battles, yet the losses fell on some so much heavier than on others. By the records I find that these fifteen regiments contained one hundred and fifty-three companies, with the average original enrollment of one hundred men each. Some one of these companies heads the list of having suffered the greatest loss of men killed in battle ; which is it? It is shown by the following table, which I have carefully compiled, by going over the records of every company, counting over carefully man for man, until I am able to give this correct list of greatest and least company losses of original members of our three-year troops, and Company F, of the Twelfth, keeps close up to the band :

Company.	Regiment.	Original Enrollment.	Killed.	Per Cent.
Co. F . . .	Twelfth Regiment. . .	100	26	26.0
Co. A . . .	Fifteenth Regiment. . .	100	26	26.0
Co. E . . .	Twelfth Regiment. . .	100	23	23.0
Co. B . . .	Fifteenth Regiment. . .	101	23	22.7
Co. H . . .	Fourteenth Regiment. . .	101	23	22.7
Co. C . . .	First Regiment.	101	22	21.8
Co. E . . .	First Regiment.	101	22	21.8
Co. B . . .	Second Regiment.	101	4	3.9
Co. G . . .	Second Regiment.	101	3	2.9
Co. A . . .	Thirteenth Regiment. . .	94	3	3.1
Co. E . . .	Thirteenth Regiment. . .	95	3	3.1
Co. G . . .	Thirteenth Regiment. . .	91	3	3.2

By taking the two leading companies of each regiment, the Twelfth has a small fraction of lead over all others ; but by a comparison of losses in the entire regiments, we find the company losses of the Fifteenth more uniform than those of the Twelfth, so that they lead us by nine more killed. But when it comes to killing off recruits and substitutes, the Twelfth Regiment has to take a back seat. Sixty-two killed in the Fifteenth Regiment, twenty of them in Company D, of whom twelve were killed at Spottsylvania ; and we wonder how they did it !

The Second Regiment went out over a year before the Twelfth, and participated in the Seven Days' battle, Antietam, and Fredericksburg, before we got down there, yet two of their companies only show a loss of three and four men each !

The Thirteenth Regiment went out with the Twelfth, served the same term, yet the records show that three of their companies suffered a loss of but three men each ; and, with the light of our knowledge and experience in fighting, we think some of them quit early.

The following table of losses in the Twelfth and Fifteenth Regiments, are from the official records, and useful for comparison.

The Fifteenth Regiment was particularly unfortunate at Spottsylvania. They made three gallant charges (8th, 10th and 12th of May), only to be forced back with a total loss of one hundred and twenty-four men killed (ninety-nine veterans and twenty-five recruits), a loss far exceeding that of any other Jersey regiment in one battle, being over twenty-five per cent. of men engaged.

TWELFTH NEW JERSEY VOLUNTEERS.

Company.	Original Enrollment.	Killed.	Per Cent.	Recruits.	Killed.	Per Cent.	Total before Surrender.	Trans. from 11th N. J.	Recruits after Surrender.	Total Enrollment.	Died of Disease.	Total Deaths.
A	101	14	13.9	34	135	26	31	192	10	24
B	94	16	17.0	52	1	1.0	146	13	18	177	9	29
C	92	15	15.3	51	5	5.4	149	19	18	186	5	23
D	95	8	9.4	65	2	2.1	148	2	19	169	11	21
E	100	23	23.0	28	1	1.0	128	..	49	177	10	34
F	100	26	26.0	58	2	2.0	158	..	22	180	11	39
G	101	16	15.8	8	109	9	55	173	..	21
H	98	17	17.3	42	140	2	34	179	..	19
I	101	16	15.8	67	2	2.0	168	24	10	202	11	29
J	100	14	14.0	49	2	2.0	149	22	11	182	8	24
K	14	1	7.1	1	15	..	1	16	..	1
Field and Staff Unass'd Subs.
Totals	992	166	16.7	453	13	2.9	1445	117	268	1846	82	262

FIFTEENTH NEW JERSEY VOLUNTEERS.

Company.	Original Enrolment.	Killed.	Per Cent.	Recruits.	Killed.	Died of Sickness.	Total Deaths.	Total Enrolment.
Field and Staff	13	4	17
A	100	26	26.0	93	8	17	51	193
B	101	23	22.7	72	5	7	35	173
C	101	18	17.8	69	5	11	34	170
D	90	16	17.7	105	20	15	51	195
E	93	18	19.3	69	4	14	36	162
F	83	14	15.9	70	6	11	31	158
G	91	12	13.1	77	4	10	26	168
H	89	17	19.1	75	4	13	34	167
I	96	14	14.5	61	3	15	32	157
K	95	17	17.8	86	3	7	27	181
Unassigned Subs	61
Total	957	175	18.1	784	62	120	357	1802

OUR DEAD IN NATIONAL CEMETERIES.

The names of our dead whose bodies rest in the national cemeteries are given here, as follows :

Arlington, Va.

Captain James McComb, Co. D.
Sergeant Geo. R. Burroughs, Co. I.
Corporal Joseph H. Estlow, Co. B.
Corporal Horace B. Garton, Co. K.
Private Joseph R. Butcher, Co. H.
Private John C. Conley, Co. E.
Private Samuel G. Headley, Co. F.
Private Joseph Jones, Co. F.
Private Enoch F. Mills, Co. E.
Private William Nagle, Co. E.
Private William Vernon, Co. C.
Private William Wells, Co. D.
Recruit Charles Mull, Co. F.
Recruit Isaac A. Schlichter, Co. F.
Recruit John Smith, Co. I.

Alexandria, Va.

Private William P. Amey, Co. F.
Private Charles H. Mengin, Co. C.
Private William F. Speagles, Co. H.

Andersonville, Ga.

Sergeant Aaron Terry, Co. K.
Private Thomas C. Galaway, Co. K.
Private Theophilus Sutton, Co. K.
Private George W. Peterson, Co. A.
Private William J. Wood, Co. E.
Recruit David Nelson, Co. F.

Annapolis, Md.

Private John Elliott, Co. B.

Baltimore, Md.

Private George W. Allen, Co. F.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Private John Williams, Co. D.

Cold Harbor, Va.

Corporal William W. Collins, Co. G.
Corporal William McDaniels, Co. B.
Corporal Christopher Meade, Co. H.
Private Samuel Grice, Co. H.
Private Lorenzo S. Land, Co. G.
Private Samuel Mattson, Co. I.
Private Joseph R. Powell, Co. A.
Private Edward Mills, Co. D.
Private Enoch H. Smith, Co. C.
Recruit Louis Schelp, Co. F.
Private Joseph R. Edwards, Co. I.

Fredericksburg, Va.

Col.-Sergt. C. E. Cheeseman, Co. E.
Sergeant Wm. Park, Jr., Co. D.
Corporal William Skirm, Co. B.
Corporal Thomas Johnson, Co. D.
Private Charles Camp, Co. D.
Private John R. Campbell, Co. D.
Private Andrew Hastings, Co. D.
Private Charles H. Goff, Co. B.
Private Joseph Netter, Co. B.
Private Garrett V. Deacon, Co. C.
Private George H. Gilbert, Co. E.
Private Porteus Pepoon, Co. E.
Private William Dermitt, Co. F.
Private William Lakes, Co. F.
Private Newton B. Cook, Co. G.
Private Henry H. Richmond, Co. G.
Private Henry J. Todd, Co. H.

Private Frank E. Gandy, Co. I.
Private John Grestle, Co. I.
Private Wm. D. Hendrickson, Co. K.

Gettysburg, Pa.

Lieutenant R. H. Townsend, Co. C.
Corporal Joseph B. Spacious, Co. B.
Private George W. Adams, Co. F.
Private John Albright, Co. F.
Private William H. Johnson, Co. F.
Private Isaac H. Copeland, Co. E.
Private James A. Riley, Co. E.
Private Samuel Platt, Co. B.
Private William H. Spencer, Co. B.
Private George H. Martin, Co. A.
Private Daniel Kernan, Co. H.
Private Thomas J. Rudrow, Co. G.
Private Simon W. Cramer, Co. K.

Military Asylum, D. C.

Private Lysander H. Banks, Co. E.
Private Samuel K. Sooy, Co. E.

Private Barton Fox, Co. B.
Private Joel Venable, Co. C.
Private Adam Marshall, Co. F.
Private John P. Newkirk, Co. I.
Private Frances Husted, Co. K.

Newark, N. J.

Private Charles S. Garrison, Co. A.
Private Joseph H. Gaunt, Co. K.

Poplar Grove, Va.

Corporal Isaac Fox, Co. I.
Corporal Allan Baker, Co. F.
Recruit Rinaldo J. Walker, Co. F.
Recruit Samuel Hollenback, Co. K.
Recruit Peter Powell, Co. I.
Private William H. Stockton, Co. E.

Richmond, Va.

Private William Bush, Co. D.
Private George W. Crumback, Co. D.
Private Gilbert Bishop, Co. I.

HISTORIQUE.

DEDICATED TO ELWOOD GRISCOM—"HE WAS MY PARD."

In this busy life, there is always a place
For the holidays and days of grace;
And the fourth of September, in sixty-two,
Will be long remembered by me and you;
When our mothers, children, wives and dears
Were left at home with many tears.
With never a question but what we were right,
In our earnest efforts to learn to fight;
And the Twelfth New Jersey Volunteers
Was sworn for the war, or three long years—
One thousand men, the brave and true,
Were comrades then to me and you;
Whilst the quiet streets of Woodbury town
Were awakened to life by our marching 'round.
Then off we went to learn the drills,
On the pleasant fields of Ellicott's Mills;
And some of our boys great courage showed
At that picket post on the Helldown road,
Where the only Rebs that disturbed our sleep
Were old John Dorsey's pigs and sheep.
And at Ilchester bridge, what glorious luck
When Cole and Griscom stopped that duck.
Who knowledge gained midst water and grass,
That a picket post he could not pass.
But marching orders came one day,
When two short months had passed away,
And with tents all safe on B. & O. train
We bid farewell to our girls again.
Saw Washington city, and changed our arms,
While Fredericksburg was working its harms;
Tried marching down those Maryland roads,
With tender feet and heavy loads;
Over the fair Potomac waters float,
On the "Eagle," famous Red Bank boat,
And just at dark a landing seek
At government wharf on Acquia Creek;
And after long and weary tramps,

At Falmouth town we pitched our camps.
Then toiled that long, cold winter through,
With picket, drill and grand review;
Had snow-ball fights, and thought it fun
To stand in line till rise of sun.
And in the spring we shot to kill
That flanking foe at Chancellorsville,
On Sabbath morn in that sombre wood
Where we wet the soil with our Northern blood,
Whilst Hooker's fame ran rather low,
And we didn't call him "Fighting Joe."
We held our lines at Gettysburg
Midst the wildest noises ever heard,
And with never a thought of fear or harm
We crossed the field and charged the barn;
For Pickett's men were sore dismayed
At sight of the boys of Smythe's Brigade,
Whilst Lane and Pettigrew tried for the wall
But they did not relish our "Buck and Ball,"
So changed their course by a short half-wheel,
And gave to Webb their lance of steel,
And showed the world they were not afraid
To tackle that great Philadelphia Brigade;
And but for the help of Stannard and Hall,
The line was broke at the old stone wall.
Our camp was next in the broiling sun,
Near the shady banks of old Elk Run;
And our quiet rest was not disturbed
Till that gunboat chase to Fredericksburg.
Then we pitched our camps and had our fun
Midst the fertile fields of Turkey Run;
But late in September we made them shiver,
When we drove them back across the river;
And the shady streets of Culpeper town
Were awakened to life by our martial rounds,
As full of defiance we took our stand
On the hills and slopes of the Rapidan;
Whilst the crafty Lee held us at bay,
And tried on the flank to slip away
By the valley route—and have some fun
On the oft-trod fields of old Bull Run.
But Warren thought to have something to say,
And at Auburn Mills he blocked the way;
Whilst at Bristoe Station, we grabbed the slack
Of old Lee's pants, and throwed him back

With an awful thud that made him shiver,
To the farther side of the Rapidan River ;
And some of you boys can yet remember
Our Mine Run march in bleak November,
Or that winter camp of joy and hope
On Stony Mountain's western slope.
Whilst even yet we shrink and shiver
As we think of that bath in the icy river.
Then silent Grant with his western fame
Brought hope and strength with his mighty name,
Whom the rebel Lee tried hard to defeat,
But failed to even cause a retreat ;
Whilst the Wilderness woods were a lesson grand
That Grant was a fighter, and able to stand
In our eastern company, and never get out,
Except to the front, by the left-flank route,
And at Spottsylvania take his place
At the head of his class, with easy grace ;
So that one of our proudest, red-letter days
Was that mighty charge on the 12th of May,
Where the gallant Davis gave up his life
In the awful crash of that bloody strife,
And our ranks were thinned and our colors torn
By the flying balls and the leaden storm,
Whilst Grant spoke up as a hopeful sign :
" I'll fight it out right on this line,
If it takes all Summer " and part of the next,
Before we got them fully perplexed
And willing to run and holler enough,
And own that the army Potomac was tough.
North Anna next gave us the thrill
Of that mighty charge adown the hill,
And Cold Harbor failed to bring any fun
With its leaden hail and its burning sun,
Until glad we were to rest our frames
On the grassy banks of the river James,
Or we hoped to rest and eat the fat ox
By the banks of the flowing Appomattox.
But Petersburg, not far away,
Required a more protracted stay,
And for ten long months we had our fun
With march and fight, and shovel and gun—
Built breastworks, redoubts, forts and sitch,
Made abattis, lunette, and ditch ;
Dodged shell and ball, nor thought it hard

To picket, skirmish, or stand guard.
Ream's Station raid, and Hatcher's Run,
Deep Bottom, in the rain and sun,
The Boyden road and Dabney's Mills,
Fort Steadman, on the Hare House hills,
The mortar shells in sparkling flight,
Enlivened many a dreary night;
And the cattle raid around our rear
Gave us a march, and the Rebs—a steer.
The pleasures fine of old Fort Hell,
Jerusalem Road, and quite a spell
In rear line works, near the Shindle House,
Where we fought, and caught, the festive louse;
The Crow House, Bull Pen, and the Mine,
Engaged our strength and leisure time.
But, in the spring, what glorious fun
To see old Lee and Davis run;
As night and day we made them hump
Over hill and dale with run and jump,
Till Sheridan got in their van
And blocked their way with cavalrymen.
Then Lee concluded it was best
To ask of Grant a little rest;
But the silent man, as you remember,
Said: "Unconditional Surrender"—
And they dropped their flag and grounded arms,
But they took their horses to tend their farms;
Whilst the Rebel flag its meaning lost
As we fed our foes—a hungry host.
Some pleased and glad, some sour and glum;
But they cheered with us for "Home, Sweet Home,"
And though to give up was hard and tough,
They seemed to know when they had enough;
And we slept together without any fears,
The first sweet night in many years,
So glad that the bloody work was done
That we turned our minds to thoughts of home;
And the war-like fever has passed away,
Except as we meet on this natal day,
When we think of our dead, and how they died,
How they fought and fell in that bloody tide;
They were part of our family—gave us a name
As a fighting regiment, part of our fame,
And their deeds we cherish and names revere
At our annual re-unions, year by year,

When we meet and talk, and grasp the hand
Of those who are left of that gallant band;
And think on the sorrows, hopes and joys
Of our youthful days, as soldier boys.

Recruited at Woodbury, N. J., during July and August,
1862.

Mustered into United States service on September 4, 1862,
with 992 men.

Left the State on September 7, 1862.

Mustered out of United States service on June 4, 1865.

Discharged at Trenton, N. J., June 12, 1865, with 290 men.

Recruits, subs and a few old officers were mustered out on
July 15, 1865.

Participated in 50 battles and skirmishes.

Had 179 men killed in battle.

Had 410 men wounded.

Had 82 men die from sickness and exposure.

BATTLES AND SKIRMISHES.

Chancellorsville . . . (road)	May 2, 1863.
Chancellorsville . . . (woods)	May 3, 1863.
Gettysburg (barn)	July 2, 1863.
Gettysburg (barn)	July 3, 1863.
Gettysburg (wall)	July 3, 1863.
Falling Waters	July 13, 1863.
Auburn Mills (morn)	October 14, 1863.
Bristoe Station (eve)	October 14, 1863.
Blackburn's Ford	October 16, 1863.
Kelly's Ford	November 7, 1863.
Robinson's Tavern	November 27, 1863.
Mine Run	November 29, 1863.
Morton's Ford	February 6, 1864.
Brock Road	May 5, 1864.
Wilderness	May 6, 1864.
Wilderness	May 7, 1864.
Todd's Tavern	May 8, 1864.
Alsop's House	May 9, 1864.
Po River	May 10, 1864.
Laurel Hill	May 11, 1864.
Spottsylvania	May 12, 1864.
Landrum House	May 19, 1864.
Milford	May 21, 1864.
North Anna (bridge)	May 23, 1864.
North Anna (charge)	May 24, 1864.
North Anna (advance)	May 26, 1864.
Tolopotomy	May 31, 1864.
Cold Harbor (charge)	June 3, 1864.
Cold Harbor (skirmish)	June 5, 1864.
Cold Harbor (siege)	June 7 to 12, 1864.
Petersburg	June 16, 1864.
Petersburg, Hare house	June 18, 1864.
Petersburg, Weldon road	June 21, 1864.
Deep Bottom	June 27, 1864.
Deep Bottom	August 14, 1864.
Reams Station	August 25, 1864.
Burgess Mills	August 27, 1864.

Fort Hell	September 6 to 10, 1864.
Hatchers Run	October 27, 1864.
Bull Pen	October 28, 1864.
Hatchers Run	December 11, 1864.
Dabneys Mills	February 28, 1865.
Boyden Road	March 25, 1865.
Crow House	March 30, 1865.
Boyden Road	April 2, 1865.
Fall of Petersburg	April 3, 1865.
Sailor's Creek	April 6, 1865.
High Bridge	April 7, 1865.
Farmville	April 7, 1865.
Appomattox	April 9, 1865.

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